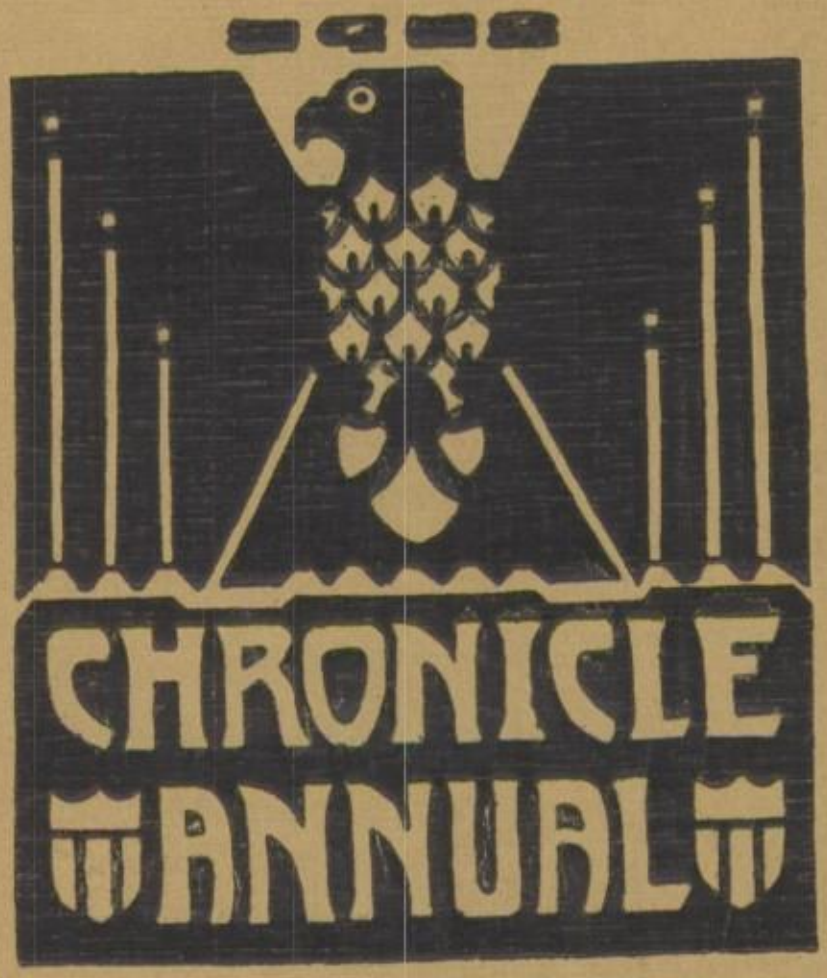
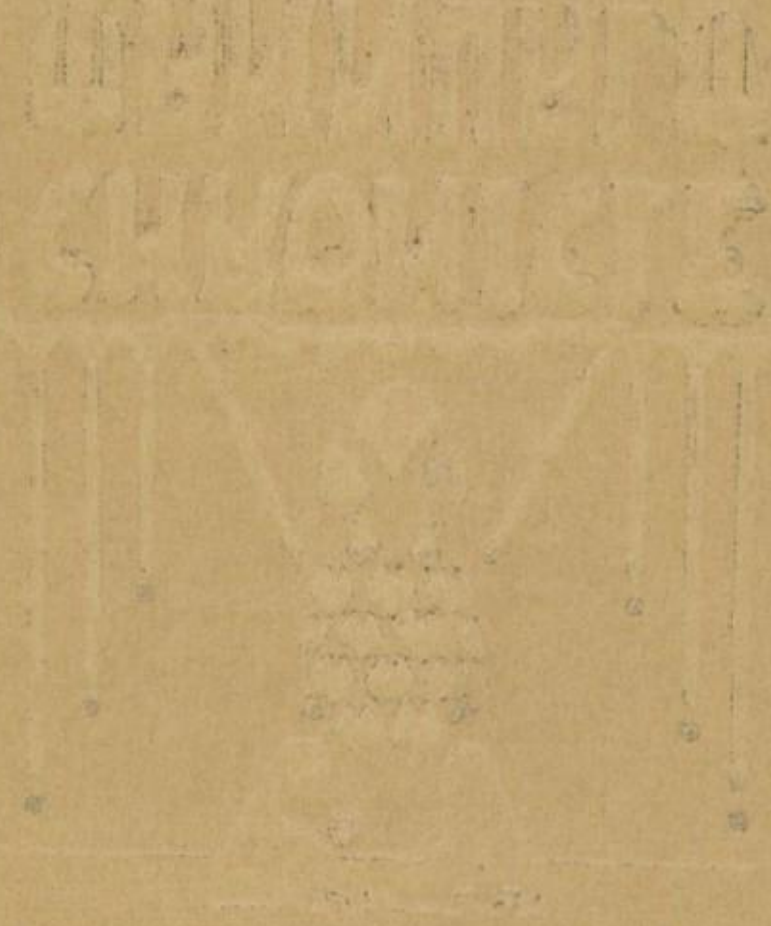

CHRONICLE
ANNUAL



The
Chronicle Annual

June, Nineteen Eighteen

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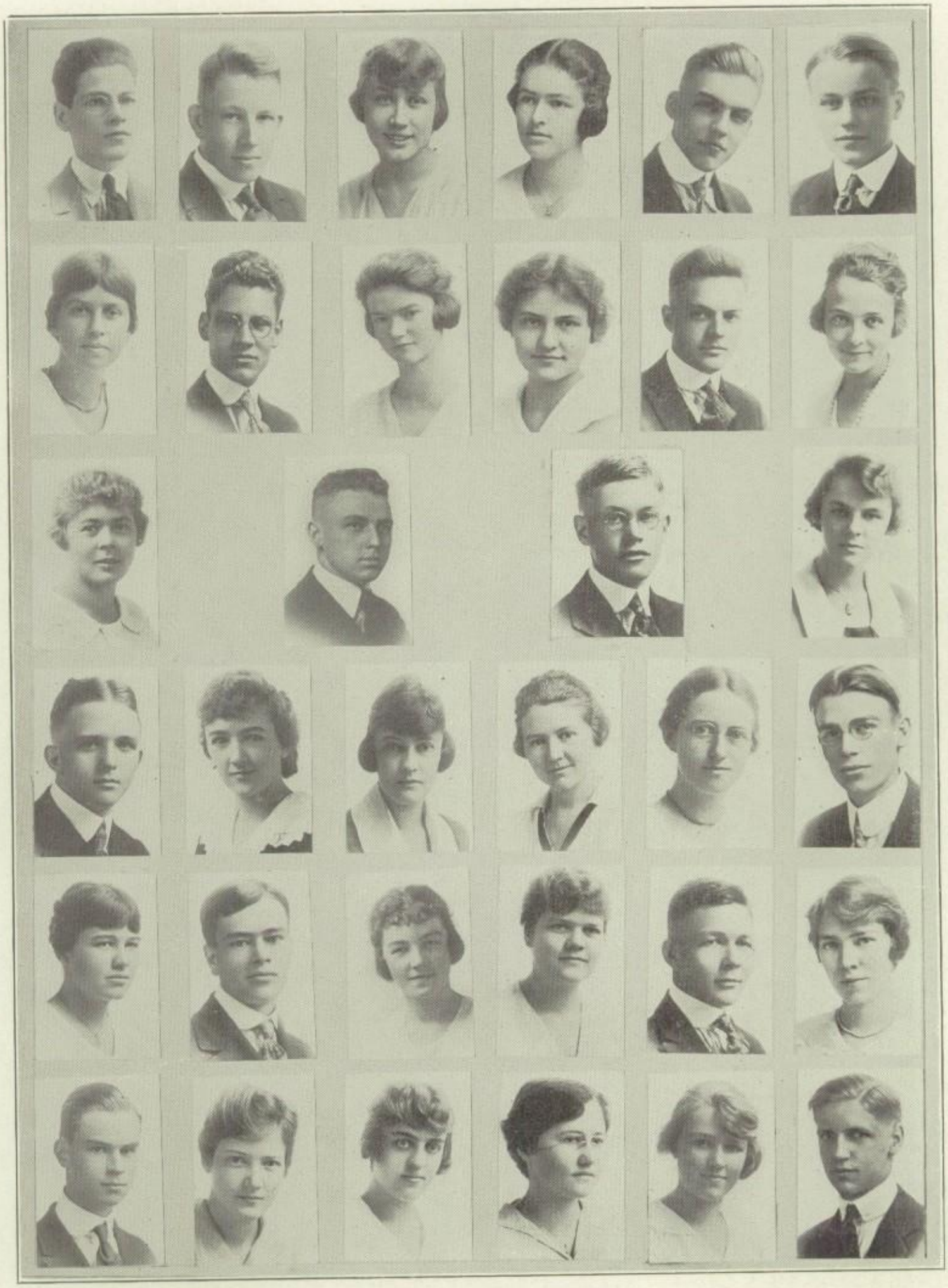
To Miss Estelle Tennis

the inspiration of the Class of 1918 throughout its career at Pasadena High School this Chronicle Annual is dedicated.

ARTHUR FERGUSON
Manager

JULIAN WOODWARD
Editor



VOL. XXIII JUNE, 1918

THE CHRONICLE ANNUAL

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Frank Carpenter

Art
Margaret Jamieson

Photographer
Frederick De Silva

WALTER C. WILSON
Phincipal

MR. BECKER
Vice-Principal

MISS WOLFE
Staff Advisor

Honor Roll

In order to fittingly acknowledge the sacrifice made by the boys of Pasadena High School, who entered the service since war was declared, the following Roll of Honor has been compiled. As a complete and correct list is desired any additional information will be welcomed.

AMBULANCE CORPS

Pte. Malcom Barrett
Pte Harry Barrington
Pte. Joseph Biedbach
Pte. Kenneth Billinger
Pte. Chester Bodine
Pte. Clark Bogardus
Pte. Frank Burke
Pte. Butler Byler
Pte. William Camman
Pte. Paul Carter
Pte. George Conn
Pte. Jean Corey
Pte. Kenneth De Huff
Pte. Burton Doolittle
Pte. Charles Downes
Pte. George Draper
Pte. Alvin Dunn
Pte. Howard Emert
Pte. Alexander Foster
Cpl. Kenneth Fuessle
Pte. John Gay
Lieut. Alvin Goodale
Pte. Howard Hess
Pte. Donald Hillyer
Cpl. Ralph Hosler
Pte. Harold Jackson
Pte. Hydney Jones
Pte. Archibald McAlpine
Pte. James McGee
Pte. Stacy Mettier
Pte. Russell Monroe
Pte. Chester Pearman
Pte. Harold Perkins
Pte. Allan Phillips
Pte. William Porter
Pte. Antonio Reyes
Pte. Alexander Shepard
Pte. Hugh Slayden
Sergt. Castleman Smith
Pte. Howard Smith
Pte. Harry Tubbs
Pte. Joe Welsh
Sergt. George Woodbury
Pte. Gerald Young
Pte. Laird Haney

INFANTRY

Pte. William Lichfield
Pte. Russel Rust
Pte. Clifford Cox
Pte. Edward Davis
Pte. Earl Hall
Pte. Herbert Hill

ARTILLERY

Pte. Harold Mead
Pte. Shirley Owen
Pte. Erret Woodbury
Pte. Howard Wookey
Pte. John Sheeling

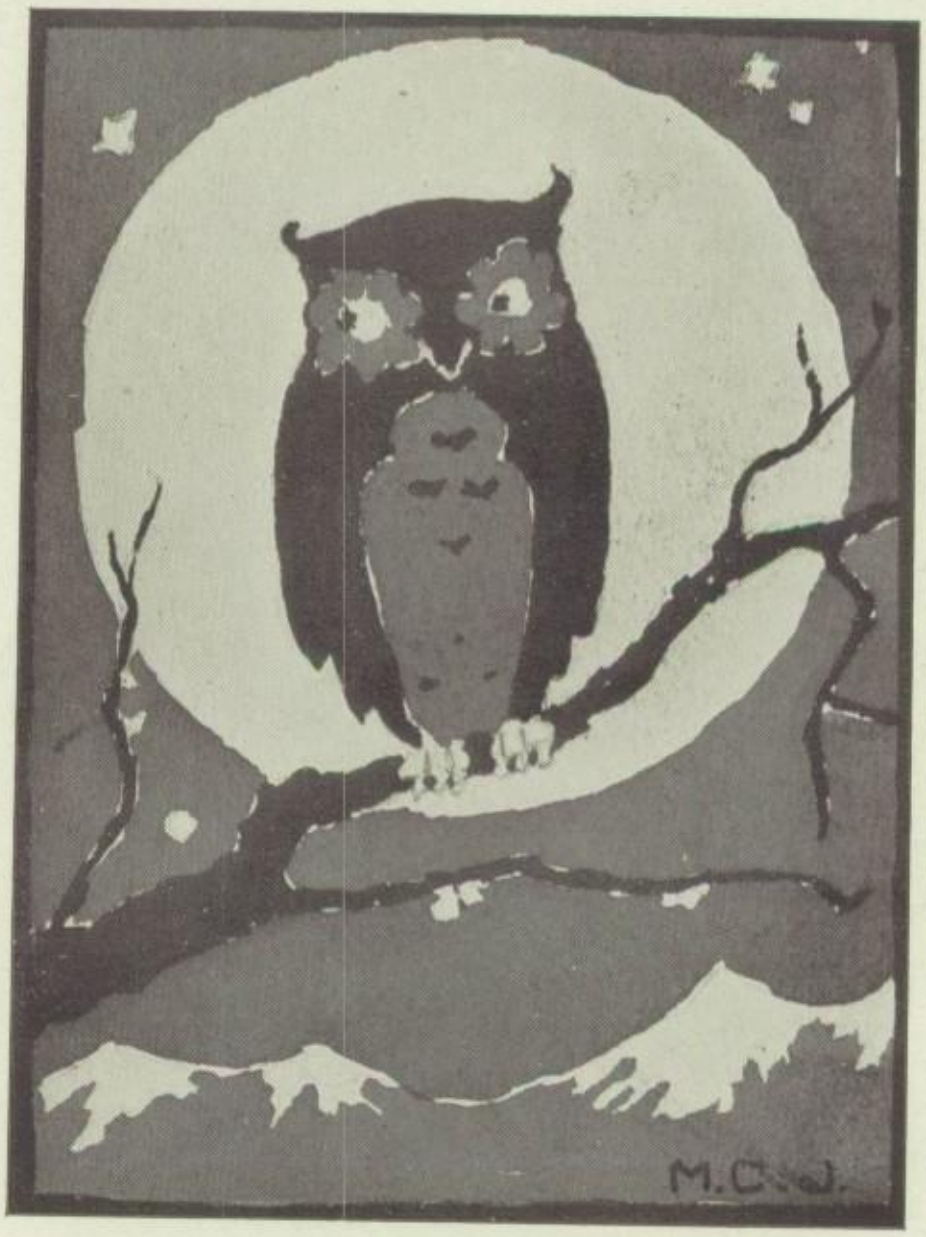
AVIATION

Pte. Clarence Berline
Pte. John Boyd
Lieut. Walton Gilbert, R.F.C.
Cadet Camden Horrell, Aviation School, Berkeley
Pte. Gerald Mathewson
Pte. Clayton Lavene, Aviation Service
Pte. Clark Ryder
Sea. Edward Van Dusne, Aviation Branch
Pte. Cecil Wood

NAVY

Sea. Edward Adkins
Sea. Carlos Alviar, Hospital Service
Sea. Russell Barnes, N.C.R.
Sea. Clifford Burton
Sea. Allen de Silva, 11th Div., Naval Militia
Sea. Harold Higgins
Sea. Arthur Kemp, 3d Submarine Division
Sea. Charles Lathrop
Sea. Freeman Sinclair, N.C.R.
Sea. Donald Snyder
Sea. Herman Stahlke
Cadet Victor Jacomini, 1st class, Annapolis

EDITORIAL



"Uncle Sam Expects Every Graduate—"

This year the graduating class of Pasadena High School faces a situation undreamed of before. While the Class of 1918 has been attending school, the United States has declared war on one of the most powerful nations of the world and is bending all energies to bring it to a successful completion. Everybody is aiding in some way to operate the war machine, for everything and every occupation has been gathered into one organization to win the war. The Class of 1918 is leaving high school to enter a world such as this, a world of war. What will be their part in the great events which are taking place?

Many of Pasadena's students, some of them members of '18, have already shouldered a gun. Many more will do so within the next year. These graduates have found their place. But the army and navy will only take the minority of the Class of '18. The government has not called for and does not want the majority to enlist yet. The government prefers rather for the younger generation to train itself for the time when it will be needed far worse than now. All those who are able to go to college are urged to do so, for the shortage is not of men to carry a gun, but of skilled engineers, doctors, executives, in fact, of trained men of all kinds. From those who cannot go to college the government expects not soldiers, but business apprentices. The graduates who have finished their schooling should go into the business houses, on the farms, into the workships, and take the place of the drafted men who have gone or who must go. The greatest opportunities ever offered a high school graduate are now open to them, and when the United States needs them on the other side it will not fail to call. And when the call does come, the members of the Class of '18 will march forth, a body of trained men, of super-soldiers, to go across the water.

The Road of Progress

The four years in which the Class of '18 has sojourned at Pasadena High School have been eventful ones. In those years the High School has developed steadily, growing stronger year by year. In every branch some advance has been recorded. The school is on the "road of Progress."

Student Body government has been a success at Pasadena. The idea of training the student in citizenship by letting him solve the problems of a citizen has worked out wonderfully. The government founded by Mr. Cross has stood firm against attacks and developed with experience. The Student Body organization is an efficient one and it handles school affairs capably, but its primary purpose, to develop the individual, is still paramount.

On the athletic field the last four years have seen Pasadena rise to a position as one of the three or four greatest athletic institutions of the Southland. The teams have not all won championships, but Pasadena has won far more than her share of these coveted laurels. The great weakness of the Cardinal athletic system, a lack of inter-class and intra-mural sports, bids fair to be at last done away with through the great increase in class games.

The debating rostrum has not been neglected. The Carson squad system has proved wonderfully effective in turning out champion debating teams. A feature of the four-year debating period has been the great number of team calibre debaters turned out. In 1918 only one debater made the team more than once. If the purpose of debating is to train the many and not the few, then has Pasadena debating fulfilled its purpose.

Several important changes have taken place during the life of the Class of '18. The loss of Mr. Cross and the wonderful success of Walter C. Wilson in filling his place has been especially noteworthy. Usually a change in the administrator involves an upheaval of the school and a complete change in its administration. Mr. Wilson has "fitted in" as principal. Under his leadership Pasadena High School is assured a successful future.

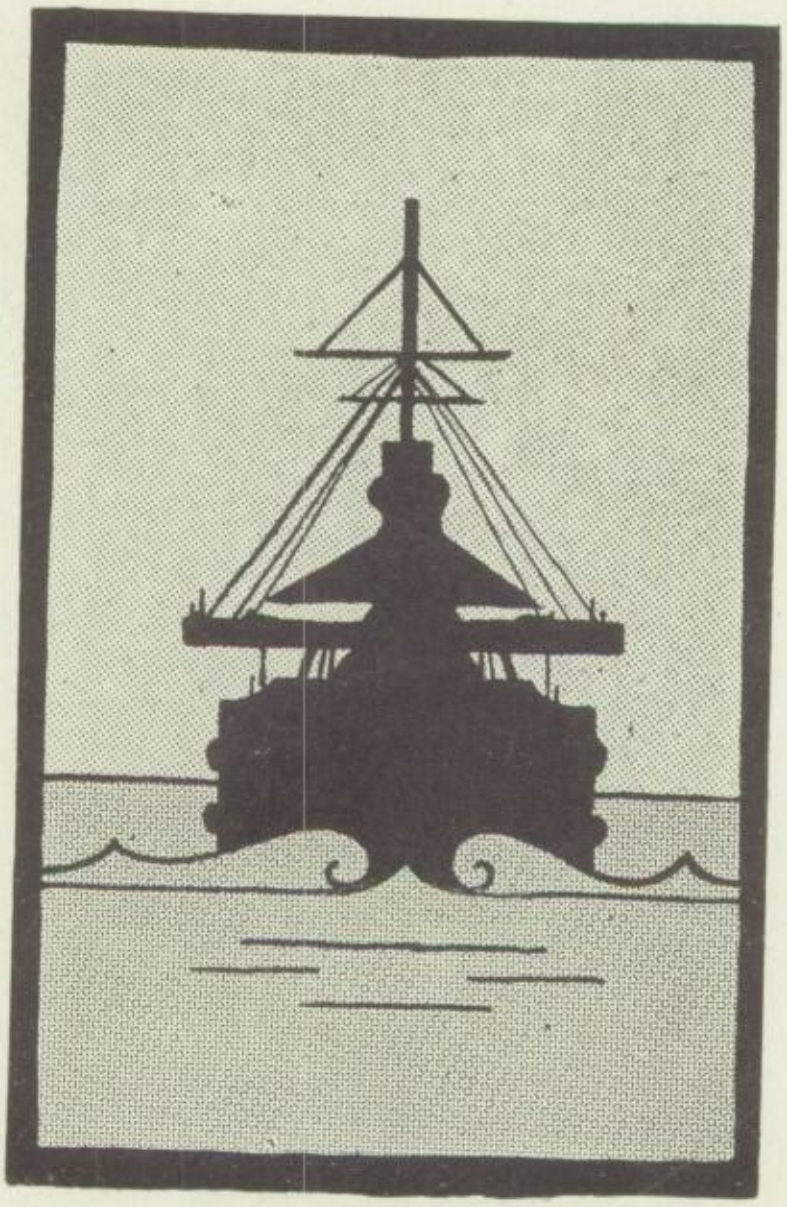
The most revolutionary happening of the four years the Class of 1918 will have no part in. After many years of effort the institution of compulsory military training comes as a long-hoped-for but almost despaired-of event. The war has done one thing at least of which it may be proud.

Undoubtedly the world war has been the greatest influence upon the school and upon the Class of 1918. Pasadena has done her full patriotic duty and done it willingly and gladly. The Red Cross work, the great Thrift Drive that set a state record, the salvage success, and last and most

important, the sacrifice marked by the service roll in the front hall; all are results of Pasadena High School's patriotism. Of those who have gone and of the many more who will go ere the war be over, Pasadena is proud.

The Class of 1918 leaves Pasadena High School, its home for four long and successful years, with a mixed feeling of joy and sadness. The graduation marks a milestone in the career of each graduate—so much is well done; and now for bigger tasks. But the graduates will feel that they are leaving behind something that they will miss on that graduation night. It will be hard to lose the atmosphere of Pasadena High School, for it has become a part of each graduate. Facing a greater future than any class of preceding years, a future that holds the world's fate in its hand, the Class of 1918 of the Pasadena High School must say farewell to the past.

CLASS



OF 1918

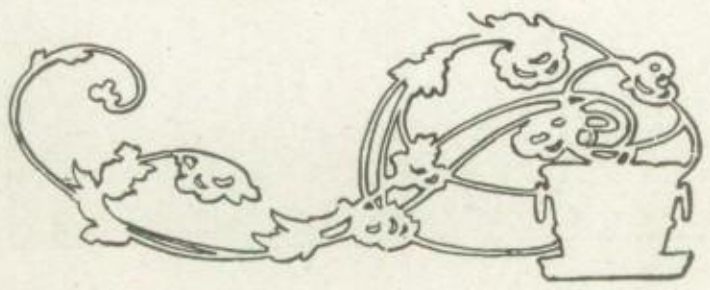
Foreword

As the doors of this institution close this month of June a class of graduates will go out into the world, full of hopes and expectations, but not without a thought or two of the past four years of their happy sojourn in Pasadena High School.

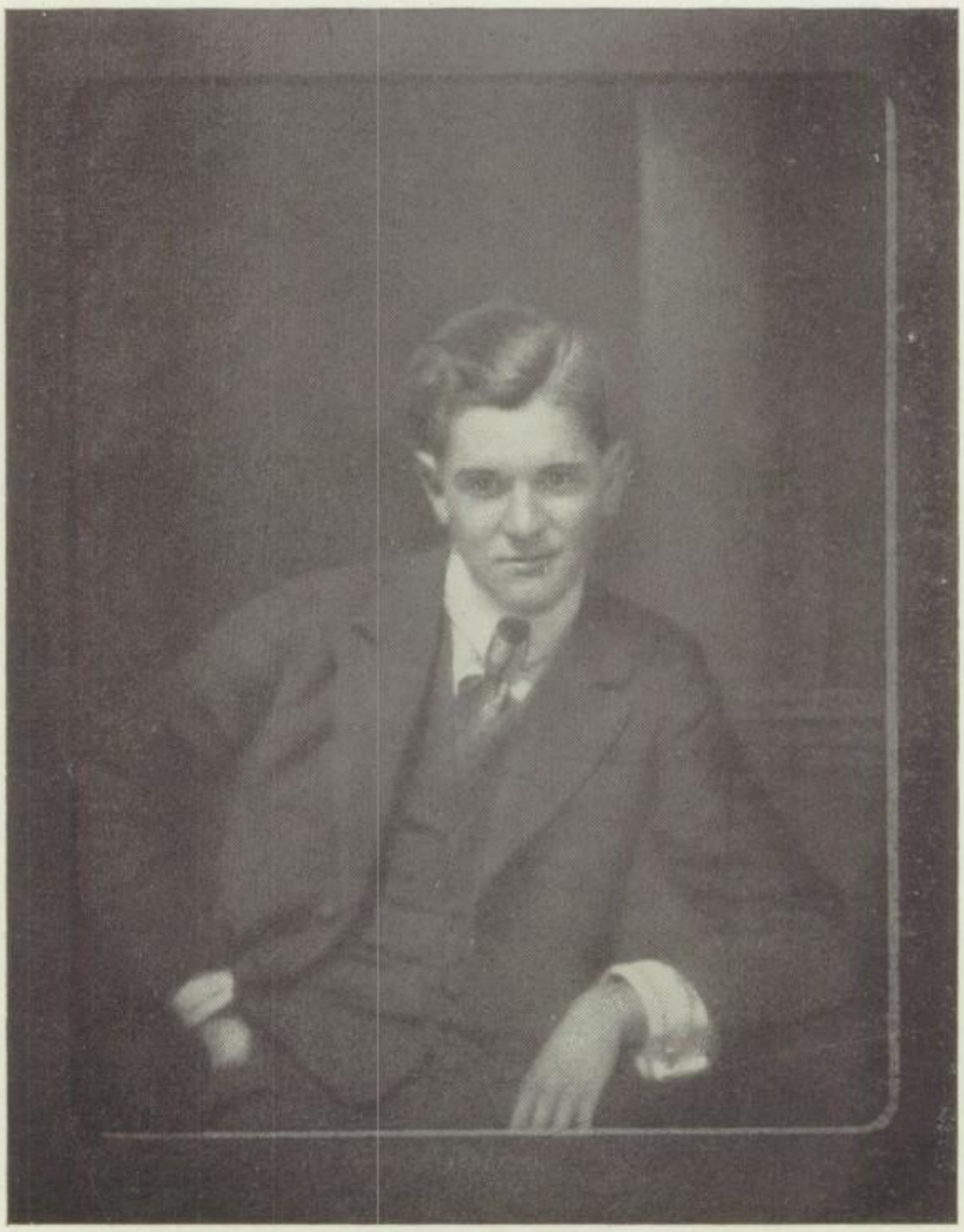
These four years have been wonderful, indeed; wonderful not only from the standpoint of success in all school activities, friendships, and associations, but because we have been able to enter into the spirit of the present crisis and do our part. This fight has cost us many friends and will cost us many more. We mourn their loss deeply and are proud of them.

We graduates feel that Pasadena High School has made it possible for us to go forth from its doors as men and women prepared to do our greater part that "Democracy," with the "Stars and Stripes," may stand forever.

(Signed) FREDERICK WHITTIER DE SILVA.



In Memoriam



Donald Lewitz

"A friend of one, a friend of all"

Marion Elizabeth Barker.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.
Destiny: A melodramatic pianist.

Goeffrey Kemp.

Silence hides the deepest thoughts
Within the mind of man.
Destiny: Apothecary.

Averick Eveanna Bleecker.

Her mirth the world required.
Destiny: A society dictator.

Leroy Watson.

Business! Business calls and I must go.
Destiny: Recruiting officer.

Elma Thompson.

Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor.
Destiny: Book worm.

Marjorie Janney Hughes.

To be happy is an art few acquire.
Destiny: Enlightener of young minds.

Robert Schlaudeman.

Your heart's desire be with you.
Destiny: Bachelor's corner.

Dorothy Dawson Alexander.

Soul deep of the darkest night.
Destiny: A Sunday-school teacher.

Arthur Pierce Ferguson.

The magician of the ivory keys;
Makes you dance whenever he please.
Destiny: Jazz tune composer.

Mildred Margadant.

A golden apple stopped Atlanta;
What can stop this new Atlanta?
Destiny: A chorus leader.

Ethyl Trask.

I always prefer to look up to everything and everyone.
Destiny: Civics teacher.

Lorenzo McHenery.

Lorenzo! Lorenzo! Love is thy name.
True is thy heart—sail on.
Destiny: A life of devotion.

Blanch Nolan.

May she be free from all labor when she dies.
Destiny: Dealer in souvenirs.

Ernest Hamilton.

This "Ernest" student will make a willing worker.
Destiny: Society detective.

Katherine Victoria Hamilton.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee.
Destiny: Doll's dressmaker.

Marion Magdalene Anderson.

Brightness moves lots of dark clouds.
Destiny: A reverend deaconess.

Julian Woodward.

His manly thoughts and acts in youth tell plainly of a future for him.
Destiny: Successor to Colonel Goethals.

Catherine Wallace Crockett.

Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle on the milky way.
Destiny: Culinary specialist.

Charles Otto Baltzer.

He was ever studious.
Destiny: A sportsman.

Dorothy Emily Allan.

She was a quiet maid and studious.
Destiny: A converter of Africans.

Marie Martin.

The world's not as bad as it might be.
Destiny: A dramatic teacher.

Frederick Nathaniel Cohn.

While being like others,
He can be himself.
Destiny: A second Wally Reid.

Margaret Carlyle Jamieson.

Some people see the things about them as merely plain and rough, while other with their gentle sense, see all as God's great picture.
Destiny: "An unplucked orchid."

Stuart MacMillan.

It would talk,
Gee, whiz! how it would talk.
Destiny: Maryland barber.

Jeannette Knox.

One whole - hearted friend is many times better than lots of half-hearted ones.
Destiny: Matrimony.

Katherine Thom.

Now, be careful, Dan Cupid shoots a straight arrow.
Destiny: A manuscript reader.

Frank Edwards Blauvelt.

It's so much trouble to speak, why speak
Destiny: Community player.

Marion Bates.

My, the friends we make if we but give a chance.
Destiny: Christian Science nurse.

Kenneth Loyd Gabriels.

You have to be quiet if you are going to be a swimmer.
Destiny: Astounder of the world.

Fern Miller.

She was a phantom of delight.
Destiny: Dietitian.

Helen Rollins.

She devoted her time to study, not to worldly things.
Destiny: Eminent literary critic.

Arthur Herman Bouck.

True merit is like a river; the deeper it is the less noise it makes.
Destiny: A happy benedict.

Lucy Cannavina.

Silence and work are companions.
Destiny: Companion of children.

Frederick Smith.

I like the ladies;
I wonder if they like me.
Destiny: Importer of onion seeds.

Reta Anna Bernhard.

Blushing like the Jonathan orchard.
Destiny: Perfumery counter.

Margaret Elizabeth Benton.

The waves beside her danced; but she outdid the waves in glee.
Destiny: Sergeant-at-Arms—Juvenile Court.

Emmett Jones.

He is a fire-cracker in a dry wheat field.
Destiny: Treasurer of Pasadena High School.

Ruth Harriett Cawthorne.

Her wit is the spice of living.
Destiny: Beauty specialist.

Royal Harvey Day.

I prescribe silence as a cure for all ills.
Destiny: Dealer in motor cars.

Maud Pownall.

Her brain is her mystic wand to bring her fortune.
Destiny: Cat faddist.

Elsie Weaver.

Her voice can follow the birdlings' note.
Destiny: Chautauqua soprano.

Ray Albert Doerschlag.

'Tis quality, not quantity, that makes the man.
Destiny: A man of action.

Ruth McIntosh.

The brains some people can acquire.
Destiny: Reviser of Encyclopaedia Britannica.

John Steele Davidson.

His music makes his kettle boil.
Destiny: Sells - Floto band.

Opal Adrienne Ansley.

Let blithesome innocence appear
To crown our joy.
Destiny: A magazine cover designer.

Marie Johnson.

I prefer to take the place of others in the greatest stage of all—the world.
Destiny: Manager of Community Theater.

George Keyes.

This is casaba-shooter Keyes.
I wonder if it will be Kaiser-shooter Keyes.
Destiny: Founder of "correspondence school of athletics."

Marjorie Lorimer.

Peace be still, silence reigns in my hemisphere.
Destiny: A solitaire champion.

Kenneth Learned.

For once a person has been found who both figuratively and literally, is "Learned."
Destiny: An obliging floor-walker.

Ethel Ruth Crowell.

Whom we love best
To them we say least.
Destiny: A mother superior.

Gladys Jacobs.

Her good deeds travel farther than her words.
Destiny: A public speaker.

Victor Simank.

Men who have the most to say use the fewest words.
Destiny: A street car conductor.

Mary Leona Panner.

Be silent and safe,
Silence never betrays you.
Destiny: Silent partner.

Lester McNichols.

His actions can speak better than our words can tell,
For everything he undertook, he finished well.
Destiny: Successor to Mr. Clifton.

Dorothy Elizabeth Danner

Plautus Epidicus.
"Abi in pace."—Go hence in peace.
Destiny: Crab specialist.

Kathryn Lewis.

The lass with the quiet ways.
Destiny: Philanthropist.

Frank Farron Carpenter.

He'll never know a second childhood,
Because he can't lost his first.
Destiny: Soulful philosopher.

Violet Rowan.

A "Violet" by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye.
Destiny: In the opera.

Jack McDowell.

Away on the sea let's sail.
Since on the sea I love to be.
Destiny: Aurora on the River Styx.

Charlotte Menning.

She chose well the words she spoke.
Destiny: Confidential secretary.

Gladys Agnews Becker.

If silence were gold, I'd be a millionaire.
Destiny: Head of the Home Economics Department of P. H. S.

Walter yres Hewitt.

I am he; that unfortunate he.
Destiny: Editor of "Slangy Stories Magazine."

Edna Newgren.

Her smiles, her speech,
with winning sway,
Wiled old Latin hours
away.
Destiny: Lieutenant in Woman's Land Army.

Irye Lanier Townsend.

Just at the age 'twixt
boy and youth,
When thought is speech
and speech is truth.
Destiny: Distributor for Moody Pie Co.

Ruth Elizabeth Wigmore Davies Moulton.

From the time we are wed till the time we are dead,
Is a long, long time.
Destiny: Author of "A beginner's cook-book."

Ruth Marcellus.

Gentle of speech,
Beneficent of mind.
Destiny: Great American essayist.

Charles Prickett

He thought as a sage, though he thought as a man.
Destiny: Lecturer on the "Cell Structure of the Kippered Herring."

Helen Munger.

I do not care to trouble my brain with all the burdens of this big old world.
Destiny: Editor of "Current History."

Lawrence McMillan.

Provide me with new world's to conquer.
Destiny: Renowned scientist.

Marion Van Camp Cook.

Who deserves well, needs not others' praise.
Destiny: Probation officer.

Florence Louise Birdsall.

I'd rather act than eat.
Destiny: Designer for Tiffany and Co.

William Melton Beeson.

What is the use of working?
Destiny: Prince of Whittier State School.

Lulu Laura Brown.

As merry as the day is long.
Destiny: Hospital matron.

John Honsaker, Jr.

Big business will pull him into its grasp;
If love doesn't catch him first.
Destiny: Author of "Polite Letters."

Ernestine Louisa Frank.

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And divinely fair.
Destiny: With "Famous Players."

Marie Meelinger Grassie.

A maiden never bold of spirit. A spirit so still and quiet that her very moton blushed at itself.
Destiny: Heart breaker.

Carl Andrew Dunah.

I charge you disturb not my slumbering.
Destiny: Pawn broker.

Anna Neill Hughes.

Some people have brains to work with, But her's can both think and do.
Destiny: A Shakespearean authority.

Kenneth Saunders.

Give me a chance to win the race;
I'll run two to see her face.
Destiny: Chief of unmounted fire brigade.

Marion Amy Herrick.

Would that friends we were.
Destiny: Head of Mathematics department at Mills.

Gladys Jenanyan.

Music has charms.
So have others.
Destiny: Well-known musician.

Roland Maxwell.

His many-sided mind was ripe for every prize.
Destiny: Yogi meditating violinist.

Vera Mildred Benton.

A charming smile, a pretty face.
Destiny—Room No. 223 C at P. H. S.

Paul Williams.

Have you ever noticed what a good friend a red-headed man makes?
Destiny: Official milk-shaker to Herbert Hoover.

Mary Rowan.

A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
Destiny: Student's helper.

Leona Kemp.

Just a smile, and friends are found without the seeking.
Destiny: Goodness knows, we don't.

Charles Henry Ash.

God made his bones like Atlas's.
A world of joy and trouble to uphold.
Destiny: Speaker of the House.

Ruby Ryder.

She is here; I heard her giggle.
Destiny: President of the national C. E.

Harley Lockhart.

Locked in the bottom of his heart is an ember of love.
Destiny: Bronco buster.

Mildred Nutt.

She has a place in the garden of everybody's heart.
Destiny: Tea taster.

Rosa Wing.

And seek to walk on wings and tread in air.
Destiny: Notion counter.

Eugene Pentzer.

I see the bright side of all dark clouds.
Destiny: Head usher Bible Institute.

Bessie Pettit.

It's merit that counts.
Destiny: A nervous wreck.

Milton Smith.

Worthy of the name of "Milton."
Destiny: Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal.

Francis Helen Dillon.

Innocence is bliss.
Destiny: Official sock doctor.

Marie Monteros.

Her spirit will be with us until Niagara Falls.
Destiny: Consular service in Mexico.

Max Alcorn.

I count my friends as baik notes and my friends count me as cash.
Destiny: A teacher of story writing by correspondence.

Hyallie Roseanna Fiedler.

She speaks with the tongue of man.
And yet she has a woman's heart.
Destiny: "Masterpieces of Modern Oratory."

John Thum.

He fits into his place in the world like a cog-wheel into another.
Destiny: Director of Follies of 1918.

Margaret Eliza Hodge.

A black eyed susan among the weeds that grow in this school.
Destiny: Society editor for the "Police Gazette."

Irene Deborah Gordon.

Every man shall bear his own burden.
Destiny: General scientist.

Paul Milton Howard.

His silence is a chasm from which his words and music notes can echo.
Destiny: Hen - pecked husband.

Susan Richard.

These are days of work, not theory.
Destiny: A wireless operator on the good ship "Stewart."

Elston Longmore Ireland.

A better friend has no man.
Destiny: Night watchman.

Margaret Swift.

Some people can be pleasant in the face of all that's ill.
Destiny: Latin teacher.

Nannie Jourdan.

Silvery moon rays shine best when two are alone together.

Francis Bryden Gerry.

I am not fat, but what of that.
Destiny: A man of retirement.

Helen Lockwood.

We grant although she had much wit,
She was always shy of using it.
Destiny: Mistress of an Oak Knoll mansion.

Earl Sidney Hutchinson.

He has not many miles to go before fortune will come and greet him.
Destiny: Eminent physician.

Elizabeth Nesbit Allison.

If the birds don't study English, land! let me be a bird.
Destiny: A friend of the Chinese.

Mary Morris.

In her presence pleasant words thaw out the cold that's in your heart.
Destiny: "Securing one."

Frederick Neilson.

O Joy! my school days will soon be o'er.
Destiny: Pessimistic professor.

Evelyn Miller.

Her works puts her in the place of honor, in the sight of all.
Destiny: Maker of "Home Beautiful."

Irving Snow

Even if he has Snow in his name, he has bright and sunny ways.
Destiny: A humanitarian.

Carline Murphy.

She has a place in her heart for all that fortune has cast aside.
Destiny: Snake charmer.

Winifred Wishard.

The magpies in the willow tree keep quiet while she talks.
Destiny: Soap-box orator.

Harold Whitney Hart.

His musical fingers give you tingles from the top of your head to your toes.
Destiny: Bones in a minstrel show.

Edith Lloyd.

A good guardian for a sister who has met an earl.
Destiny: "Hello" girl.

Allen E. Lee.

He is bound to be an aviator;
He is built for one, that's sure.
Destiny: "Olympic games" idol.

Helen Catherine Campbell.

One of the world's hard workers.
Destiny: Reformer of slave girls in India.

Helen Theodora Thompson.

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.
Destiny: Aviatrix.

Verna Williamson.

Up! Up, my friend, and quit your books or surely you'll grow double.
Destiny: Hair dresser.

Gertrude Pettypool.

Books! 'Tis a dull and endless strife.
Destiny: Red Star nurse.

Miriam Young.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
Destiny: Noted accompanist.

Evelyn Rice.

A spark of joy within our midst,
A bit of gladness, brightness, bliss.
Destiny: Popular child actress.

Berea Martin.

The world's not as bad as it might be.
Destiny: A dramatic teacher.

Van Pitts.

Brevity is the spice of speech.
Destiny: Second "Chick Gandil."

Claire Chute.

Friendship is a beautiful gem.
Destiny: Valentine maker.

Earle Thomas.

I could help myself from drowning in the water, but, oh! this sea of studies.
Destiny: City mayor.

Helen Wilson.

Sees beauty in both prettiness and ugliness and that's why she's always happy.
Destiny: Belle of New York.

Elizabeth G. Coffeen.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.
Destiny: Interested in Y. M.

Richard Seares.

In desire, even speed is delay.
Destiny: Chief Clown of Sells-Floto.

Mabel Kitty Fillmore.

Ever fair and ever young.
Destiny: Thin lady of Barnum & Bailey.

Donald McCoy.

A Yankee "tank' that can plunge through all the troubles it faces.
Destiny: Artist's model.

Ivy Marshall Green.

This graduation is a pretty gem;
But, oh! the labor to find it.
Destiny: A merry stenotypist.

Rose Rench.

May the goal of her success be reached without a fall.
Destiny: History teacher in Africa.

Mary Randolph.

Still waters run deep.
Destiny: Matron of Tuskegee Institute.

Edward Clovis Fouche.

He met all things full way.
Destiny: A man of letters.

Marguerite Ransom.

God gave some a lot of brains.
Destiny: Church organist.

Edythe Miller.

May the experience of her school life stand her in good stead.
Destiny: Dry goods and notions.

Dorothy Nay.

Don't write a word from poets on my tomb; just a simple phrase will do: "I made an attempt and sailed on through."
Destiny: A spinster .

Ruth Dorn.

Where's the coward that would not dare to fight for such a hand?
Destiny; Traffic policeman.

Edward Oleson.

If all of us were as precise as he—
We never would meet with trouble.
Destiny: A model for window decorators.

Helen Marie Thompson.

Sigh no more, ladies;
Men were ever deceivers.
Destiny: Accompanist to Galli-Curci.

Helen Marie Parker.

The grace of queens is in her step;
Aside with all frivolity.
Destiny: International authority on Freshmen.

Isabel Kleps.

This would be a gloomy world without a few bright optimists like her.
Destiny: Shorthand expert.

Constant Connie Getchine

I dream in nine, I work in nine
Since all my worlds are baseballs.
Destiny: Tutor of baseball to the "Cubs."

Marjorie Swezy.

Happy I am, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me.
Destiny: Leader of a "haphazard" life.

John Black.

He'll never give up the ship
As long as his true heart beats.
Destiny: Admiral Black.

Greta Carlson.

She was a marvel.
Destiny: "Fifteen minutes from Broadway."

Edwin Mitchell.

Oh, the artful tongue of man, oh, the thoughts it changes!
Destiny: Demonstrator of an original sewing machine.

James Ernest Hicks.

He is a collector; not a money collector: a curio collector.
Destiny: A collector of valueless antiques.

Mary Metz.

The calm of her thoughts is cast upon our troubled sea.
Destiny: Correcting papers.

Lawrence Metzger.

Born with a brain for thinking; given the action to do.
Destiny: I. W. W. agitator.

Clinton Webster.

He can manage baseball and business; we wonder if he can manage her.
Destiny :Major league umpire.

Ruth Jones.

She is not dead, even if Latin is.
Destiny: Editor of "Jones' Latin Pony."

Elizabeth Lloyd.

Don't pine, don't pine;
Love returns in another line.
Destiny: Wife of an earl.

M. Paul Coughlin.

His friendship is the friendship of deeds, not words.
Destiny: Lonely scribe.

Gladys Elizabeth Campbell.

She is a weighty problem.
Destiny: Stenographer.

Helen Reed.

Zealous yet modest.
Destiny: Player of Pandanic reeds.

Lethe Knight.

How can I forget the "Knight" with all its golden moonlight?
Destiny: Vaudeville star.

Ruth Timandra Finnell.

A spark of laughter will start a world of fun.
Destiny: Leader of Prohibition Party.

Sidney John Hunt.

He hunts till he finds the goal for which he is looking.
Destiny: A shop instructor.

Edna Cecelia Anderson.

The best work in the world is done on the quiet.
Destiny: A wealthy old maid.

Kathryn Kilmer.

We won't say a word,
She can say it better herself.
Destiny: Dime novelist.

Wilfred Marie Gruwell.

Say! My stars are moving fast. I am afraid my world is ending, I've got to get that sheepskin sure.
Destiny: Campaign manager for the prohibitionists.

Florence Wessels.

A gentlewoman from the court of Weknowit. To teach us humble folk a little etiquette.
Destiny: High brow poetess.

Paul Hamilton.

He can meet both love and labour and be a man the same.
Destiny: Matrimonial agent.

Ruth Rogatsky.

To thee my fancy took its wing.
Destiny: School marm.

Russell Seymour.

He will be heard from.
Destiny: Stump speaker.

Velma May Gordon.

A rainbow of pleasantness.
Destiny: Posing for the Official Photographer.

Harold Munn.

The aspirations of youth have not departed from his vision.
Destiny: Jailer at Sing Sing.

Virginia Woolery.

When the candles are out all women are fair.
Destiny: Missionary to the Congo.

Earl Repine.

Shall a woman's virtues grow, me to perish for them.
Destiny: Equestrian dentistry.

Cordelia Gould Andrews.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.
Destiny: A Cornell Co-ed.

Grace Pyle.

Beware of all, but most
beware of man.
Destiny: The model.

Noble McIlvain.

His noble brain, his
sturdy frame,
Will carry him on to
undying fame.
Destiny: A record maker.

Mary Larsen.

Serene—oh, how serene.
Destiny: Educator.

John McLaughlin.

His limbs were cast in
manly mold,
For hardy sports in
contests bold.
Destiny: A robust choirmaster.

Zella Clogston.

Frivolity is a balmy
breeze
That lightens all our
labors.
Destiny: His housekeeper.

Cecilia Ross.

The harder she works the happier she is.
Destiny: Official movie costumer.

Oscar Whetstine.

The manly little man with lots of punch.
Destiny: Joy salesman.

Ellen Adair Godber.

Watch out! I puncture with my darts of laughter.
Destiny: Pastor's assistant.

Theodore Royal Bailey.

We cannot all meet, yet we know that friends we are.
Destiny: A scissor grinder.

Dorothy May Stewart.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
Destiny: Ambassador to France.

Fredonia Slayden.

Joy live on forever.
Destiny: Adept in domestic art.

Rachel Gertrude Andrews.

She does no harm, so let her be.
Destiny: A history teacher.

Calvin Edwards Herbold.

To know him as a friend,
You need but speak with him.
Destiny: Successor to J. E. Herbold.

Gladys Snelling.

The way she spreads joy is a pleasure to all.
Destiny: Wife of a shoemaker.

Helen Grace Coleman.

Precise to say the least.
Destiny: Prison reformer.

Ralph Ong.

Oh, plunger as ye are, plunge on, and overcome the water that surrounds the isle of your success.
Destiny: Mayor of New York City.

Annie Margaret Davis.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud.
Destiny: N. N. D.

Ronald Russel Blick.

Ha! Ha! I'm wild.
Destiny: A poet! Yea, a poet!

Mabel Ewing.

Unknown she passed.
Destiny: Vodvil.

Oscar Thorngren.

I haven't much to say; so let me think in peace.
Destiny: Forest ranger.

Katherine Orban.

Lit still my fluttering heart.
Destiny: An ungathered Blossom.

John Walter Cohn.

Here and there and everywhere.
Destiny: Food administrator.

Florence Sinclair.

Thy face the index of a feeling mind.
Destiny: A short story writer.

Newell Woodworth.

He shifts the scenes of life.
Destiny: Sign painter.

Esther Ambler.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.
Destiny: Red Cross nurse marries a wounded soldier.

Verilla Sawyer.

Thy flying fingers scarcely touched the keys,
E'er trembling notes ascended to the heavens.
Destiny: Lemon picker.

Harold J. Simeral.

The essence of refinement.
Destiny: A police judge.

Wilhelmina Rose.

Her hand paints the picture that our words cannot describe.
Destiny: Noted artist.

Frederick Whittier De Silva.

As modest as a primrose.
Destiny: Photographer for "Weekly Spiritualist."

Marie Josephine Blick.

Little things are not small if great results come from them.
Destiny: Rival of Ruth St. Denis.

Helen Larkins.

Please accept from us, your humble friends, the warmest congratulations upon this graduation day.
Destiny: Bachelor maid.

Benton Jackson Brown.

Short and sweet.
Destiny: United States Senate.

Marjorie Test.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
Destiny: A bachelor maid.

Oscar Palmer.

Who said "no one loves a fat man"?
Destiny: Star pitcher on the Sierra Madre indoor team.

Tevilla Irene Hurlbut.

Such joy it is to hear her sing.
Destiny: A sister in House of Mercy.

Julia Alberta Gibbings.

We cannot read her thoughts,
But how well she reads her own.
Destiny: Somebody's wife.

Kellogg Krebs.

He can produce more noise than a boiler factory out for a holiday.
Destiny: Throat specialist.

Florence Elizabeth Hansen.

I wonder if spring fever catches all like me.
Destiny: Instructor in Pott's Business College.

Selma Eldon Hoff.

He climbs all mountains as he reaches them, and never stops nor falters.
Destiny: Demonstrator of salad dressing.

Clara Louise Hale.

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature.
Destiny: Salvation Army drummeress.

Vida Marchand.

If I have a chance to speak, I speak;
But otherwise, I my silence keep.
Destiny: A popular lecturer.

James Lester Erickson.

My friends know me better than I know myself.
Destiny: Drummer for chewing-gum.

Esther Watson.

You cannot help but smile sweetly when you meet with her.
Destiny: Unexpected joys.

Alfred Lind Gerrie.

May peace and plenty be his lot
And dainties a great store o' em.
Destiny: An insurance agent.

Vivian Wallace.

Viva! Viva! Senorita, the courtesies of this school we extend to thee.
Destiny: Matron of Hampson Home for Children.

Marian Pitcher.

A calm quiet pervades all her actions and habits.
Destiny: Congressional librarian.

Harry Alfred Day.

I am "happy" as a merman in the water.
Destiny: A happy retired married man.

Bae Pack Farman.

A lighthearted miss with the pleasant little ways.
Destiny: Clog dancer.

Harold Calendar Curtis.

When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash.
Destiny: Unappropriated blessing.

Helen Ridky

Away we drift into the castles that music builds
With her in mind.
Destiny: Originator of the "Ridsky Shorthand System."

Louise Speer.

We can find a lot of pleasure in this world if we only try.
Destiny: Spearmint seller.

Jenner Webster.

His tongue has never slipped and with a cavalier's grace he meets one and all.
Destiny: Importer of haberdashery.

Edna Rench.

Fortunate for us she's here.
Destiny: A movie maid.

Arnold Augustave Davis.

Speak low if you speak love.
Destiny: Mineral prospector.

Mildred Tucker

As calm as the sea before a storm.
Destiny: Missionary.

Violet Silka.

More brains.
Destiny: An osteopath.

Russell Johnson.

Now down to business, boys,
We must finance our pocket-books.
Destiny: City manager.

Helen Zaugg:

It takes a fairy nymph to be a little pleasant in these days.
Destiny: Historian of the "Great World War."

Mace Maynard Chambers.

Silence is his only art of conversation.
Destiny: Thrifty popcorn salesman.

Alta Simpson.

Quietly and unperceived she wended her way through our midst.
Destiny: A maid in waiting.

Jennie Laura Hutchinson.

She turns the winter day to sunshine by either deed or smile.
Destiny: Placid life.

George Goodman.

How many cents are there in a dollar? Answer: 100.
Destiny: A life of peace and seclusion.

Loretta Anna Henricks.

I am out to take the tennis title from Mary Brown.
Destiny: Tennis player of renown.

Fred Kelsey Haiber.

Sailing, sailing, sailing,
Over the seas to home.
Destiny: Head waiter at the Arlington.

Bertha Leora Hellburg.

A smile that wins,
Bold of voice.
Destiny: Real Estate; Notary Public.

Henry Dart Greene.

Hear that silent rythmic noise? That's the wheels within my brain a-turning.
Destiny: A peanut vender.

Jean Verdier.

She floats in Hawaiian moonlight and watches for the sand crabs.
Destiny: Teacher of ukulele in Hawaii.

Robert Steele.

Wise in the ways of a business man.
Destiny: Famous educator.

Freda Evelyn Foss.

I find that simple silence is the very best friend.
Destiny: Prosperous goat rancher.

Elizabeth Lytle Allen.

She often speaks but never talks.
Destiny: A wireless operator in Siam.

Earle Palmer.

Not much pep, but hunks of gray matter.
Destiny: Winner of "Librarians' Tennis Trophy."

Pauline Stanton.

A face made up out of no other shop
Than what Nature's hand sets 'ope.
Destiny: Proprietor of a hotel for musicians.

Paul Rees.

Quiet, but mighty effective.
Destiny: The Rev. Paul Rees, D.D., M.D.

Phoebe Morgans.

The gentle quietness of age in youth.
Destiny: A change of name, but only one letter.

Earle Jardine.

That thoughtful face means a place for him in business.
Destiny: Manager of New York Hippodrome.

Marion Wallace Gibbs

Her smile and her words rule our world.
Destiny: The mistress of the White House.

Sterling Mueller.

His pen is his artist's brush; one stroke can change a picture.
Destiny: Truant officer.

Bryant Essick.

Ye gods! Annihilate but space and time, to make two lovers happy.
Destiny: A Model domesticity.

Mabel Glick.

Her love is with the sailors;
Her eyes see pictures of the sea.
Destiny: Yeowoman.

Richard Keith Blanche

To speak, to speak, to speak, is all he asks.
Destiny: Farmer.

Naomi Pinkham.

I found my gem at Throop.
Destiny: Demonstrator of hair tonic.

Herbert Jones.

Another of that illustrous family.
Destiny: Jitney bussist.

Margaret Kelly.

Pep, and words to give the pep
Are mighty helpful friends.
Destiny: Domestic unhappiness.

The Dreamer

By Florence Sinclair

A dreamer sat by the fireside,
With folded and idle hands;
And he gazed at the flames burning brightly,
While his thoughts flew to distant lands.
Last night these thoughts flowed past him,
Stretching far into the years,
Like a mighty, flowing river,
Full of hopes—and joys—and fears.

The dreamer recited his longings
With the zest of bards and scopes.
God had streaked his hair with silver,
But had never greyed his hopes.
And then the bright dream ended;
The idle dreamer woke;
The golden dream suddenly vanished,
For the thread of the dream then broke.

The years of fantastic dreaming,
Trooped back to his memory clear;
The man was aged and broken,
But his youthful dream was still dear.
In youth he was but a dreamer,
And now, to manhood grown,
The fruits of his dream not garnered,
Though the seed of his dream was sown.

He had wished to be a dreamer;
He, himself had wanted it so.
He had sown the seed in arid ground,
Where no seed could hope to grow.
And while the years passed quickly,
No action had been done;
And action must follow dreamings,
As the earth must follow the sun.

He thought of a time-worn adage:
"'Tis never too late to mend."
And he prayed that his Father in Heaven
Some hope to him might send.
But the prime of his life was wasted;
No atonement could be made.
O'er his grave was carved this inscription:
"Here is a dreamer laid."

Thus his life's journey ended;
The thing he wished for, he won—
The empty title of "Dreamer";
But, alas! what else had he done?
And so in this world of strivings
We reap what we have sown;
As achievement has followed dreaming,
So our dream has lived and grown.

Let us hope that the class of "eighteen,"
May not mere dreamers be;
But that achievements, worthy,
May crown their destiny.
So, here's to the health of our classmates,
May their future lives so beam,
That in this world of action,
They may DO, as well as dream.

The Building of the "Eighteen"

Being the History of the Illustrous Class of 1918

Ship ahoy, patriotic Americans! Another worthy vessel has been added to the vast fleet now in construction for our government's service, and on its bow is the freshly painted name, Class of 1918. Thus she stands in the harbor, staunch and trim, ready to lift the anchor, with her compass in place pointing Due Right, headed for the deep waters of Life. But, although you see before you the finished product, you, perhaps, little realize the effort and labor expended in her construction. Have you ever penetrated the mysteries of a bustling, booming shipyard? Yes? Then you know what it is like; so you are ready to follow the history of the good ship '19 from its infancy to its launching.

In the year 1914 there were drafted into the huge well-equipped yards known as P. H. S., a group of young, energetic workmen, whose destiny it was to build the grandest ship ever set afloat. These workers, from the shops of the grammar schools, appeared slightly overawed by the stupendous undertaking for which they had signed up. Some were mathematically inclined; some had a mechanical trend of mind; a few were artistic; and still others had no trend of mind whatsoever. They were, therefore, organized into twelve different gangs ,those under Foremen Soule, Lewis, and Wilson being the greatest in numbers, in order that they might learn the trade and begin construction as soon as possible.

The new workmen being unacquainted with the various parts of the yard, upon inquiring the way of the older workman, engaged for the most part in pairs in the construction of ships '15, '16, '17, were most carelessly misdirected, and wandered aimlessly about, causing delay in reporting for duty, at which Timekeeper Case quite vigorously objected. The foremen despaired of ever training the recruits, for they persisted in losing their tools regularly, and it was only with the greatest effort that the youngsters were kept from dabbling in the green paint provided for the ship. Labor conditions were unsettled; therefore, it was decided to organize a union to protest the young laborers, and also to promote friendship and interest in activities. With the assistance of Doris Gibbs, they held their first meeting and chose Harry McCament as commander-in-chief, Marion Gibbs as society promoter, Virginia Woolery as official note-taker, and David Bomberger as shekel receiver.

During this time, under the able management of President Cross, skillfully assisted by Superintendent Wilson, the framework of this powerful ship was pieced together. This being deemed a satisfactory year's work, a furlough of three months was granted the laborers.

Very pompously, at the expiration of the lay-off, the workers, no longer amateurs but confident of their ability, lined up and received their time cards for the second period of construction. Awe of the authorities had waned and the workers felt capable of running the whole yard. As no one would accept

their assistance, they spent their time domineering over the new workers and freely handing out instruction. The union was organized under the able leadership of Wallace Chisholm, who was assisted by Hyallie Fieldler, Eunice Perkins, and Arthur Ferguson.

One of the most important changes during that year was in the number of shifts per day. Previous to this time there were seven shifts, but the number was now reduced to five, this undoubtedly lessening the work of Timekeeper Case, but simultaneously reducing the time available for conversation in pairs, and arguments in threes. In order to compensate for this lack of social opportunities, it was decided to have a steamboat party, where conversation could be resumed. No one was seasick on the steamboat, but several cases of heart trouble developed.

During that year Chisholm got a job as hydraulic ram on the team of line buckers and end runners. He was considered an excellent ram and maintained this position throughout his career at the shipyard.

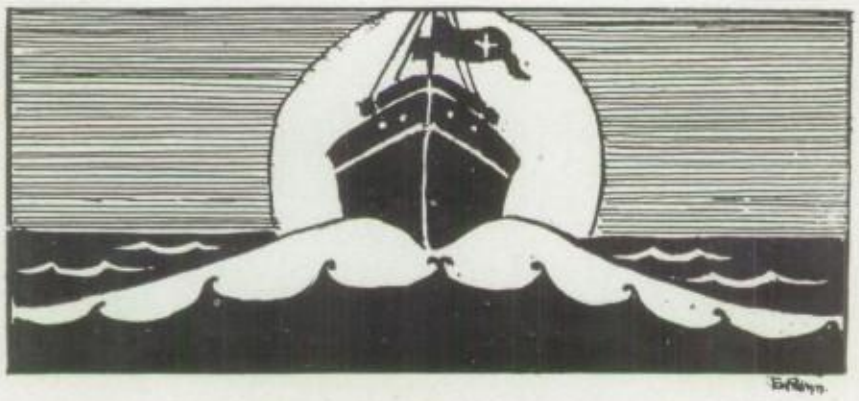
When the workers assembled for the third time Robert Shlaudeman was chosen body-master of the order, Dorothy Stewart was elected to succeed Mr. Shlaudeman in case of disastrous injury, Jennie MacColl was to record momentous occurrences, and Frederick De Silva was to guard the safe. Under the supervision of Inspector Tennis work upon the ship went forward rapidly, but not entirely without diversion. To keep the union members satisfied, a peppery social meeting, known as the Junior Jaunt, was held. The workmen enjoyed this stage of building, perhaps, more than any other, for the ship, having now assumed a comely shape and good proportions, was much admired by all who entered the yard.

In 1917 the workmen found themselves under the management of a new president, Mr. Cross having gone to a larger field, leaving President Wilson in charge at P. H. S. Superintendent Becker had been imported and sworn in for police duty. The union was organized for the last time with "Ted" De Silva at the wheel, Marjorie Test as his assistant, Lulu Brown mistress of records, and Howard Wilson hoarder of cash. Work had been resumed, but Timekeeper Case warned some of the platefitters and riveters that if they did not fit more plates and drive more rivets they would have to discontinue work on ship '18 and commence on ship '19 or even '20. These threats worked wonders, and for a time everything went along with punch and alacrity. Sad to relate, however, the effects were not lasting, and the workers became so tired and worn that something had to be done to revive them. The "Senior Cheer Up" was the solution to the problem, and enough "pep" was instilled into their veins to last for several months. Because of the efficiency displayed in putting finishing touches to the nearly completed vessel, the union leaders decided that the loyal workers be rewarded by a combination May fete and banquet.

A week before their contract expired the laborers were allowed to discard their overalls and prepare for the climax of their four years of labor. With rejoicing on the part of some and lamentations on the part of others, the time to launch the stately vessel at last arrived. She was finally ready to slip from the ways into the Sea of Service. The workmen knocked away the last supporting blocks, those ties that held her in place in the P. H. S. shipyard.

Glad to see the good ship completed, admiring her stately proportions, yet regretting that she must leave their hands, these workmen received with pride the service flags furnished them by the Shipping Board and presented by Mr. Wilson, president of the P. H. S. Company. The sponsor bade the ship Godspeed when she lifted anchor, cut her hawser, and sailed well-equipped and freighted with worthy cargo toward the horizon. May she be found seaworthy, able to battle successfully the billows of the high sea, and ever be a credit to her builders.

RUTH MARCELLUS,
MARJORIE HUGHES,
JOHN THUM.



Will of the Class of 1918

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the Class of 1918 of the Pasadena High School, of the city of Pasadena, county of Los Angeles, state of California, being in good health and of sound and disposing mind and memory, but of advanced age, and being desirous of settling our student affairs before leaving this temple of learning, do make and cause to be published this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

Firstly, we hereby will and bequeath to the Student Body of Pasadena High School the sum total of the proceeds of the Class Play, from which will be purchased U. S. Liberty Bonds for the establishment of a permanent Senior Scholarship Fund.

Secondly, we further bequeath to said students eleven stars in the Service Flag as lasting monuments to our brave classmates who answered their country's call.

Thirdly, we give and bequeath to our esteemed faculty our sincere friendship and many words of thanks for aiding us in our pursuit of knowledge.

Fourthly, to the next editorial staff of the Item we will and bequeath the co-operation of the Student Body and another Dick Kern to fill the joke box.

Fifthly, to all Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen we leave a true friend in the person of Mr. Becker, who is ever willing to assist in time of greatest need.

Sixthly, to those in the future romantically inclined we bequeath the shadowy corridors and cozy, book-shelved library, now forsaken by the many lovelorn couples (such as Bob and Kay, Eunice and George, Oscar and Lucile, Margaret and Fred, etc., **ad inf.**).

Seventhly, to our already vast collection of Greek trophies we add the Southern California and State track champion cups. May the success of the future track teams enable them to remain permanently at Pasadena High!

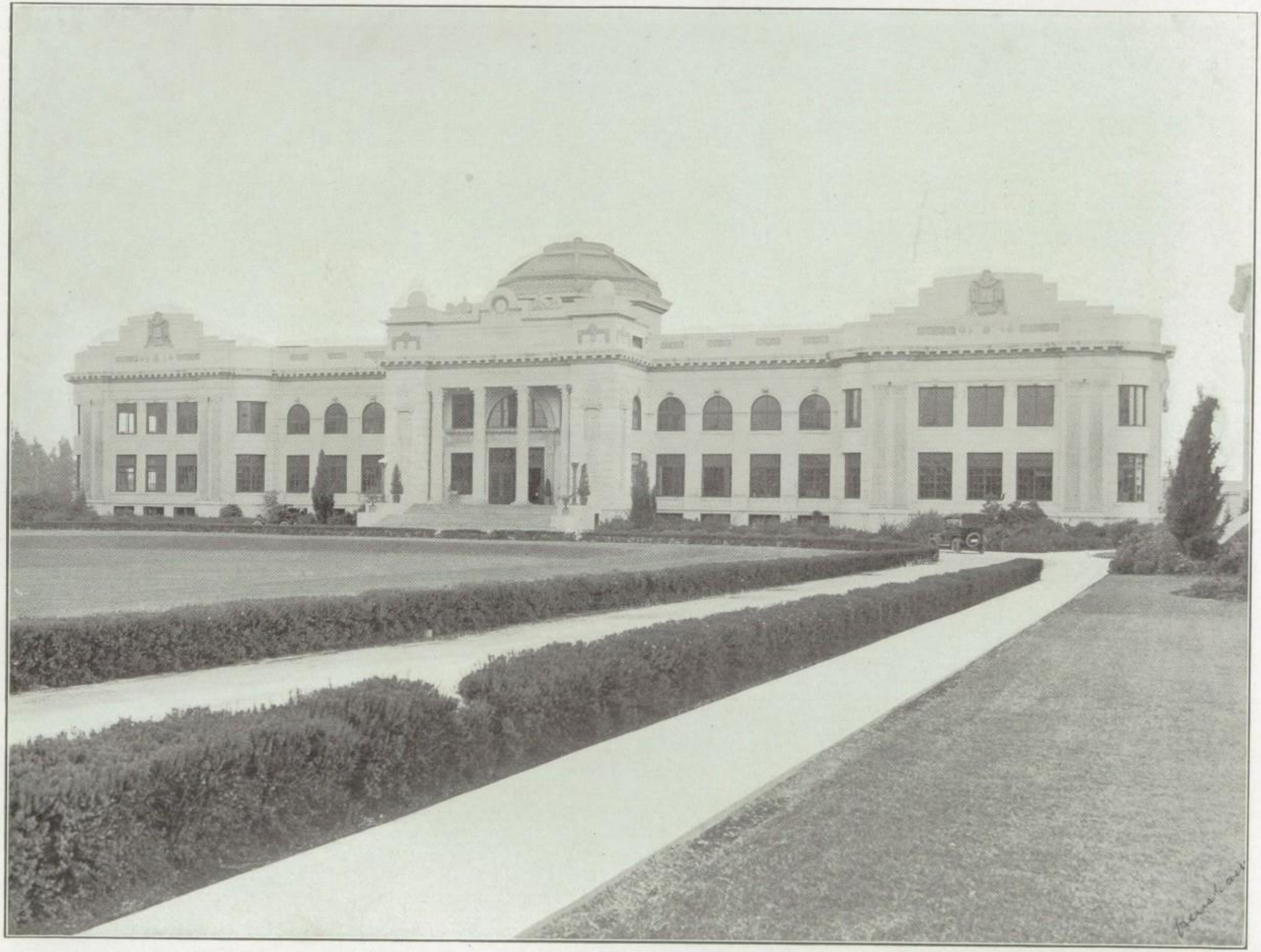
Eighthly, we devise and bequeath to the new student commissioners, class officers, athletic captains, and managers the hearty support and co-operation of the entire Student Body.

Ninthly, to the Juniors we grant our noble and highly-honored title of Seniors, hoping that they will prove worthy of bearing it.

Lastly, we do hereby constitute and appoint Walter C. Wilson to be executor of this, our said last will and testament, with all the powers given by law to said executor.

In witness whereof, we have set our hand and seal this fourteenth day of June, in the year 1918.

THE CLASS OF 1918,
PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL.
Per
MARJORIE TEST
LULU BROWN



LITERARY

India Rose

By Marie Martin

The house at the "Corners" had grim, gaunt, loneliness and repression written plain on its forbidding front. It was a long, narrow house which had once been painted white. Long since, the paint had departed leaving here and there white splashes, tear-marks of its sad farewell. Heavy "storm" windows, kept on throughout the year and faded green blinds shut off the gaze of the outside world. On the north side of the house tall pines whispered softly among themselves, and cast a gloomy shade over the place. A huge cedar stood guard over the inhospitable front door. The front steps were tottering into old age.

The air was fragrant with the perfume from the Lilies of the Valley which grew in rank profusion around the old house. Sloping southward from the old house were well-kept beds of johnnie-jump-ups, jonquils, firebush, tulips, and purple iris. But even the glorious lilac bushes by the still, genteel, picket fence seemed to say "Hands off."

The inmates of the "Corner" house like the house itself, had been aloof, withdrawn from the world. Nathan Hitchcock, carpenter, had built the house by hard grinding toil in his spare hours for his young wife. Nathan, hard working, honest, blunt tempered, was regarded as an "odd stick" and had few friends. Eliza, his wife, was schooled in gentility, and repression.

Even in his youth the house had seen little of the curious friendly world. There were children in the house,—Daniel, Mary, Jane, and Honora,—but they were Hitchcocks. The children of a Hitchcock never romped, or prattled about in the house. Early the Hitchcock children were fed on gentility, and repression.

In mature years the house had witnessed many a scene of violent quarrels between Nathan and his grown-up children. Eliza Hitchcock, thin, frail, but still genteel, represented her anxiety over the family affairs until she grew too thin and too frail for further breath. Ten years after her death Nathan Hitchcock, eccentric, sour-tempered, and a failure from a material point of view, died.

A grim satisfaction spread itself over the lengthy terms of Nathan Hitchcock's will,—"Whereas my children, namely, Daniel, Mary, Jane, and Honora have in times past been divided in their opinions concerning matters of importance. I do hereby declare that my house and property shall now be divided among them according to my decision. To Daniel, I leave the barn, the ground about the said house, and the two back bedrooms. In case of his death his property shall be transferred to the next oldest. To Mary, I leave

A pair of soft young arms went around Jane Hitchcock in a bear hug and a mouth planted a kiss on her ear

the front parlor, the north chamber, and the chamber back of that. Property transferred to next oldest in event of her death. To Jane, I leave the sitting room, and the two east chambers, etc. To Honora, I leave the attic, two south chambers, and the back sitting room. The kitchen, the hall ways, cellar, and stairs, are to be shared alike by all. In event of the marriage of my children their property may be handed down to their heirs."—From the will of John Nathan Hitchcock.

The "Corner" house twenty years after Nathan's death was a recluse from the world. Daniel rested peacefully in the Dell Cemetery. Beside him they had placed Mary. Honora married Absolum Rose, palefaced, and shifty-eyed. The village appeared too small for the talents of Absolum Rose, and he moved to larger fields of labor. Jane lived on in the old house, genteel, grim, aloof.

Rumors had reached Jane's ear from time to time of disagreements between Honora and Absolum Rose. There had been a few brief letters exchanged between the sisters at Christmas time. Then there had come a letter with a newspaper clipping containing news that aroused Jane, shocked, and for the moment tore aside her habitual repression. Honora with her eight-year-old child had vanished. Absolum Rose and the constables of several towns had been unable to find any clues.

Jane's mail was scantier than ever. There were several new lines in her repressed face. The children called her "Sour Hitchcock"—the folks of that New England village spoke of "old maid Hitchcock of the Corners."

Ten years later, as Jane stood cutting some sprays of lilac on a warm spring afternoon, the stage came, in a cloud of yellow dust, down the street and rumbled to a stop at her gate. Jane evinced a slight feeling of surprise, but went on cutting the lilacs in a genteel manner. Jane heard a young voice talking to Jim Green, the driver; heard a trunk dragged on the gravel walk, but she went on cutting lilac sprays.

The gate creaked open, someone ran lightly toward her,—a pair of soft young arms went around Jane Hitchcock in a bear hug, a hot young mouth planted a kiss on her ear, and Jane, dazed, surprised, gentility forgotten, heard a sweet voice say—"I'm your niece, India Rose."

Jane Hitchcock backed away, so utterly amazed that the mask of repression slipped from her face.—"You're my niece! My niece! India Rose!—Well, I never!" she said stupidly.

Before Jane stood a chit of a girl, a ridiculous five feet of girl. From under a saucy little hat tantalizing black curls had escaped. Two big brown wells of fun gazed up at Jane. The icy coating over Jane's repressed heart began to thaw a tiny, tiny degree.

"Well how's your mother?" disapprovingly questioned Jane.

"M-m-m-my mother's dead." Two big tears welled up in the big brown eyes and splashed down India's smooth cheeks.

A long forgotten compassion stirred at Jane's heartstrings. She laid an awkward hand on her niece's shoulder and led her into the house.

At the supper table as India Rose ate a genteel but somewhat meager supper,—Jane grew repressed again. The conversation might have been recorded at its height as only reaching thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

But India went on wiping the dishes determinedly

In the chilly kitchen lamplight Jane stealthily watched India Rose as she wiped the dishes. More than once a diamond drop, suspiciously like a tear, clung to her long dusky eyelashes, but India went on wiping dishes determinedly.

On the way upstairs to bed Jane said abruptly, "Why did your mother call you by that outlandish name?"

"I think India's a pretty name. I don't know exactly why she did call me India, unless 'twas because she always said she hankered to go there," sighed India.

"These two south chambers are yours; they belonged to your mother but they're yours now," said Jane stiffly.

"Isn't that gorgeous! Two rooms all to myself that belonged to mother!" an impulsive flying kiss fell on Jane's astonished cheek.

Jane relented sufficiently to say a lukewarm, faintly gracious "Goodnight!" Then she marched down stairs and began to make everything ready for the night.

The new occupant of Honora Hitchcock's room mechanically placed her lamp on the marble topped dresser, and then backed slowly towards the center of the room. Oppressive, heavy, cumbersome, black walnut furniture filled and cluttered the room. Every chair and table stood stiffly at attention. The inevitable "what-not" occupied its inevitable corner. Over the "what-not" hung a steel engraving showing an angular female about to be devoured by a stupid, rat-tailed lion. It was entitled "A Christian Martyr." On each side of the marble topped dresser hung red worsted mottoes,—"The Lord is My Shepherd," and "Obey Thy Parents." A steel engraving entitled "Love At the Tomb," which depicted an elegantly dressed female wringing her hands over a formidable tomb under a weeping-willow, and a crude watercolor sketch of a very meek, little girl sitting piousiy on a bench beside a huge cat, with a docile grin, comprised the remaining attempts at genteel art.

India Rose stood stock still in the center of that uncompromising room for fully five minutes. Then she whirled around, made a sweeping courtsy toward the "Christian Martyr," and said, "Madame, I'd prefer that stupid lion to this room." Then she began vigorously pulling a chair about, and moving a table or two until the room bore a slightly disordered appearance. "There," said India Rose, "I feel a little more at home."

Jane Hitchcock slept little that night. Her thoughts turned back, as she lay in her genteel black walnut bed, to childhood days. She recalled play days with Honora. Honora, the youngest of the Hitchcocks had always been "different." When the little girls had played dolls, Honora often, when away from watchful eyes, "romanced" as Jane had called it. Honora had loved to pretend that her dolls were real people, and often accompanied them on strange journeys over-seas, in fancy. Jane recalled the day on which Honora, with her dark hair, from which a curl now and then just would escape,—bent over her geography lesson. The lesson had given a meager account of far-away India. Honora, her dark eyes, eager and vivid, had looked intently by Jane and said, "I'm going there someday. "Poor Honora," sighed Jane. Then Janes' thoughts came back to the present and she thought of India Rose in Honora's room. Her ear tingled as she thought of India Rose's abrupt arrival and the first kiss she had received in years.

The old house in the solitude of night dreamed back into its past and then as it thought of what the future might reveal, grinned, a rather grim awkward grin to be sure.

The next morning India Rose descended the stairs humming a gay little tune. As she reached the bottom stair she said determinedly to herself, "I'm just going to be cheerful. This old house is too grim; it hasn't seen sunshine for years. That's what is the matter with Aunt Jane."

"Good morning Aunt Jane," said India as she frisked into the kitchen.

"Good morning, my dear," replied Aunt Jane in what was meant for a cheerful voice.

All during the breakfast India prattled about how lovely it was going to be living in the country. "You know," she said, "When mother and I lived in New York the only time we ever saw any country was on Sundays. Every Sunday mother took me out to Central Park. It cost too much to go into the real country."

Jane nodded and then said bitterly, "So you lived in New York after your mother"——

"Ran away" supplemented India innocently. And then as she saw the aversion on Jane's face she said eagerly, "You see, it was this way. Mother told me all about it on my last birthday. I am fourteen. "India," said she, 'I am going to tell you now why I ran away from your father. I was brought up to be honest. Your father wasn't honest. Perhaps he would never have done anything criminal. He lied to me, India. At first it was just small, unimportant lies, and then one day I discovered opium in the pocket of his old suit. When I showed it to him, he shifted his eyes to the floor and denied it. For a year or more I still lived with him, hoping that some day he would come to me like a man and confess. But the drug had a firm hold on him. He pretended even to himself that he could stop, I think, although he never even so much as mentioned opium to me. Then one day I caught him offering opium to you, India!"

There was a horrified gasp from Aunt Jane, and then an uncomfortable silence, broken at length by India Rose.

"I remember quite well," she said pensively, "about our running away. That night after father gave me the opium, and I had been put to bed, mother awoke me, in the middle of the night, I think. 'Hush, Dear,' she said. 'Get

up, and don't make any noise. We're going away, you and I. You must keep still and do as I tell you, or I'll punish you!' I remember how excited, and frightened I was. She dressed me in a suit of boy's clothes. I wondered where she got them. Then she took some shears and cut my hair close to my head. After that she packed a suitcase. Then she picked me up and carried me downstairs; she was in her stocking feet. Outside in the black, shivery dark, she put me down and made me stay until she came back with the suitcase. It seemed hours before she returned. We walked down the black street for a long way. At last we came to a livery stable. There was a horse and buggy drawn up to the curb. Mother lifted me in, put in the suitcase and climbed in after me. She gave a bill to the man, who until now I had not seen, beside the horse's head; and away we drove. All night long we drove, until at last we came to a city. Here we left the buggy at a livery stable, and I heard mother tell a man to drive it back to our home town. We wandered about in the city for an hour and then mother took me to the depot. She bought our tickets for New York. I can remember how thrilled I felt riding for the first time on a train. Every time the whistle blew I jumped. It was such fun looking out of the window. When we reached New York I was cross and very sleepy. I don't remember much about our arrival in New York. The next thing I can recall was waking up in an unfamiliar room. I began to cry, but mother soon hushed me. That's the way we ran away."

During this recital Jane Hitchcock had listened with breathless interest. At the first she had listened in bitterness of soul. To Jane Hitchcock, brought up to repress her emotions and live above reproach in the eyes of the world, it had been a bitter shock to learn Honora's disgrace. It had seemed to Jane that a dark, shameful blot had been put upon the irreproachable, genteel name of Hitchcock. However fiercely Hitchcocks may have quarreled among themselves, only the old house had known. To the world the name of Hitchcock expressed an excellent example of gentility. During ten long years of grim loneliness Jane had bitterly denounced her sister'sshameful escape. The possibility of Honora's having feelings in the matter had not entered into Jane's mind. It had always seemed an unmentionable disgrace in New England for a woman to run away from her home. The puritan principle concerning life's troubles was "grin and bear it." A New England woman has said, "We must bear with patience whatever burdens heaven sends us." A spring of romance welled up in a long forgotten corner of Jane's heart. But she only said after India had stopped, "I've often wondered what happened. Honora never wrote after she left your father."

"You see," said India reflectively, "Mother just ran away without giving herself a chance to change her mind. After a while she felt ashamed. She often used to sigh and say that she wished I could see my Aunt Jane. But she was afraid to write. She told me just before she—died—that she was afraid you'd never understand."

A new era had dawned for Jane Hitchcock. There was some one for her to be interested in. Human interest is the most absorbing interest in the world. How would she be able to make a pittance that barely suffered for one cover the needs of two? All the following sleepless, restless night, Jane tossing, on her black walnut bed, pondered gravely. The decision which she reached was the only possible one, but was never-the-less heartrending. It

meant a lowering of Hitchcock ideals. It was a relentless blow at Jane's pride,—pride in her irreproachable gentility, and in her very aloofness from the world. In her mind's eye tormented Jane saw a large cardboard placard, disgracing her before the eyes of the world, tacked across the Hitchcock door. It bore these fatal words: "Wanted:—Roomers, reasonable rates."

That night India Rose said softly to the "Christian Martyr"—"Aunt Jane is turning out to be a perfect dear." India Rose smiled as she thought of her surprise over that peck of a kiss. Then her mind traveled back to New York days in her Mother's millinery store. She recalled her Mother's joy when she brought home the deed for the building, bought with hard earned money. It was only a year ago that Mrs. Rose had sold the store and building for what seemed a fabulous sum. India Rose remembered the quaint wording of her mother's will—"I do hereby desire that Sister Jane and daughter, India Rose, shall share and share alike the interest from the invested principal."

"This old house is going to be young and fresh again. We'll paint it a most dazzling white, and all the blinds will be the brightest green," murmured India Rose joyfully.

The following morning as Jane stood preparing breakfast, India Rose almost hidden under a huge bouquet of fragrant lilacs, burst into the kitchen—"Good morning Aunt Jane. See what I've brought you. Aren't they beauties."

Jane looked with misty eyes at the charming picture, and sighed. The troubled thoughts of the previous night surged over her. Again she saw that hated sign tacked up on the front door. For a moment Jane wavered—perhaps it could be averted. But mentally trampling her weakness under foot she grew grim, determined. Then looking into India Rose's sweet eyes she sighed ,and smiled tenderly. Putting her thin, old arms around India Rose, she said tremulously—"My Dear, we're going to be very happy," and then India Rose's smooth satiny cheek received a real kiss.

"Good Morning, Aunt Jane."

The End of a Rosedale Feud

By Kathryn Kilmer

The last hymn was over and the benediction said and as the organ burst into a joyous postlude, the congregation arose and began to leave the church. It was the conclusion of the morning service and all Rosedale was there in its Sunday best. From out of the wide doorway they streamed, nodding and smiling at each other in a friendly way and stopping now and then to exchange a few words. Pretty, starry-eyed girls in white frocks and new spring hats; drowsy, flushed children with memories of recent naps and visions of approaching Sunday dinners; mothers and fathers; grandmothers and grandfathers; all were there, for this was the most beautifully spring-like day of the year and no "Rosedaler" could stay at home on such a morning.

It was a small church but it was beautiful—a low gray stone building, set well back on a smooth green velvet carpet of grass, freckled with the gold of the sunlight that filtered through the leaves of the trees which stretched out their arms in a paternalistic, protecting sort of way over the low gray walls.

Major William Morley, leaning upon his cane, held his hat in his hand and stood at the top of the stone steps, enjoying the cool refreshing breeze which lifted his white hair from his forehead and blew through his long white beard. He was a lean, aristocratic looking old gentleman, bent yet still quite tall, and with a certain dignity and distinction of bearing and appearance.

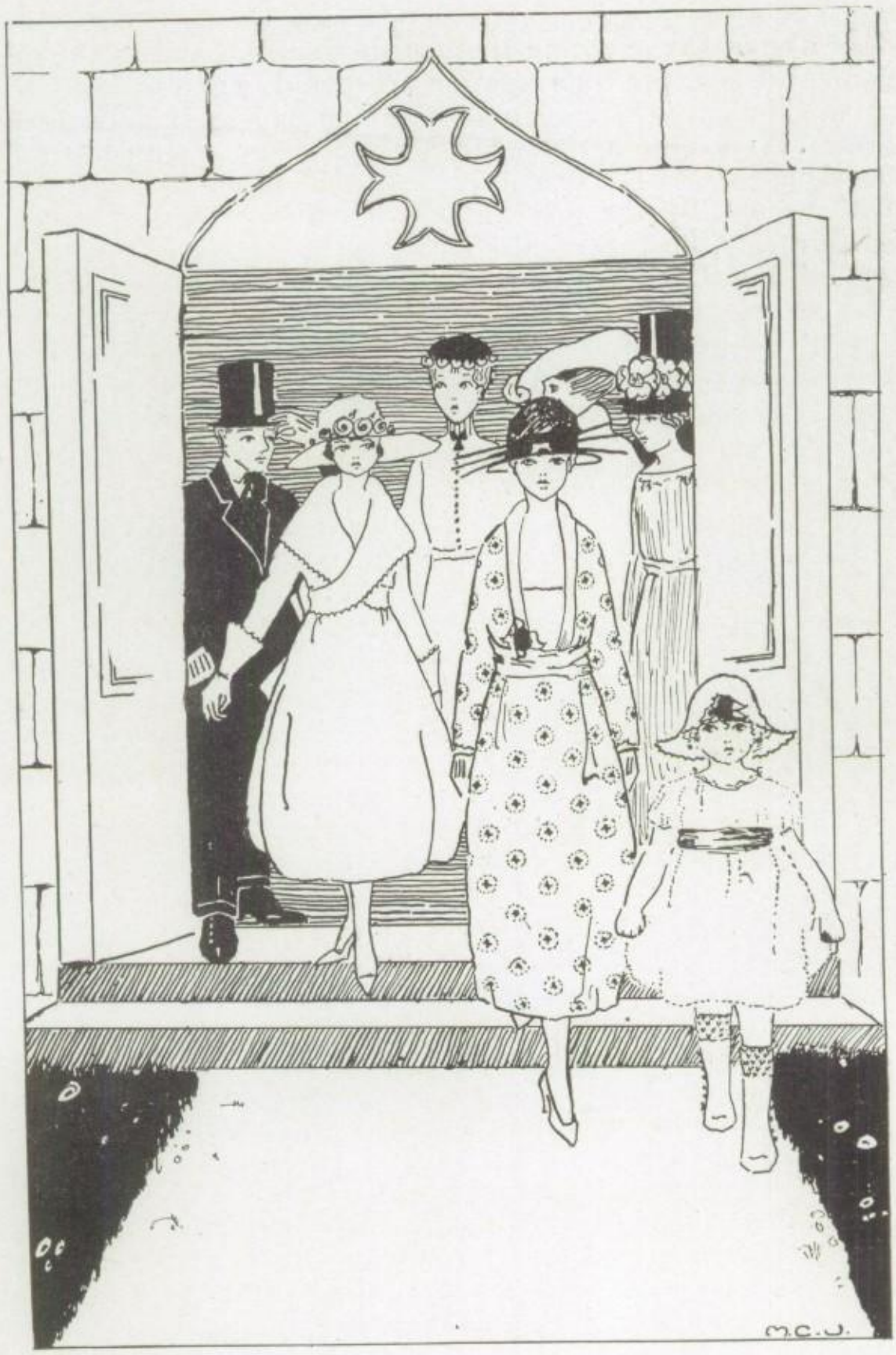
Beside him stood his wife, a slender little white-haired figure in a black silk gown, with a calm serenity and quiet about her that was refreshing. She was the motherly kind of woman to whom one would instinctively go for help if the baby were ill, and she reminded one someway of a quaint old-fashioned garden with mignonette and sweet William set in little round beds, and narrow paths bordered with rose geraniums.

Suddenly the Major turned, glanced sharply behind him, and then—came the metamorphosis. With a snort of rage and amazement, his back stiffened alarmingly, his fingers clutched his cane in a convulsive grip and his white hair seemed fairly to bristle with anger, while from beneath his bushy white brows his steel blue eyes glared forth.

Mrs. Morley started in evident alarm at this sudden change, glanced apprehensively up into her husband's face, and turned to follow his angry gaze. Then a look of understanding came into her eyes and she quickly placed her hand upon his arm.

"Don't father," she said in an earnest undertone. "Don't make a scene here. Let me manage it. It's all right. Please don't!"

And the objects of the Major's ire? Strange as it may seem, they were none other than that young girl up there in blue and the tall young soldier to whom she was talking. They were not at all unusual or striking. They were merely the average, alert and very-much-alive-looking young Americans that we see every day—and who are equally good to look at upon a tennis court or at a dance. We have all seen her type for she smiles up at us from the covers of the Saturday Evening Post and the Cosmopolitan, and her blue eyes and fair crinkly hair adorn posters and street car "ad's" pursuading us to


M.C.J.

buy Wonder Cold Cream and Marvelo Hair Tonic. And he, had he not worn the khaki of the army, might have stepped from an advertisement for Kuppenheimer clothes.

Just at that moment they were deep in an animated conversation—a conversation productive of smiles and dimples on her part and "that satisfied look" on his.

"Mary!"

Miss Morley started violently at the sudden and somewhat volcanic pronunciation of her name. Then she turned and beheld the Major, and into her eyes came a glow of anger and resentment, while the color flew into her cheeks.

Lieutenant Mills saw him too, and his jaw set grimly and angrily. And at that moment, from the opposite side of the steps, there came a loud and thunderous "Robert!"

The lieutenant turned and beheld his father, Colonel Mills, a portly, white haired man, very red of countenance just now and very angry of expression. Near him, her eyes fixed appealingly upon her son, stood Mrs. Mills, a tall handsome woman in gray, with a competent, self-sufficient look that hinted at boundless ability, and a way of understanding and sympathizing with her eyes.

Lieutenant Mills shut his teeth tightly together but he did not express his thoughts. He could not. He turned back to Miss Morley but she, with a light cheery goodbye, was moving away, so there was nothing left for him to do but to join his parents—which he did.

For each of those two little parties of three that was a silent homeward walk—silent with that oppressive stillness and calm that precedes a storm. They traversed the same street—yet they studiously chose the opposite sides—avoiding each other's gaze with the greatest of care and commenting upon the weather, the sermon, and the war. They turned at the same corner, still keeping the street carefully between them; still looking everywhere save at each other.

The Major discussed the attendance at church with extravagant interest. His wife replied half-heartily—thinking of what was to come. His daughter said nothing.

Across the street, the Colonel remarked upon the personality of the new minister. His wife agreed with him—not knowing what he had said. His son was silent.

At the end of the street the Colonel and his family turned into a neat square of rose-scented garden, passed up the narrow walk and into a large gray house. The door closed audibly.

Simultaneously the Major led his wife and daughter into a quaint, tulip spotted garden and into a low brown house, half covered by vines and half concealed by trees. Their door also closed loudly.

And Rosedale breathed once more for the enemies were safe away from each other for a while at least.

Now of course there are those who will doubt this situation—who will say that it is utterly absurd to suppose that two old men who had fought on opposite sides in the Civil War, could cherish a bitterness and hatred such as this for all of these years, and, living directly opposite, could hate each

other as they did at Gettysburg. To be sure, it is unusual—yes, even hard to believe, but if these incredulous ones will but ask any Rosedaler about it, he will be assured that it is true. In fact, he can hear the whole story there, for it is a well known one. So, strange as it may seem, remember that life is filled with strange situations and this is but one of many.

In the long, comfortable living room of the Morley home, the Major laid aside his hat and stick and turned without hesitation to his daughter.

"Well, Mary," he said, and his voice was ominous, "That was a nice spectacle indeed."

Mrs. Morley put out a protesting hand and raised appealing eyes to her husband.

"Oh, father, don't," she begged. "Don't spoil this Sunday with another tirade. Let it go!"

The Major brushed her aside.

"This is no small matter," he said, "And I won't let it go. Mary has to hear what I have to say, that's all!"

Mary removed her broad brimmed blue hat, held it at arm's length to admire it and laid it on the table. Then, with a sigh of weariness she ran her fingers lightly through her bright hair and stood awaiting what was to come. It was not new to her. She did not know how many times before she had stood there and listened to the same thing.

"I've told you enough about this," said the Major fixing his hostile gaze upon her. (Mary agreed with him there.) "You've known since you were a baby that John Mills and I were sworn enemies and that I had no use for him or his. I've told you over and over again that under no conditions were you even to notice that boy of his. And here, because he suddenly comes out in a uniform, you stand on the church steps, in full sight of all Rosedale and talk to him. I never thought I'd live to see my daughter talking to the son of John Mills before all Rosedale. I never thought it!"

Miss Morley's cheeks were dangerously pink, but her father did not heed the signal and went recklessly on.

"I reckon it's all due to our leaving the old home in Virginia, and wandering out here to California," he said. "If we'd stayed back there it would all have been different. But here's that Yankee—settled right down across the street from us, putting on airs and trying to run the town. And then, to think that my daughter—my own child—should openly defy me, and stand talking to that worthless, good-for-nothing—"

Then the storm broke. For Mary was the Major's daughter, and had her share of his fierceness. She faced him, pink cheeked and defiant, her eyes flashing dangerously.

"Father," she said angrily, "You can't talk that way. I've heard enough of this and I'm sick of it! Why you're the laughing stock of the town—you and Colonel Mills. Two men who can't forget that they were on opposite sides in the Civil War, and after all these years, living within a stone's throw of each other, still cling to that foolish old prejudice and hatred! And not only that, but you try to keep me from speaking to Bob Mills whom I've gone through school with. Oh, it's so silly—so unutterably childish and small. **Can't** you get over it?"

Mrs. Morley stepped up beside her daughter now.

"Yes, father," she said earnestly, "Mary is right. I've tried for so long to get you to give up this feeling but you never would. Can't you get over it now? Can't you forget that you and Colonel Mills were once enemies and remember that that war was over a long time ago and another one is going on now that's a thousand times bigger and more vital. No one else holds that old Civil War feeling now but you two, and the whole town laughs at you for it. It's a shame, father, for things to go on this way. And here because Mary so much as speaks to young Mills you go into a tirade such as this. Why can't you be reasonable?"

But the Major would hear no more. He could face a single attack from either his wife or his daughter with the courage of a true veteran, but when they joined forces in one grand offensive, he usually fell back upon the theory that "discretion is the better part of valor" and retreated rather hastily from their "curtain of fire." This time he sought safety in the garden.

He walked about among his tulip beds, looking at them with unseeing eyes and setting his anger out to cool. Outwardly he was calm and collected; inwardly he was in a state of turmoil. He glanced slyly across the street—oh, very cautiously indeed, for no one must suspect that he was looking. The house opposite was quiet and forbidding, with its door shut most uncompromisingly. He wondered what was going on therein and if the Colonel had reprimanded his son—and then he hated himself for wondering. However he would like to know.

Had he been able to see through those walls, his wondering would have found an affirmative answer, for in the living room of the Mills home a little domestic scene was being enacted that was quite as spirited as that in which he himself had just played a leading part.

Lieutenant Mills, his mouth set in a hard, straight line, his arms folded, his shoulders squared defiantly, stood by the large front window and gazed out with unseeing eyes. In the room behind him stood his father, engaged in the delivery of a loud and fiery discourse, punctuated at frequent intervals by loud raps with his cane upon the hard wood floor.

Upon the couch near by sat Mrs. Mills, her hands clasped tightly together in her lap as she looked from her husband to her son with beseeching eyes. But the Colonel heeded her not. He was deep in his subject.

"When I was your age, Robert, it was the custom for young people to obey their parents. I had to respect my father's wishes and he tolerated no such definance as this—not a bit of it. And if I had been seen carrying on a conversation with the daughter of a man like William Morley, why—he'd have disowned me. Times have changed though—times have changed. Nowadays a young man does as he pleases and ignores his father's wishes. But I want to tell you this. It's war time now and you're an officer in the U. S. army and you know the value of a united nation with every man standing behind the government. Then look at William Morley and tell me what you see. The Civil War has been over a good many years, but that man's as much of a rebel as he was at Gettysburg. Loyal! Bah! He doesn't know what loyalty means. Goes around nursing his old grievances against the Yankees instead of realizing that there is only one Union now and every man belongs behind it. Why that man is a traitor, Robert—a miserable traitor who can't forget his Civil War hatred."

Robert turned and faced his father with a strange little smile playing about his lips.

"I notice, father," he said, "that **you** haven't gotten over the old feeling very well yourself. You've spent all of these years hating those Rebels as hard as you could hate them and you hate them now. No—don't talk about holding the old grudge, for that hits you too. And as for Major Morley being a traitor—that's nonsense. He's just as you are—unable to get over the idea that his old enemy is still his enemy. Why don't you both bury the hatchet? Every one else has long ago and you two still hang on to it. Why Mary Morley is one of the most patriotic girls in Rosedale. She knits, makes bandages, buys bonds and does all of the war work she can—a regular patriot. Come, father, be reasonable, and don't insist that if I speak to her I'm false to my colors."

Mrs. Mills rose now and came over to her husband's side.

"Please, John," she said and her voice was very low and earnest, "Can't you see that the boy is right? You say that Major Morley is a traitor but that is just a new excuse you have for hating him. You've not been civil to each other since we came here. All Rosedale knows that. It's more humiliating to me than you know, John, to have my husband laughed at and discussed by everyone in town because of his foolish bitterness toward a one-time enemy. He's not an enemy now. He's an American just as you are and it's time Americans forgot these things. Can't you forget it now?"

The Colonel brought his cane down upon the floor with an angry thump.

"I tell you," he exploded wrathfully, "There's no use in your talking about this. I stand firm and I'll not change for anyone. Those rebels were a bad lot all through and I'll have no dealings with them. They were traitors then and we conquered them, but they still have the same old spirit and, by George, we've got to show them where they belong. And if I see my son talking to that girl again, I'll—I'll—I tell you I'll take serious measures! That's all."

Robert was about to make some angry reply but at that moment Hatty, the buxom maid of all work, entered the room and announced dinner. Mrs. Mills held up a warning hand to silence her son, for she never permitted a discussion of family affairs before a servant. Then, with flushed cheeks, she led the way into the dining room, followed by her irate husband and her rebellious soldier son.

The meal progressed in strained silence, save for Mrs. Mill's occasional remarks upon some commonplace, trivial subject and her son's somewhat indifferent replies. The Colonel kept his eyes fixed upon his plate, silently brooding over his grievances. He felt that he had been seriously abused, that his parental authority had been defied and his prestige in the town destroyed. It was a sad day in his life, he reflected bitterly, when both wife and child turned against him and opposed him thus—a sad day indeed.

He thought of the Major and wondered if he were enjoying his dinner. He felt quite certain, for some reason, that he was not, and the thought brought him a certain satisfaction. He could fairly see the Major with his anger aroused to the boiling point trying to calm himself long enough to eat his meal. The thought almost made him smile in spite of himself.

And he was not far from wrong in his conjectures, for the Major, most

assuredly, was **not** enjoying himself. He ate rapidly—eager to get away from the accusing eyes of his wife and daughter. It was nonsense, he reflected, for two sane women to behave in such a way—to act as though he were entirely wrong, as though he were utterly unreasonable and cruel, and all because he cared enough for Mary to insist that she should not associate absurdity kept his anger at a high pitch.

Mrs. Morley looked from her husband to her daughter in grave silence. Her duty to each of them oppressed her heavily and filled her with conflicting emotions.

Mary did not look up from her plate. Her cheeks were unnaturally red and her eyes dangerously bright, for she was meditating upon the injustice of the wolrd in general.

When the dessert was served there was a feeling of relief on the part of each. Mary glanced at it indifferently. It was her favorite pudding, but now she felt no interest in it whatever and, excusing herself, she went to her room.

The afternoon was warm, with that soporific feeling of the first warm days of spring. Through the open windows came a light breeze, blowing the white curtains out into the room, and bringing with it the fragrance of honeysuckle and lilacs, and an invitation to cool, shady spots.

The Major stepped out upon the front porch, newspaper in hand, to enjoy his usual Sunday afternoon of rest and reading. He drew his rocking chair over to the shady end of the porch, turned its back squarely upon the street, and sank into it with a sigh of weariness. He leaned back comfortably and closed his eyes for a moment, thinking over the events of the morning. He thought of Mary with her flushed cheeks and bright eyes. How pretty she was and how like what her mother had been at her age. He wondered vaguely if he had been too harsh with her. Pshaw—there was no need for her to take such an attitude. But she really hadn't done so much after all—only stopped to say a few words to the Mills boy. And he had to admit that he, in his khaki uniform, his shoulders squared, his figure erect, was undeniably good to look upon. And he wasn't a bad sort—so long as he had gone into the Army to help get those Germans. Probably he had done it against his father's wishes, though. No danger of old Mills ever giving his consent to anything as fine as that. Well—there was no use in thinking about it now. He had laid down the law and he meant to see that it stayed down, no matter what happened.

He picked up his paper and began to read, trying to put the thought out of his mind, but it kept returning, like a persistent fly on the face of a sleeper, and it angered him beyond measure.

It was about this time that the door of the house across the street opened and Colonel Mills stepped out. He paused, glanced at the porch opposite, nd at the back of its occupant, and turned to re-enter the house. But suddenly a new thought struck him.

"I've sat on this porch every Sunday afternoon from April to October for ten years," he told himself, "and I'm not going to stop it now because William Morley's over there. That's just what would please him most and I'll not give him the satisfaction of running me off my own porch. No, sir."

And he, too, turned the back of his chair defiantly toward the street and

sat down to read. He picked up the front page of the paper and glanced over the headlines.

"Huns beaten back in two places. Big Allied victory," met his eyes in glaring type. He nodded approvingly.

"That's the way to fix them," he muttered. "Give them all that's coming to them and then some. Oh, I wish I were a young fellow. If I wouldn't be over there helping to wipe out those barbarians! But I'll give them my boy —hard as it is. I'll give them him to help."

As he thought of his son the memory of the day's events, which for the moment had left him, came rushing back quite suddenly. Here he was, he reflected bitterly, quarreling with the boy in his last days at home—having heated words with him when he might never see him again. It was hard!

But he had to learn that his father had authority and must be obeyed. He shouldn't defy him and associate with that girl. Not that the girl herself was not all right—in fact, she was unusually pretty and agreeable. But she was William Morley's daughter and that settled it. And he banished the thought from his mind and returned to his paper.

How long he sat there he did not know, but finally he grew so drowsy he could read no longer. With a yawn he dropped his paper to the floor, stretched lazily and leaned back in his chair. He turned his head to one side and glanced idly down the long, shady avenue. One or two people were strolling along beneath the trees, and— The Colonel suddenly sat up very straight indeed. His drowsiness left him, his eyes and mouth opened wide and he stared dazedly at the two figures approaching from afar down the street. Was it—could it be true? For he looked upon a slender young women in a blue gown and hat, walking leisurely along beside a tall, well-built young man in the khaki uniform of the army. He carried her blue parasol and he leaned very near to talk to her as they walked along. The Colonel was nonplused.

"Mother," he exclaimed sharply, "come here—quick."

A moment later Mrs. Mills hurried out with a startled, wondering look in her eyes. The Colonel could scarcely speak.

"L—look," he cried, pointing down the street. "They—they're coming—there. How does it happen? When did he go?"

It was Mrs. Mills' turn now to feel surprised.

"I—I don't know," she said. "I had no idea he would do this after—after this morning. He said he was going out and left by the side door quite a while ago. But this—I don't understand."

But she stopped short, for something was happening. A moment before a man had passed their gate—a fat, unattractive individual whom all Rosedale recognized as August Schultz, proprietor of a small grocery and suspiciously fond of the fatherland and ready to give it aid. He was decidedly unpopular in the town, not only because of his unpatriotic attitude, but because of his general disposition, which was one of cynical distruct and disregard for all things pertaining to law and order. He openly sneered at new laws, he ridiculed prominent men, and he declared with assurance and a self-satisfied air that he didn't owe the country anything, but the country owed him a good deal. Conscription, he declared, was against all principles of democracy, and the government was all wrong in the way it was doing things. More than once he had come perilously close to trouble ,but always he had managed, by

lies and evasion, to slide out of the difficulty. But Rosedale hated him cordially.

Now he went hurrying along in his awkward way until he reached the young couple who were coming from the opposite direction. Then—(the Colonel held his breath for a moment)—he paused, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and gave the young lieutenant a comprehensive and scornful survey, from the toes of his well polished brown boots to the top of his cap. Lieutenant Mills paused expectantly—and waited. Colonel Mills waited, too. So did his wife. Suddenly, with a sneering laugh, the German made some derisive remark, which the Colonel, to his great chagrin, failed to hear, but which, from the accompanying looks and actions, he knew to be derogatory to the young soldier's uniform.

And then it happened. With a few murmured words of apology and explanation, the young lieutenant gently piloted Mary to one side and handed her the blue parasol. Then he turned, gave the German one look—and went into his first battle.

Schultz saw him coming and was ready for him. They met ferociously. Schultz struck out savagely, his great arms flying right and left, while Mills escaped his wild blows by jumping quickly backward and to his side. Schultz followed, hurling himself upon him with all the force of his great brute body.

The Colonel, watching, felt a sudden sickening sensation about his heart, for Schultz was appallingly large, and he feared for his boy. One thing comforted him, though, and that was the thought that Robert was no mean fighter, and he felt that his boxing experience at college had not been in vain.

Suddenly he saw that no blows were being exchanged now at all—that the two were clinched in each other's arms, Mills holding his enemy in a firm grip. For some time they were clinched thus—every muscle tense and straining. Then, with a sudden quick movement, the German wrenched his right arm loose and landed a tremendous blow on Mills' chest that sent him reeling backward. Before he could recover, Schultz was upon him again, a great, enraged beast, looking for blood, his huge fists pounding Mills unmercifully. The Colonel watched breathlessly. It seemed as though he must surely be beaten to death by those great hard fists that planted blow after blow upon his young body with horrible force. But the Colonel might have saved himself this worry, for his son was standing like a rock against them. Finally, however, a particularly savage blow sent him staggering backward several steps. Instantly Schultz sprang after him, aiming a terrific blow at his jaw. With fine agility the young soldier ducked forward and the blow went wild. Out went Schultz' right again, but the duck was repeated and the blow grazed Mills' shoulder.

As yet Mills had delivered no blows, for, realizing the enormous strength and vitality of his opponent, he saw the futility of pounding him now, and he waited for him to wear himself out in his wild fury.

Suddenly, however, Mills saw that his moment had come and his fist shot out and hit Schultz squarely in the mouth. The German's head snapped back as though it had been struck with a club. But he recovered in a moment or two and he came on with all of the fury of a great angry bull. He landed a fearful blow on Mills' neck—a blow that sent him to the ground. But Mills came up again in a moment, with the light of battle in his eyes and redoubled

force in his fists. He sent a blow at the German's chest and then went into a clinch again. Schultz struggled fiercely, for his anger was fully aroused now and he wanted nothing more than to pound his opponent into insensibility. But Mills was breathing the sweet air of victory now and his strength grew. He held the German in a vice-like grip, straining every muscle and making his hands and arms as hard as iron.

The Colonel scarcely dared to breathe—so intent was he upon the struggle. He, too, strained every nerve and muscle, bending and swaying with the fighters and clenching his hands fiercely in the air.

Suddenly he saw that Schultz was freeing his hands—that he was working them around and trying to gain the use of them. With a sudden quick jerk in which he put all of his great strength, he brought them up into the air and, reaching quickly forward, he caught Mills by the throat with a fearful grip, sinking his hard fingers deep into the flesh in a desperate effort to choke the life from his body.

"The hound!" cried the Colonel. "The low sneaking hound! Who but a low, unprincipled brute would do a thing like that—a beast that doesn't know the meaning of a fair fight? Oh, if I could just get my hands on him!"

Tighter and tighter grew the German's fingers until Mills felt them closing about his windpipe with horrible strength—choking, choking, choking. He could bear it no longer. With one great wrench, he pulled himself backward, tearing himself out of the brutal grasp of those hands, gasping for breath and feeling as though his throat were torn to pieces.

A moment later he came back, and this time he caught Schultz from the side, crushing him relentlessly. With a sudden quick movement he threw his right arm about the German's neck, pulling him steadily down until at last he held his head directly under him arm, his body struggling behind. Then came his chance and he pounded that heavy, beast-like head and face until it was all but unrecognizable.

But suddenly Schultz' arms were loosed again, and they twined themselves about Mills' waist, crushing his body beyond endurance, so that he was obliged to loose his hold and struggle for his life. A moment later he wrenched himself out of Schultz' arms and stood facing him for one brief, tense moment. Then Schultz came on again, directing a blow at Mills' stomach that would have ended everything; but the lieutenant adroitly ducked to one side again, and as Schultz lunged past him into space he landed a crashing blow just behind the German's left ear. Then he stood back and watched him as he stopped, looked wildly about—and sank to the ground.

He lay there so white and still that the Colonel's heart suddenly felt cold, for he feared what might have happened. But in a moment or two he saw Schultz slowly open his eyes and glare weakly up at Mills, who knelt beside him, holding him firmly by the shoulder while he directed a few sharp remarks to him, which the Colonel, to his infinite disgust, again missed. The latter was now standing by his gate, his hands clenched and his face glowing with pride as he watched his son's victory. He listened intently and finally a few words came to his ear—a muttered "yes" from the German and then from his son a stern—"Sure about it—real sure? I'll let you go then but—watch out. Remember, Schultz, it isn't good for your health these days to make insulting

remarks about the U. S. army or it's uniform. And if I hear any more from you—well, just watch out—that's all."

With that he arose and helped Schultz to his feet, after which he took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his bruised, bleeding face, while the German slunk away home for comfort and cheer.

All through the fight Mary had stood watching it in silent terror, now fearing for Mills' safety, now fearing lest he should commit murder. When it was over she came quickly over to him, with mingled anxiety and pleasure in her eyes as she praised and congratulated him. He smiled, exchanged a few words with her, took her parasol, and they came toward the Colonel.

That individual relaxed now for the first time since the fight began. He drew a deep breath of pride and relief, rubbed his hands together—and glanced across the street. And then he gave a low whistle, for there, standing at his gate in an expectant attitude, his face fairly glowing with joy and enthusiasm, was—Major Morley.

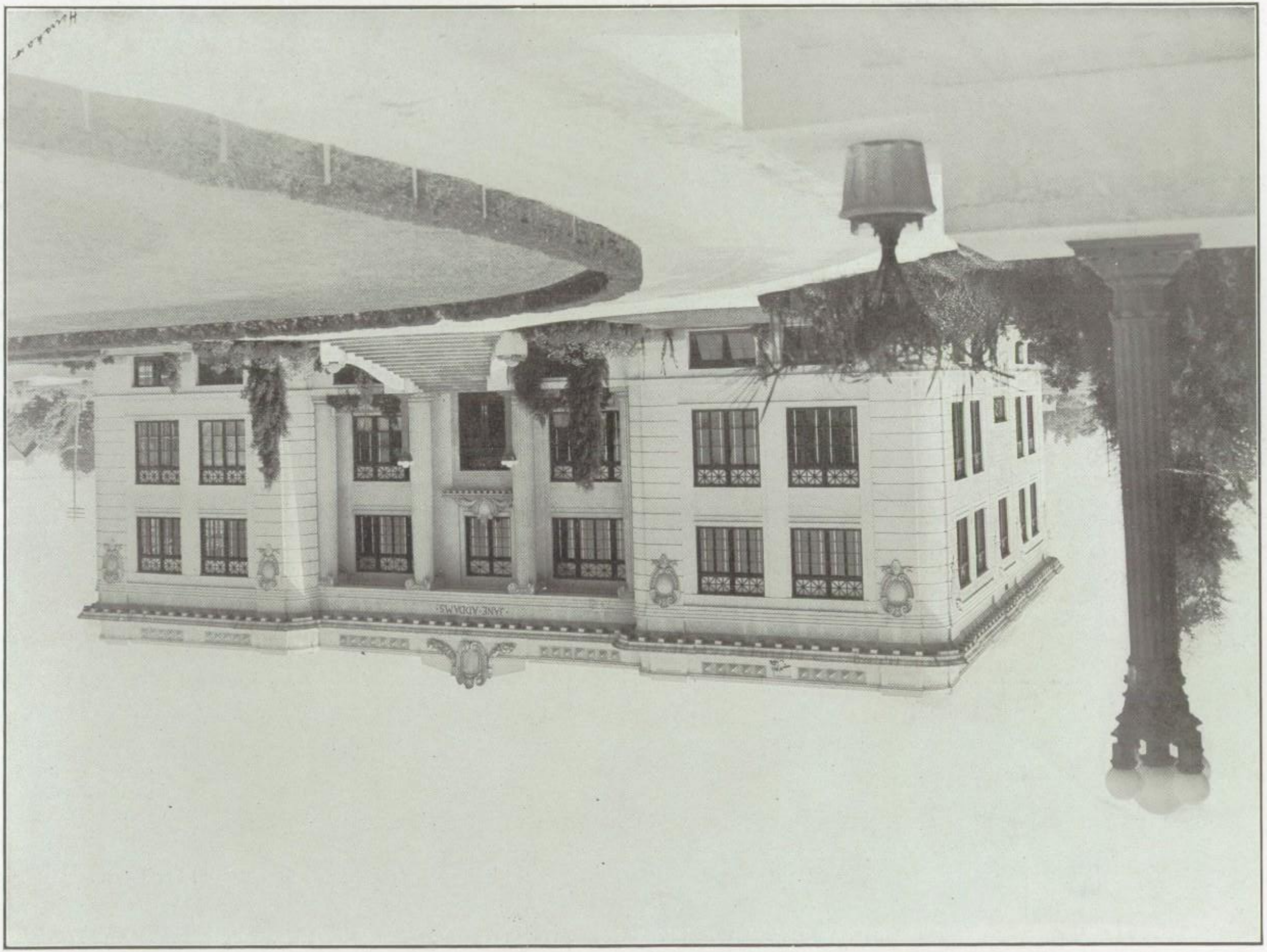
Could it be that the Major—the rebel—the traitor, and above all, his sworn enemy, had actually been standing there cheering for **his** son? It was incredible!

And the Major was no less surprised when he looked up and beheld his arch enemy standing opposite him. Could it be that they two, who had hated each other so for all of these years, were actually cheering for the same cause —were eagerly awtching one thing at the same time? It was unheard of!

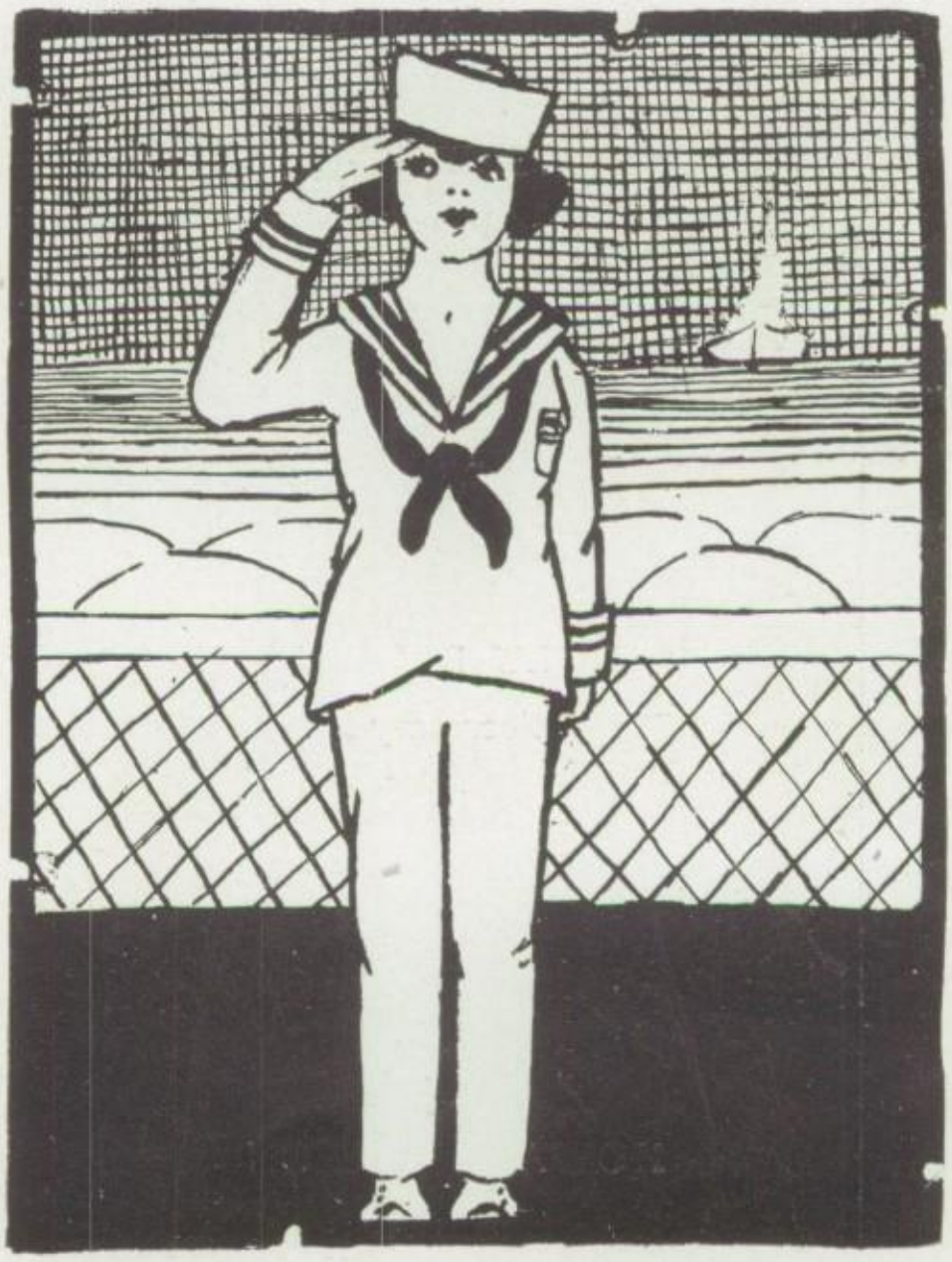
And then, for the first time, he realized that it was Mills' son whom he had been watching; Mills' son for whom he had been cheering so eagerly, and Mills' son who was now coming up the street with **his** daughter, whom he had fondly supposed to be in her room—repenting. This was a situation!

Suddenly a strange feeling came rushing over the old man, a great desire to end all of this bitterness and hatred and to feel the warmth of friendship and peaceful relations. He wanted to clasp that young fellow by the hand, to tell him what a brick he thought he was, and how he hoped he'd succeed. And yes, he wanted to shake hands with old Mills himself and to feel that they were friends with a common interest. A recklessness came over him and he stepped out into the street. And then he saw that the Colonel was moving, too —that he was coming out to meet him, with his hand extended and a smile on his lips.

A new warmth came stealing into the Major's heart—a comfortable, penetrating warmth that strengthened and exhilerated him. He thrust his hand out heartily, and it met the Colonel's in a firm, whole-hearted handshake that bridged the years of bitterness and hatred and created a new and lasting friendship which was never to die.


JANE ADDAMS

CLASSES



Senior Officers

FREDERICK W. DE SILVA
President

MARGERY TEST
Vice-President

LULU BROWN
Secretary

HOWARD WILSON
Treasurer

Class of 1918

Here they are, the Class of 1918, drilled, trained and ready to go "over the top' 'and show what they are made of. And to think that four years ago they were rookies of the rawest sort.

At the first encampment the following officers were elected: President, Captain Frederick De Silva; vice-president, Lieutenant Marjorie Test; treasurer, Second Lieutenant Howard Wilson; and secretary, Sergeant Lulu Brown. By a unanimous vote, Miss Tennis was re-elected class adviser.

On the night of November 23 they entrenched on the east roof, which was camouflaged as a garden, for the Senior Cheer-up. There they witnessed a most solemn and tearful wedding, listened to music which had a "Jazzy" rather than martial tone, and ate more than strict war rations allow. The '18ers all had a fine time and went away feeling cheered up and very grateful to the social committee, First Lieutenant Marjorie Test, and Privates Margaret Jamieson, Marie Blick, Elston Ireland, and William Hawkes.

May 7, Senior Day, was celebrated by a May assembly in the morning, a supper with plenty of music and stunts around the swimming pool in the evening, and afterwards the class play, "The Servant in the House," by by Charles Raun Kennedy, of which Private Earl Jardine was manager. The class certainly made a day of it.

Well, the Senior day is over. Taps has sounded and lights are out for the Class of 1918.

Junior Class Officers

BENNETT PUTERBAUGH
President

LUCILE WALLACE
Vice-President

ESTHER BROWN
Secretary

LOUIS MINSKEY
Treasurer

Class of 1919

The sturdy ship, flying the orange and white and bearing the husky crew of the Junior Class, steamed out of port with the following officers in command; President, Captain Bennett Puterbaugh; vice-president, Commander Lucille Wallace; treasurer, Purser Louis Minskey; and secretary, Yeoman Esther Brown. Mr. Jackson acted as class adviser and pilot.

On the evening of October 26 the Juniors put into port to attend the "Black Cat Carnival." The atmosphere was most spooky, but the program was so interesting that one soon forgot about looking over his shoulder. The eats proved most welcome to the pleasure-loving crew, and it was with a satisfied feeling that they continued on their way.

"Ye Military Camp Affair" for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. war fund, was held on the east roof on the evening of March 15. Fun and Jazz played a big part, but the eats played a bigger one. The Juniors certainly are not starved.

"The Neighbors," presented by the Community Players under the auspices of the Junior Class, was given for the benefit of the Free Wool Fund. The social success of the year is due to the following committee of Jackies: Dott Russell, Elizabeth Russell, Margaret Frey, Dean Ireland, and Clifford Boorey.

The Juniors put on some dandy class assemblies and played a big part in all the activities of the year.

Sophomore Class Officers

FRANK DUNN
President

RUTH CROWELL
Vice-President

MARTHA WHITE
Treasurer

ALLAN PYLE
Secretary

Class of 1920

Who is this fine looking company? It is the famous Sophomore class, the Class of 1920. They have endured two years of strenuous camp routine, and look at the result.

The success and happiness of the company is due to the work of the officers: President, Frank Dunn; vice-president, Ruth Crowell; treasurer, Martha White; and secretary, Allen Pyle. Charles Pierpont was originally elected president, but, after a short term, he left for Arizona.

The monotony of camp life was too much for the Sophomores, so they Pulled off the "Soph Doings" on the evening of December 7. "Alex Holiday," a skit, was the main feature of the evening. The party was a great success, and everyone felt equal to another long stretch of work. It was a long stretch, for it was not until April 26 that the Sophomores celebrated again. This was a concert by the "Orpheus Club," the proceeds of which were used to buy Liberty Bonds payable to Scholarship Fund of P. H. S. Much credit is due to Miss Lane, the adviser, for the Soph success.

The Sophomores have done great things this year, and it will not be long before they will be under sealed orders to go "Over There."

Freshman Class Officers

HARLAN WOOD
President

HELEN HOOKWAY
Vice-President

GRACE HAWKS
Secretary

HAROLD MINSKEY
Treasurer

Class of 1921

Behold, the Class of 1921. This is the first review of this extraordinary, efficient, and enthusiastic company.

Under the leadership of the following officers they have been changed from "rookies" to real soldiers: President, Harland Wood; vice-president, Helen Hookway; secretary, Grace Hawks; treasurer, Harold Minskey; historian, Elizabeth Lack; and sergeant-at-arms, Edwin Horrell. Miss Kenaga, as class adviser, has most successfully guided these recruits over the first rough places in camp life.

The Freshmen started the year right with "Ye Komikal Kountry Karnival," given in the Music Hall and pergola on the evening of October 31. The fact that a penny admission was charged did not lessen the attendance. They indulged in "all night" suckers and ice cream cones, accompanied by the Jazz Band, until a late hour. The Freshmen-Freshmen party at mid-term for the new girls Freshmen girls was also proclaimed a great success.

The Freshmen have certainly shown what they are made of by the loyalty they have displayed toward all school activities throughout the year, and especially in the Salvage and Thrift Stamp campaigns.

Pasadena Student Body

The Student Body this year has had one of the most successful years of its history. The H. S. commissioners are as follows: Marion Gibbs, Department of Public Welfare; Dorothy Stewart, Department of Publications; Ralph Ong, Department of Athletics; Harry McCament, Department of Finance, and Elston Island, Department of Debating.

Although the year started in with a good surplus in finances, it looked very dark for a good financial year. There were so many calls for the support of war activities, and to add to the difficulties, the Board of Education put up the bars on any pay entertainments, except where the proceeds were to be used for patriotic purposes. In spite of these difficulties Harry McCament has managed to make both ends meet.

Pasadena High School is sorry that she cannot keep such a successful body of commissioners for the next year; but jobs of greater importance will be waiting for them.

CLUBS

Girls' League Officers

VIRGINIA WOOLERY
President

FRANCIS DILLON
Vice-President

JENNIE McCOLL
Secretary

MARIE BLICK
Treasurer

Girls' Student League

With the war as an inspiration the Girls' League has found this year a channel into which to empty all its energetic enthusiasm and thwarted desires to help. These have all come pouring forth in the shape of socks, bandages, tinfoil, rehabilitated clothes for the war babies, and such hordes of bottles and shoes that trucks have been kept busy carrying them away.

With charity beginning at home, the "Raymond School Lunches" have had to be and have been maintained, to the credit of all the ravenous inmates of P. H. S., who have deprived themselves of an extra sandwich or two for the benefit of the hungry little Mexicans.

In this same charitable category might come the Big Sister movement, which comforts and guides the raw rookies, overwhelmed by the extent of this institution, to their several proper destinations, by providing each and every one with a superior officer, who instructs her in the negotiation of all her little difficulties and acquaints her with all existing by-laws, and with some congenial associates, to whom she may attach herself for the consump- of her lunch.

All the programs that have taken place during the year have been particularly lively and interesting, as at the time when Dr. Wishard so fascinated an assembly of girls that the entire Student Body asked him to address them.

The Christmas tree was a most unique and successful affair—enjoyed by everybody who witnessed it; by the little Day-Nurseryites who gathered, with great joy, the Christmas-tree fruit, assisted by amateur Red Cross nurses, no more than by the throng of students circling around the flag pole, which was camouflaged as the Christmas tree.

At the beginning of the League's campaign this year was the party of the Freshmen-Senior girls, the objective being to introduce as many girls as possible to one another.

The same principle was carried out at the commencement of the mid-term with a slightly varied program, but with equal success, and with such a good start, every girl in school now knows an average of every fifth girl she sees. The Parent-Teachers were entertained at the Valentine party, at which the League members outdid themselves as hostesses and left a brilliant impression.

All this festivity is not complete without the Annual Frolic, which came off in the merry month of May, and was a regular jollification.

All these social successes are used as antidotes to the serious and engrossing war work which is on foot. Ecery opportunity has been made the most of, and it is due largely to the organization of the League, that a

fair division of labor which places some line of work at every person's disposal is possible.

The officers for the year have been:

Virginia Woolery ..... President
Helen Parker ..... Vice-President
Frances Dillon ..... Acting Vice-President
Jennie MacCall ..... Secretary
Marie Blick ..... Treasurer

Each officer has had a special department under her with representatives from each class:

Program department under Virginia Woolery.
Social Service department under Helen Parker.
Hospitality department under Jennie MacCall.
Civics department under Marie Blick.

All the war work comes under this last department: French relief, salvage, knitting, surgical dressings, and all the other branches that are of such great assistance to the headquarters of the various war work organizations in the city of Pasadena. If the League next year "carries on" with the same enthusiasm and energy, a standard will be established so firmly that all future Girls' Leagues will want to measure up to it.

Comites Romani

This is one of the organizations which were started last year. The purposes of this club is to familiarize the Latin students with the life and customs of the ancient Romans, and also to afford the best in entertainment. It is composed of Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors out of the Latin classes. It is one of the largest organizations in the school, containing some 150 members. All of these bookworms mobilize monthly on club days. There were also given three very interesting programs. The first meeting was an exhibit of posters in room 200-C, showing the relation of Latin to modern life. The second entertainment consisted of the presentation of a Roman School, which was most entertaining. At their last meeting the scene between Caesar and Calpurnia was given, and the scene of Caesar's assassination. The skit was presented by the Junior class, with Chas. Paddock as Caesar, Walter McLaughlin as Brutus and Brooks Gifford as Antony.

The officers for the past year were: Helen Larkins, president, or first consul; Macey Chambers, vice-president, or second consul; Hope Gilbert, secretary-treasurer or Quaestor. Committee in charge of arranging for programs at meetings: Helen Rollins, Ruth McIntosh, Winifred Wallace, Brooks Gifford, Allen Pyle, Cornelius Waldo, Plebial Aediles (sergeant-at-arms), Geraldine Spell, Frances Raymond.

WALTER HEWITT
Head Usher

The Item

At the beginning of the year, when The Item resumed its career, many innovations and revisions of its character may have been observed. First, in addition to the decorative cover design, a sprinkling of truly professional illustrations appeared, liberally scattered through the volume to increase its claims to interest. Lifelike and finished works of art have also enhanced its beauty. Not so beautiful, but fully as lifelike, have been the cartoons of notable personages around school, which are furnished exclusively by the firm of McBride and Co.

Since students do not like to sever all connections with previous inmates of this school, a department devoted to the deeds of the Alumni has been instituted, which gives entirely trustworthy information about their various occupations and whereabouts.

The school has a service flag, very long and broad, and littered with stars; and that every one may know for whom the stars stand an honor roll is printed in front of every issue of The Item, a list of all the boys who have gone from this school into the service of the government. It is a fact to be proud of that it grows longer with every publication.

Of course, the literary side of The Item is its strongest point. All the authors who have produced their first works in this school will most assuredly be heard from some day; the great world could not awe them. They have made The Item a credit to the lofty reputation of P. H. S.

The joke section should not be left unappreciated, since with so many wits to make every trivial incident an amusing anecdote, a large portion of The Item is given to such matter.

The staff, which has been much larger this year than last, and has accomplished The Item's success, is as follows:

Editor in Chief ..... Llewellyn Gilbert

Associate Editors ..... Dorothy Stewart, Anita Scott, Dott Russell, Halbert Brown

Literary Editor ..... Margaret Bravinder

Art Editors ..... Margaret Jamieson, Adele de Ford

Joke Editor ..... Dick Kern

Exchange Editor ..... Fred Cohn

Staff Photographer ..... Frederick de Silva

Manager ..... Arthur Ferguson

Faculty Advisor ..... Miss Dorothy Hart

PASADENA HIGH CHRONICLE

VOL. VII—NO. 13. PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL, MAY 3, 1918, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA. PRICE 5 CENTS.

P. H. S. ORCHESTRA TO PRESENT CONCE

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A. Commissioner of Athletics
B. Committee of Athletics
Composed of four specially elected
lives of the four classes and the Faculty
ntor (Football coach.)
2. DEBATING DEPARTMENT
A. Commissioner of Debating
B. Committee of Debating
Composed of the four class presidents and the Faculty

The Student Body and the District are bound together.

Through the new Committee System each class will be directly connected with four of the student

Under the present system classes are absolutely

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Pasadena students should take more part in student Body government also they are not self-governing. They should have a chance to serve a few of the problems of government and of citizenship.

His school leaders developed—New consolidation is always inexperienced.

Under this recent system but five school leaders are developed yearly and they are all Seniors. The Junior class has to trained men to succeed the outgoing committee. Each commission must start at the bottom again.

A progressive organization must always have new supply of stepping into any branch without retarding the work of the whole machine. A progressive organization develops

Continued to Page 3

PROPOSED CONSTITUTION FOR THE PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT BODY

ARTICLE I
Name and Purpose

Section 1. This organization shall be known as the Pasadena High School Student Body.

Section 2. The object of this organization shall be to control all school activities which relate to the student body as a whole and to support school spirit.

School spirit shall be understood to include not only liberal support of all activities, but everything which tends to maintain and promote the interest and good name of the school.

ARTICLE II
Membership

Continued on Page 2

Marie Johnson as Amelia and Thomas Burns as The Wise Bar Nathaniel carried off high honors in the realism and power of their performance. Both had had a wide range of dramatic experience and clearly showed by their perfect stage presence.

Edwin Mitchell as th pompous Hiram was the cr of the 20th play as regards rich entertaining humor. His absurd dress and still more absurd facial contortions were greeted with peals of laughter. Mr. Mitchell certainly has a future before him as a character actor.

MANY BONDS SOLD

LOS ANGELES: The sale of Los Angeles High School accounts to $5,000. Ten Thousand has been set as the mark.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

PASADENA: Rachel Ada has attempted to add another laurel to their meagre collection by claiming to excell in a new line. The following is taken from his Working: "Girls, here's one on you! It has recently been said officially by one who knows that the Manual girls are the prettiest to be found anywhere! Don't rush the mirror too fast, girls! One at a time!"

We wonder if said official ever made a visit to the Crown City! Possibly sometime!—Said officio has never been outside of the city of Kokomo Indiana somewhere in France; or Hoffmans from Hell.

The Chronicle

Another stormy year has passed for the P. H. S. weekly publication, and once again the Pasadena Chronicle has come through with flying colors. Despite a little difficulty encountered at the beginning of the year in getting enough subscriptions, the Chronicle has had its most successful term financially. Although only three of last year's staff, Julian Woodward, Al Wesson, and Sterling Mueller, were back on the job, the paper has combined the good features of the past with many new ideas, and a newsy and interesting weekly has been the result. The policy of the Chronicle has been to boost all school activities, and to give other schools a fair deal.

Under the able guidance of Editor Julian Woodward, the Chronicle startled the western hemisphere by putting out a 20-inch 6-column 6-page masterpiece of journalistic art in the third issue of the year. Another popular pink sheet appeared later. The editorials by Julian Woodward were consistently good, while Margaret Jamieson as Society Editor endeavored to keep her page of interest to all. Al Wesson as Managing Editor had the job of putting the paper together and trying to make it look attractive. The sports were taken care of by Sporting Editor Howard Vesper and Woodward and Wesson. The advertising and business manager work has been capably done by Arthur Ferguson. Sterling Mueller had charge of the local news. Although there was no joke section, three original columns were printed almost every week to enliven the paper. Art Garfield won fame as the perpetrator of Verse and Worse, Julian Woodward wrote news of interest to sport lovers in Sportseeing, and Al Wesson was guilty of the indescribable material appearing under Hashing the Sports.

The Chronicle is a member of the Southern California Student Press Association, and early in the year that body held its convention at P. H. S. The Chronicle has a very large exchange and mailing list, and favorable comments on Pasadena's paper have come from all over the world.

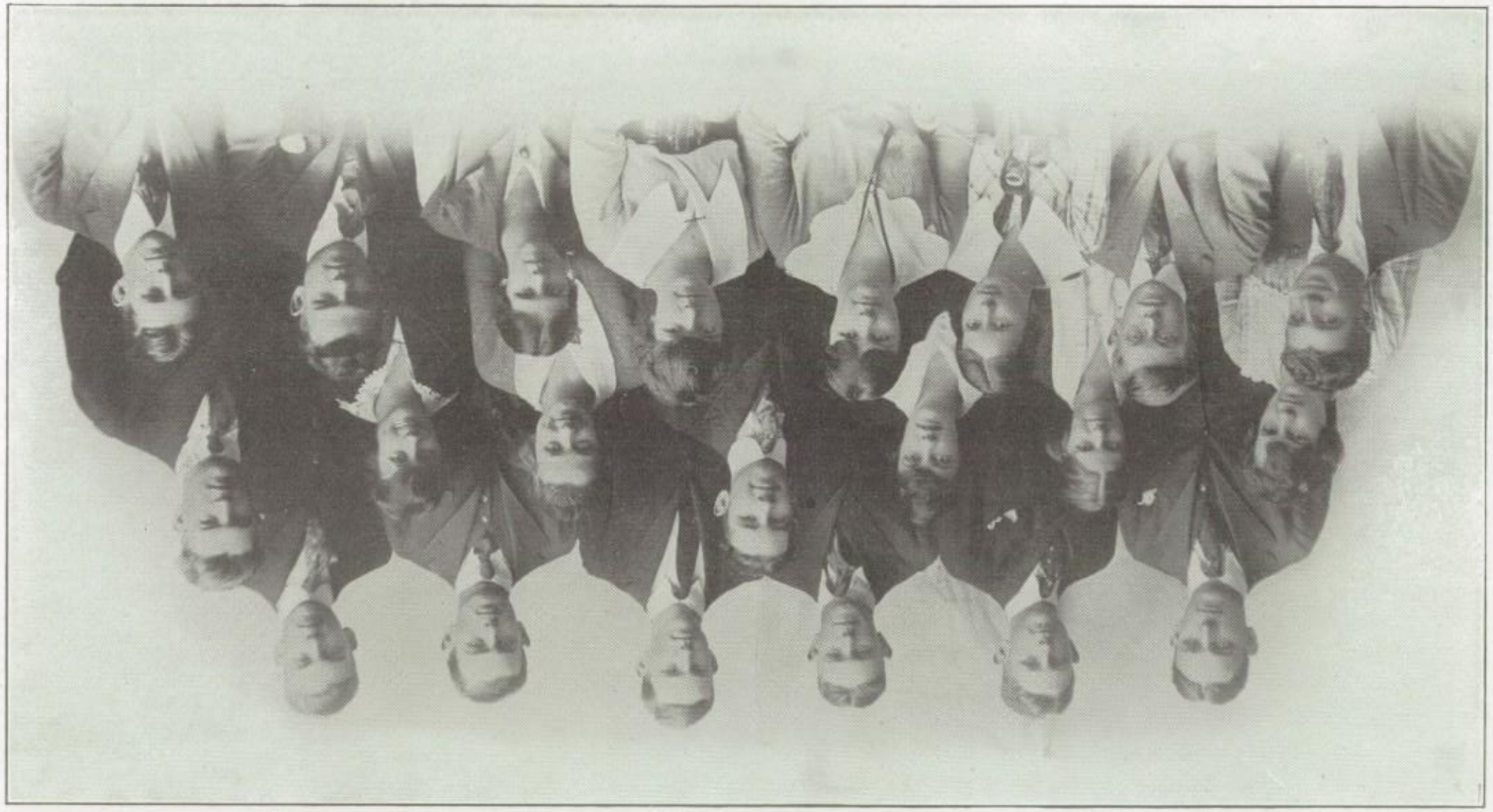
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor.....Julian L. Woodward
Managing Editor.....Alfred Wesson
Local Editor.....Sterling Mueller
Sporting Editor.....Howard Vesper
Society Editor.....Margaret Jamieson
Special Writer.....Arthur Garfield
Business Manager.....Arthur Ferguson

REPORTORIAL STAFF

Anita Scott	Lucile Wallace	Allen Pyle
Dean Herrick	Wilma McNeil	Donald Palmer
Winifred Wallace	Lethe Knight	Pauline Stanton
	Waldon Moore	

Exchange Editor.....Max Alcorn
Cartoonist.....Louis Dillman



Quill and Question Literary Society

The Quill and Question Literary Society is now completing its fourth year. It was organized for the purpose of stimulating a deeper interest in better literature, and with this end in view has attempted to read at least one good piece of literature and discuss it, at each meeting.

These have been held every four weeks at the homes of members, the latter part of the evening being turned over to a social time. Part of this time was utilized at several of the meetings in putting together scrap books and collecting magazines for the soldiers.

The officers and members extend greeting to all of the students and wish the best of success to the members of the coming year: Marion Gibbs, President; Caleb Elliott, vice-president; Dorothy Stewart, secretary; Wallace Chisholm, treasurer; Marie Grassie, Everett Braley, Harry McCament, Eunice Perkins, Edith Boadway, Katherine Orban, William Hawks, Margaret Bravinder, Lulu Brown, Frank Dunn, Sterling Muller, Fred Cohn, Llewellyn Gilbert, Lyle Hackney, Margaret Jamieson, Frederick Loomis, Frances Bartlett, George Sherwood, Robert Shlaudeman, Marjorie Test, and Julian Woodward.

Philomathian Literary Society

In this society a bunch of scribes, poets, lovers of literature, and other reckless personages have joined under the banner, "We're One for Literature." With jazzy meetings and "O, You Social!" they have spent another happy year.

The following are members of this gallant force:

President ..... Arthur Ferguson
Vice-President ..... Trevilla Hurlbut
Secretary ..... Howard Wilson
Treasurer ..... Howard Hayes

Dorothy Vance	Jennie MacColl	Ralph Ong
Dean Ireland	Jeanette McNeal	Unia Ong
Elston Ireland	Esther Brown	Hyallie Fiedler
Don Doolittle	Laurence Metzger	Clifford Boorey
Carl Croft	Jack Brown	Russell Johnson
Paul Hamilton	Marie Blick	Louis Minskey

Winifred Wallace Lucile Wallace

Commercial Club

The Junior Board of Trade, alias the Commercial Club, has been steered into the paths of efficiency and pep by its competent officials for the year:

President ..... Russell Johnson
Vice-President ..... Emmett Jones
Secretary ..... Verne Williamson
Treasurer ..... Franklin Wright

The club has co-operated with the City Board of Trade in making the Tournament of Roses a success, and lends its assistance in other civic affairs, partly for the experience and partly because it is able to reach the High School students as the Senior Board of Trade could not do. An employment agency is conducted in the school to help to positions students who want to work outside of school. The club assists with all school campaigns and is able to spend a great deal of time helping in the commercial departments under Mr. Neil and Mr. Anderson.

At the end of the year, with all their labors completed, the members hold an Annual Banquet in conjunction with the Senior Board of Trade. At this function, the events of the year are recalled and discussed and plans laid for the work to be carried on the next year.

P. H. S. BANK

The only external evidence of the bank to the average casual eye is a barred window in the wall in the neighborhood of the book store. If the owner of the casual eye would get behind the bars and calmly observe the rush of business steadily and efficiently being handled there, he would immediately realize that the evidence is all about him.

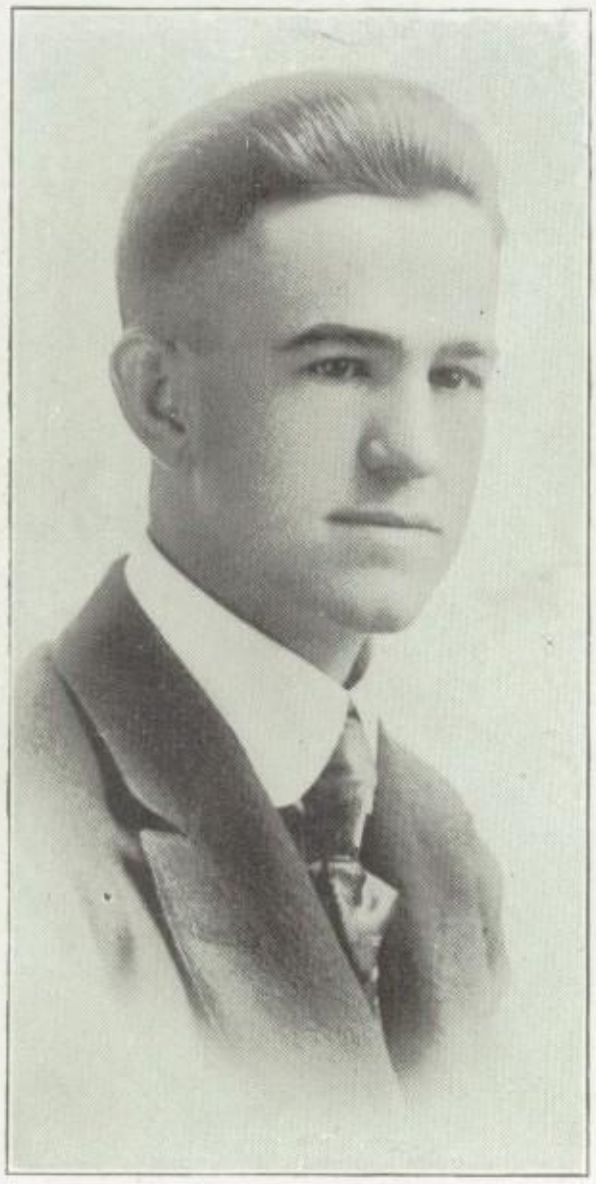
The finances of the Thrift Stamp campaign are kept straight, the sale of tickets to the Thanksgiving football game, the accounting for the Manual Arts, Dairy, and Domestic Science department; for the Cafeteria, The Chronicle, and the Annual—in fact, everything put through by the Student Body that has money connected with it goes through the hands of the bank.

Sixteen students, with Mr. Anderson as chief counsellor, manage the transactions, at different periods during the day. Their standards of business efficiency, accuracy, and promptness rival those of the biggest business firms, with the actual volume of business reaching the forty-thousand-dollar mark every year.

The students who have had charge of the organization are:

Harry McCament ..... Commissioner of Finance
Carl Larsen ..... Head Bookkeeper
Leroy Watson ..... Student Body Clerk
George Goodman ..... Chronicle Accountant
Earl Hutchinson ..... Auditing Cashier
Jewel Nichols ..... Cafeteria Teller
Alleene Brown ..... Cafeteria Teller
Alta Simpson ..... Report Clerk
Emmett Jones ..... Manual Arts and Dairy Bookkeeper

The Cafeteria



LLOYD CHATTERTON
Manager

All commissary departments have had a hard year in this war time. Pasadena's cafeteria is no exception. With wheatless, meatless, ice-creamless days, and the cost of living mounting like a thermometer on the Fourth, one would nearly expect to find eatless days. But no; "business as usual" is the motto. Although beans and meats have increased slightly in price, and the ice-cream portion has shrunk in size, the service and trade could not have been excelled. To quartermaster-general Howard Chatterton, his twenty-six huskies, and Manager-General Hall, much of the commissary department's success is due.

The Office Force

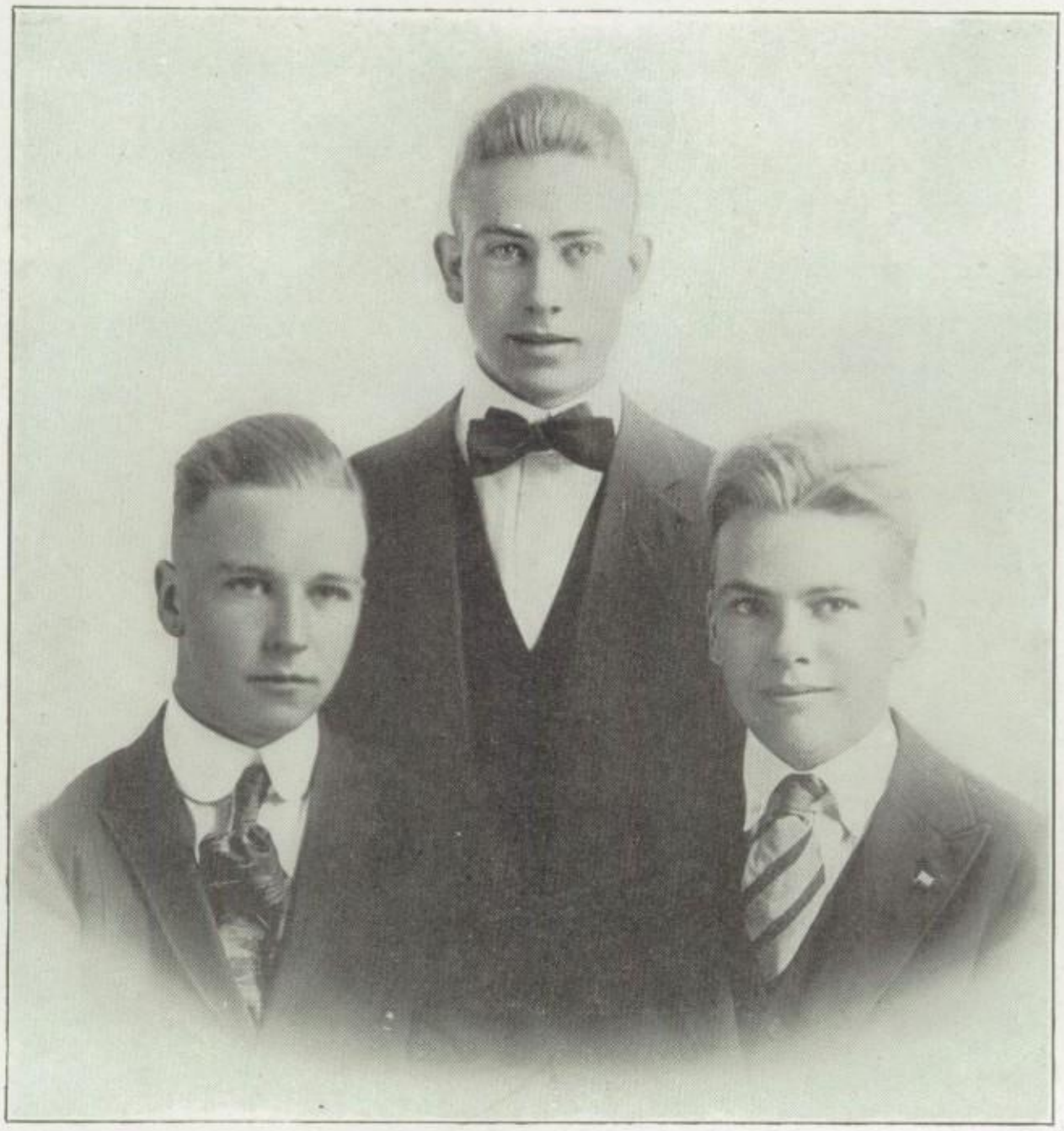
MISS CASE

This year Pasadena High School has been in luck to have as commander-in-chief an officer who reached this position by promotion from the second in command. General Walter Wilson is an able strategist, who knows thoroughly the field, officers, and troops. Whenever internal dissension breaks out, whether among classes, teaches, or what not, he comes on the run, gives forth a flourish of oratory, and peace and silence reign supreme.

General Wilson is surrounded by a very efficient staff, who hold down the office and play the stunt of walking dictionaries. However, two of the most able lieutenants, Miss McMurdo and Miss Lindsley, have responded to their country's call to the service. The office force includes Miss Case, the ever-faithful; Mr. Clifton, registrar; Mr. Schoch, and many student helpers.

Naturally every army must have a police force, and this job has been ably administered by the many-sided Captain Becker. No companions or companies dare linger long on the crowded arteries of traffic without Captain Becker's dropping down in their midst and giving the fateful signal to advance or to halt. There is flowing of tears and gnashing of teeth among the injured, but "Order is Heaven's first law."

The Forestry Club



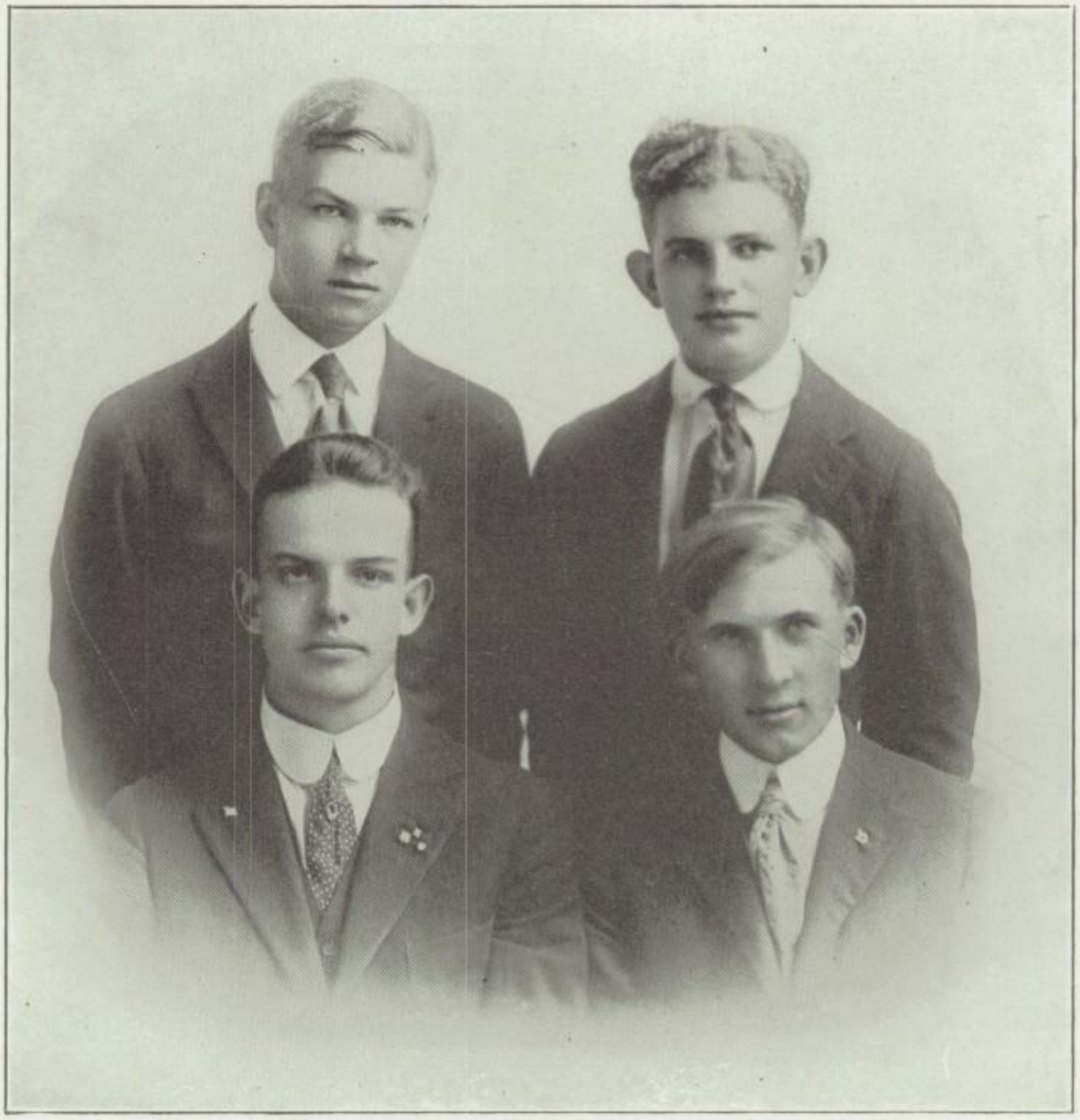
Like all well-organized armies, Pasadena High School has her Forestry Service. This branch is embodied in the Forestry Club. Under the able management of the officers: President, Harold Sloan; Vice-president, Thomas Schwartz; Secretary and Treasurer, Gregg Chase, the club cut through the underbrush and reached the trail which leads to success.

The big event of the year was the excursion to the San Bernardino Orange Show. Trucks are bumpy things to ride fifty miles in, but, is not Southern California noted for her wonderful boulevards? The show certainly was worth the trip and all were glad that they had gone.

During the year the Forestry Club had the privilege of hearing several interesting talks from Ranger Sloan, the guiding spirit of the organization, and the club feels greatly indebted to him for the interest he has shown in it.

The Forestry Club has proved itself a worthy branch of our service.

The Agriculture Club



This year "The Man With the Hoe" has been recognized as one of the most important factors in the welfare of our country, and consequently the Agriculture Club has played an important role.

The officers of the Club were: President, Harold Hart; Vice-president, Selma Hoff; Secretary, Kenneth Gabriel; and Treasurer, Harold Curtis.

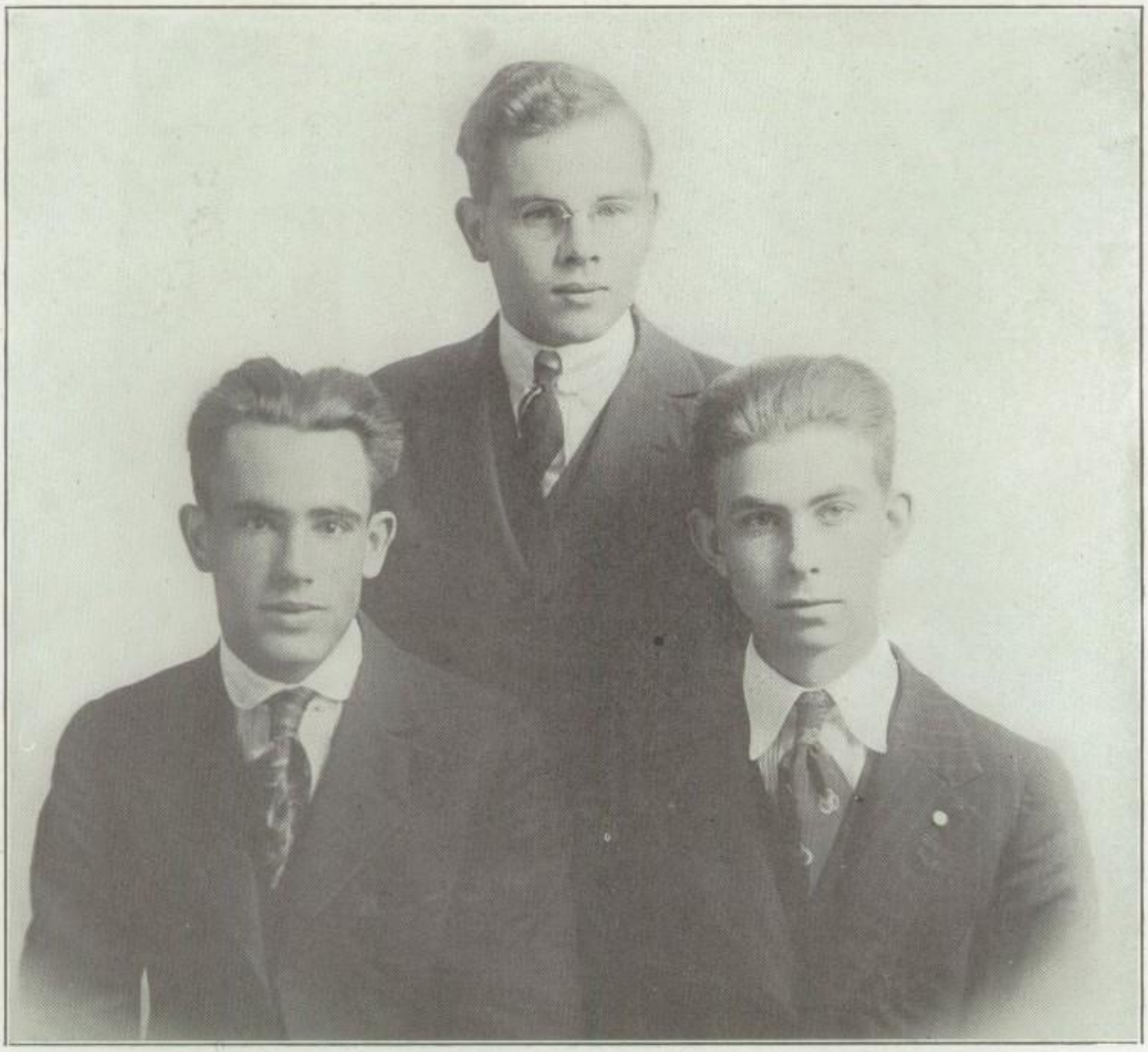
One of the most enjoyable events of the year was the excursion to the San Bernardino Orange Show. The meetings this year were devoted to the study of the agricultural needs of the world and the boys agree that it has been well worth while.

The horizon of the Agriculture Club is bright with hopes for the coming year.

The Engineers' Club

The Engineers' Club has had a more or less unfavorable year to work. Due to the fact that the factories and shops of any importance in this section of the country are doing Government work, the Engineers have had some difficulty in arranging their regular excursions. This has in a measure put the damper on this end of the club work, but it has taken up a different question and studied it more fully, and found it to be a most necessary essential in the scope of the club. The question was that of College Entrance, dealing mainly with the classes of, and requirements of, the various Engineering Colleges in the United States.

The officers elected for this year were Edwin Mitchell, president; Earl Jardine, vice-president; Earnest Hamilton, secretary.



1918 Stage Crew

The Print Shop

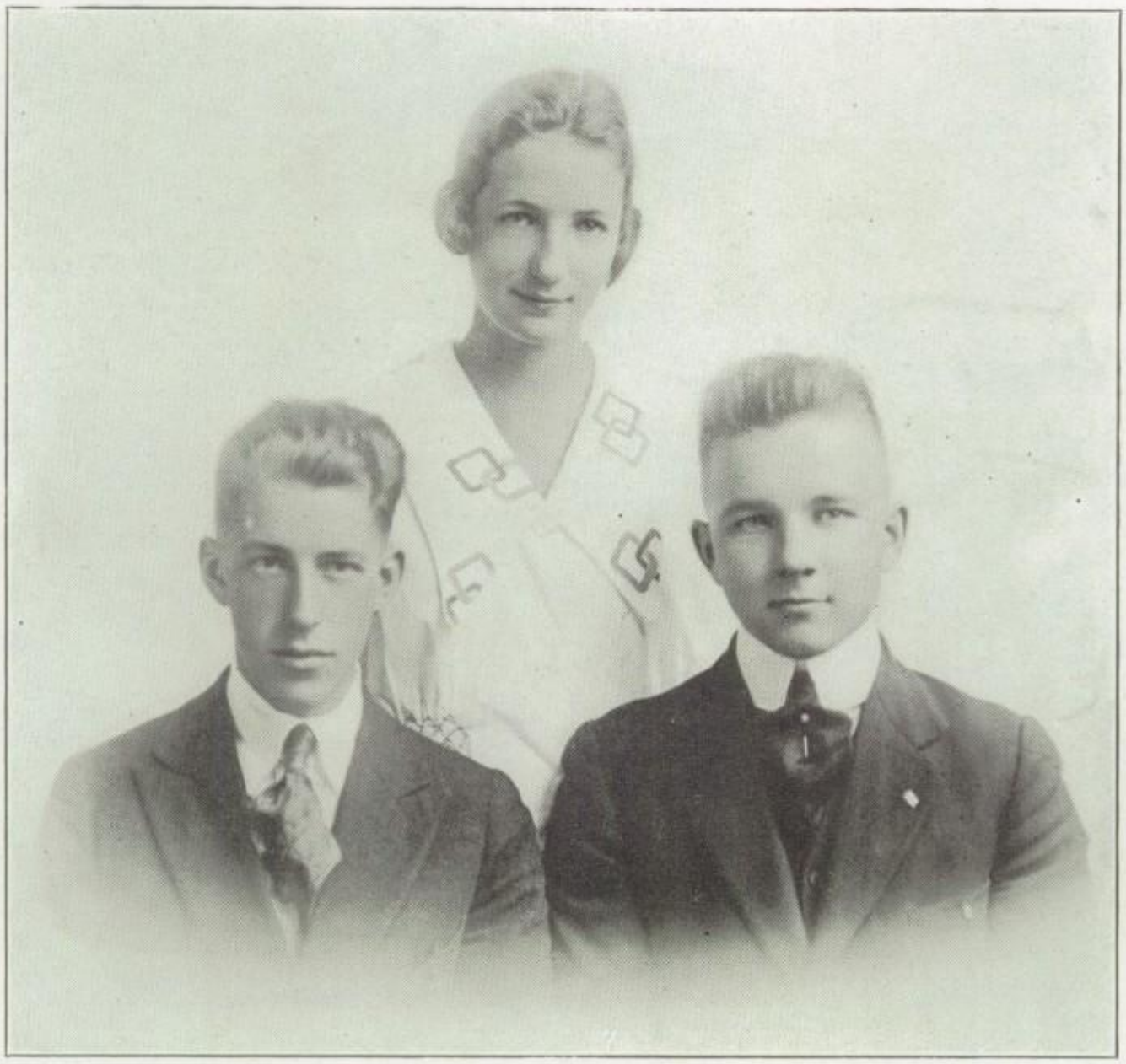
There is a room adjoining the Chronicle office termed the Print Shop. Although only organized since the high school moved to its present site, it has proved a great economy for the schools of Pasadena. Possibly many of our future newspaper employers are in the stage of development here.

Mr. Morris is at the head of this department and he is a live wire. The Print Shop is noted for the quantity and the quality of work turned out in a hurry. The numbers of tickets, programs, school bulletins, and the literary work represented in the products of this department is a wonder to the casual observer. The monthly "Item" is printed here.

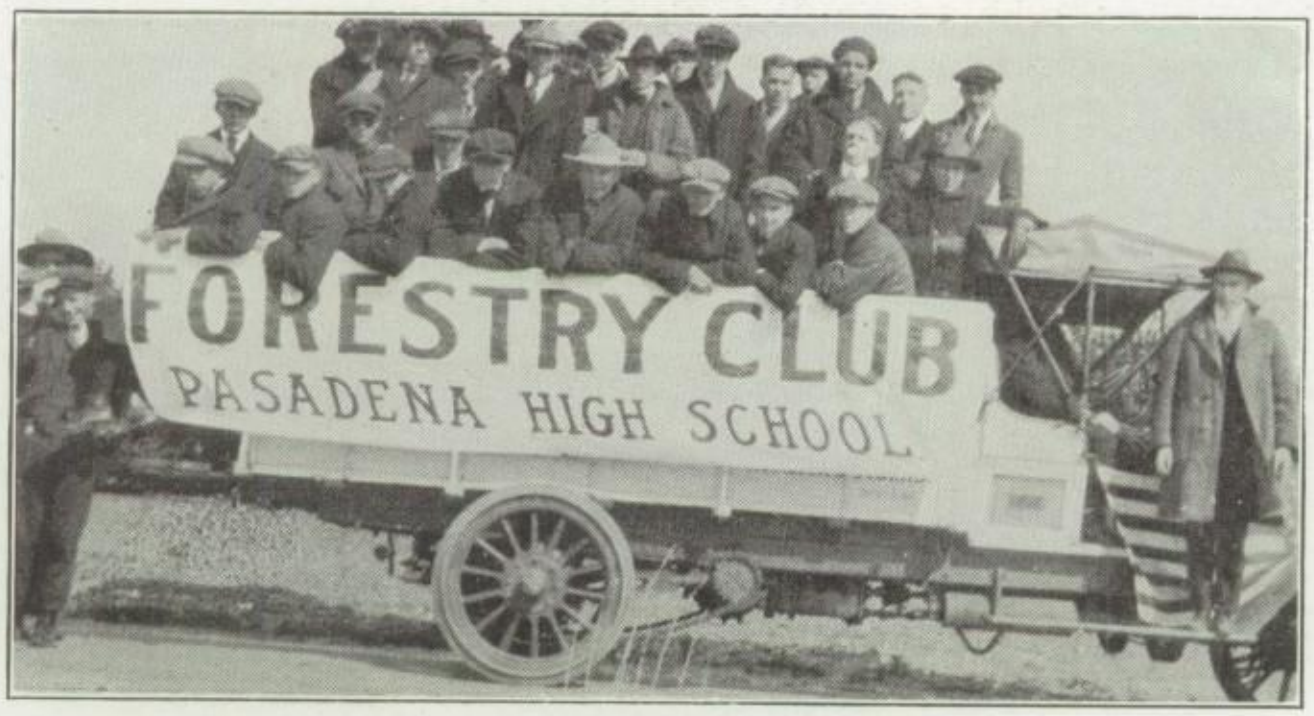
To Mr. Morris is due the credit for this model print shop and for the unusual high grade of work done.

The Book Store

Did you ever know that Pasadena has an ordnance department in the P. H. S. army. We have such a department dealing in the murderous weapons of war, such as books, pens, pencils, tennis balls, erasers and an endless list of other articles. You can hear a buzzing and humming around it headquarters at certain times of the day. "No increase in price, and business better than usual," is its motto. Col. F. L. Thurston, Lieut. Russell Johnson, and Privates Lehman Hisey and Warren Parmelee compose the department's efficient force.



Ad Club Officers



MUSIC

Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club was at the first of the year a group of untrained voices, but soon after Miss Sabel took them in charge a marked improvement was noticed until now the Glee Club is a group of singers that do credit to their Alma Mater. The Club has appeared before the Assembly here and before the Neighborhood Club in Pasadena, besides participating in the big Red Cross Benefit. Several out-of-town performances were also given.

The members are, Maurice Agnew, Commodore Averrit, Clifford Boorey, Harold Curtiss, Percy Dawson, Arthur Bouck, Albert Greenstreet, Fred Haiber, Harold Hart, Robert Kennan, Stuart MacMillan, Louis Pegler, Lorenzo McHenry, Bennet Punterbaugh, Ralph Randall, Harold Sloane, Richard O'Neil, Kenneth Tabor, Eliot Rhodes, Irye Townsend, Clinton Webster, Gener Webster.

ANTOINETTE SABEL

The Girls' Glee Club

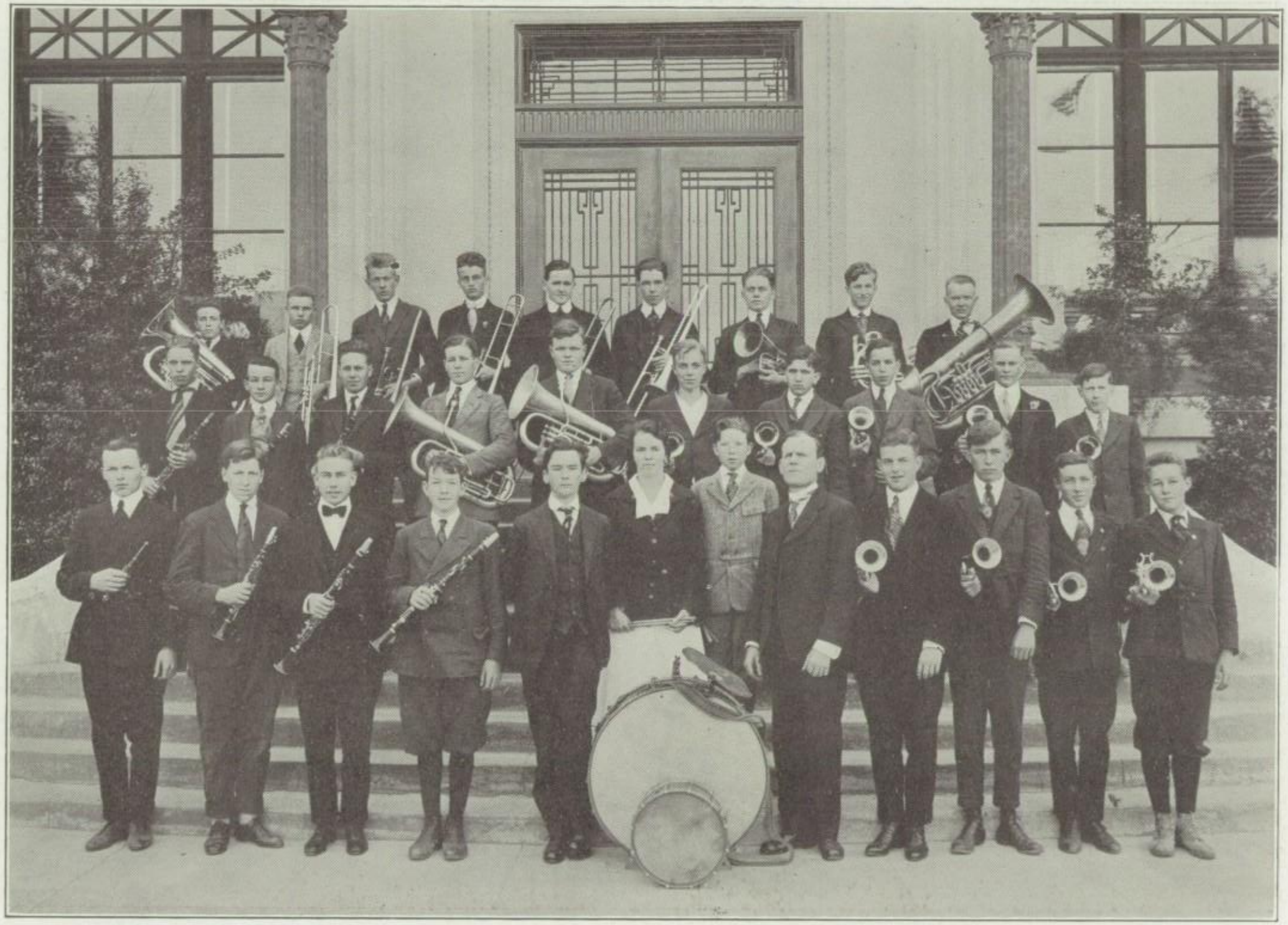
The greatest enthusiasm has been shown this year by a group of 25 girls who are formed into an organization called the Girls' Treble Clef. The girls have appeared on several programmes, an especially beautiful one being at Christmas. The club also took part in the huge Community Christmas Tree of Pasadena. The Girls' Glee Club in conjunction with the Boys' Glee Club also gave a spring recital. The members are:

Katherine Crockett, Sylva Gage, Harriet Coodell, Leona Helberg, Tevilla Hurlburt, Luvia Jenkins, Janet McNeil, Marion Morton, Evelyn Owen, Margaret Odell, Bessie Pettit, Ada Sewell, Katherine Thom, Helen Thompson, Elsie Weaver, Florence Weaver, Isabel Smith, Louise Wilcox, Miriam Young, and Miss Gladys Bate as the accomplished accompanist.

Pasadena High School Chorus

One of the most enthusiastic and active organizations of the school is the Pasadena High School Chorus.

The chorus meets twice a week in the Music Hall under the able direction of Miss Antoinette Sabel. At these meetings the best musical literature is studied; conducting is given in connection with the work, and leading musicians of Pasadena and Los Angeles are presented to the chorus members. The chorus has proven its splendid ability to the Pasadena public in the great Red Cross Concert, gicen Feb. 25, in which they took such an active part.



Instrumental Music

This branch of the Music Department has been in existence only seven years, but under the able leadership of Mr. Parker, great things have been done. Seven years ago there were 19 pupils in the whole Department, now there are 150 in the High School and 60 at John Muir. Mr. Parker made the aim of the Department to give the pupil the serviceable side of music, something that will be of use to him as long as he lives. As a result of this aim the work done by the Department has been superlative in character and quality of tone and technique. Mr. Parker has always turned out Bands and Orchestras that do credit both to himself and P. H. S.

This year there are several special classes, namely, a Drum Class, a Bugle Class, and both Brass and String Quartettes.

The Orchestra furnishes all the music for Debates, English Nights, and Senior Plays besides giving a concert that is looked forward to by all with a great deal of pleasure. At the concert, the Orchestra plays only the highest class music, and it is played with an expression and quality that is remarkable, especially when it is known that the Orchestra rehearses only twice a week and that each member has only one ten minute lesson a week.

"Money Talks." Will It Sing?

DRAMA

Dramatics

Dramatics has always been an essential feature among the activities of Pasadena High School, but not until last year was its full importance realized when a course in this subject was introduced into the school through the English Department. Owing to the immediate success of the various performances which were given last year, there has been a greater demand for entertainments of that nature during the present school year. Heretofore, only a small percentage of the students have given their attention to this work, but no wthe student body as a whole displays a large interest in everything of a dramatic nature. This has been proved by the whole-hearted support given to all the plays presented this year, especially to English Night.

Miss Sterling, who has been the instructor of Dramatic Expression in Pasadena High School for two years has won a lasting place in the hearts of the students, not only by her remarkable abilit yas a dramatic teacher, but also by her inspiring personality.

"THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL"

The first play of the year was given in assembly on the thirteenth of December before an enthusiastic audience. This play was rearranged from Kate Douglas Wiggins' novel, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and directed by Marie Johnson, Rhea Dixon, and Thomas Iiams, all of whom have gained valuable experience under Miss Sterling. Although the play was of a serious nature, the assembly was provided with a great deal of merriment by the many pranks of the little Ruggles children.

Rhea Dixon was exceedingly beautiful in the part of the Angel, and rendered the Prologue and Epilogue very effectively. Elizabeth Lack, who took the part of Carol, proved that talent was not lacking in the Freshman class. Marie Johnson showed her ability in character acting as Mrs. Ruggles, affording many laughs by her Irish brogue and amusing remarks. The parts of Mrs. Bird, Mr. Bird, Uncle Jack, and the nurse Elfrida, were played by Frances Bartlett, Thomas Iiams, Frank Little and Lethe Knight, respectively. The Ruggles children were very amusing, but Margaret Bravinder and Caroline Cutter deserve special mention for their vivacious antics and naturalness.

The setting and lighting effects were particularly beautiful. The complete cast was as follows: Carol Bird, Elizabeth Lack; Mrs. Bird, Frances Bartlett; Mr. Bird, Thomas Iiams; Uncle Jack, Frank Little; Elfrida, the nurse, Lethe Knight; Mrs. Ruggles, Marie Johnson; Sarah Maude, Margaret Bravinder; Peter, Arthur Garfield; Peoria, Ella Heffner; Kitty, Caroline Cutler; Clement, Ruth Short; Cornelius, George Myers; Larry, Charles White; The Angel, Rhea Dixon, and the Butler, Harold Curtis.

"NEVERTHELESS"'

An amusing portmanteau play by Stuart Walker was given for the class assemblies in the month of February. It abounded in comical situations, involving the difficult attempts of the three characters to walk the "Primrose Path." Caroline Cutler made a cunning little boy of ten years of age. She

entered into her part with a great deal of life as all young boys ten years old are apt to do. The Girl was taken by Frances Hall in a most delightful way. The third character was the Burglar, played by Frank Little, in a satisfactory manner.

"FOOD"

This clever farce was written by Cecil De Mille for the benefit of the Red Cross. It was given under the auspices of the Girls' League in February. The theme of the play was the conservation of food in the year 1950, which made it especially amusing because of its exaggeration. Dott Russell, in the leading role, Irene the egg fiend, acted her part well. Carline Murphy, as Dazzle, made an ideal husband. Dorothy Vance was stunning in her brightly colored messenger's costume.

"ENGLISH NIGHT"

The first "big" production of the year was the presentation on the evening of the twenty-first of March of three one-act plays under the direction of Miss Eloise Sterling for the benefit of the P. H. S. free wool fund. From all standpoints acting, stage-settting, scenic effects, and costuming, the plays were most successful. The curtain arose upon the unique setting of "Trifles," a tragedy of New England country life, written by Susan Glaspell. It is a play filled with emotional intensity and gives opportunity for real dramatic acting. Kate Heffner as Mrs. Hale played the lead, displaying remarkable ability; while the extremely difficult part of Mrs. Peters was taken by Rhea Dixon with equal excellence. The role next in importance, that of Mr. Hale, was capably enacted by Thomas Iiams. Gerald Boltinghouse made an exceedingly suave County Attorney, and Frank Blauvelt satisfactorily filled the part of the Sheriff, Henry Peters.

The next play presented was a delightful fantasy by Oliphant Doun, the scene being the fireside of Pierrette and Pierrot. The most essential feature was the beautiful lighting effects, which gave it a dreamy atmosphere. Pierrette, the dainty dancing girl, was played by Dorothy Finer, who captivated her audience by her melodious voice and her graceful acting. Elsie Weaver acted the part of Pierrot. This part gave Miss Weaver an opportunity to show her dramatic talent in a most pleasing way. The third character, the Manufacturer of Dreams, was admirably portrayed by Douglas MacKenzie.

"Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" was enthusiastically received and made a "big hit" with the audience. It is in the nature of a Fairy Tale, and, like all of Stuart Walker's plays, is full of life and youth. Margaret Davis, as Memory, was both beautiful and charming, reminding one of an enchanting Princess of Fairyland. Frances Bartlett was exceedingly "Peter Panish" as the Boy. Throughout the play she delighted her audience with her vivacious acting and lovable character. The Queen was portrayed by Kate Heffner, who showed that one could be regal and gentle at the same time. This part was in direct contrast to that of Mrs. Hale, in "Trifles." She interpreted the part with tact and ability. Marie Johnson in the role of the Mime was altogether dashing in her striking black and white costume. Her charming actions delighted the Boy as well as the entire audience. She showed her ability as an actress in that she was able to take both the serious

and humorous parts with dexterity and skill. The role of an attractive country Milkmaid was taken by Lethe Knight in an adorable manner. She entered into her part with zest, pleasing everyone with her flirtatious and graceful acting. Although the Blindman's part was of a more serious nature, it was very interestingly and capably given by Glen Balch. Margaret Bravinder handled the role of the Ballad Singer with ingenuity. Her little songs and dances were indeed fascinating beyond words, especially the ballad about the two little pigs that were pink, pink, pink, and the one little pig that was black, black! The Dreadful Headsman was enacted by Thomas Iiams. He certainly was the most ferocious headsman of all melodrama; especially when he brandished his ax that would cut a hair-r-r-r-r in two. His deep bellowing voice also added to his already dreadful character. The Prologue was taken by Mildred Nutt; the Device Bearer by Marjorie Test; and You, in the audience, by Frances Hall. The Butterfly, which was your Imagination, played a very important part in the performance.

Scene from "Servant in the House"

The dramatic activities of this school year were brought to a climax on May 7, 1918, whe nthe "Servant in the House" was produced by the Senior Class. Although this play was rather difficult for High School students to undertake, yet so skillfully did Miss Sterling direct the performance that the public as well as the students were highly enthusiastic.

Frank Blauvelt as Manson took his part with effective dignity and understanding, sustaining the quality of his voice throughout. His excellent make-up enabled the audience to grasp the bigness of his character.

Frederick N. Cohn as the Drainman displayed an excellent appreciation of the role, and an intelligent understanding of how to make that appreciation extend to the audience. He gave a splendid characterization, displaying the crude, rough exterior with force, but underneath it all there was something fine and true.

Thomas Iiams played the Vicar with a firm grasp of the character, good force in the portrayal of the conflict in the man's soul, and excellent voice work, particularly in modulation of tone and well placed emphasis.

Marie Johnson interpreted the difficult role of Auntie, the Vicar's wife, with pleasing sincerity and thoughtful care. Her scenes with the Vicar were particularly good in their firmness of effect and appreciation of the character development. From her first entrance until the curtain fell she impressed her audience with her dignity and poise.

Margaret Davis was a charming Mary, girlishly enthusiastic in her work and very prettily sincere in her later scenes. Throughout the play her acting was most natural and she won her audience with her girlish simplicity in the scene where she said, "I want to know about my father."

Edwin Mitchell's work as James Ponsonby Makeshufte, D.D., The Most Revend the Lord Bishop of Lanchashire, was excellent. The character of the Bishop is exceedingly difficult, but Mr. Michell handled the details and humorous pieces of work to perfection.

Kellogg Krebs, as Rogers the page boy, gave a delightfully human bit of work, relieving the tense situation of the play. Particularly good was his entrance in the second act, where he said, "Well, I'm jiggered," his peculiar antics confirming the statement.

In charge of the play were Earle Jardine, business manager; Glenn Balch, stage manager; Thomas Iiams, electrician, and Newell Woodworth.

Earle Jardine
Senior Play Manager

DEBATING

Debating Season, 1918

Debating is one of the most important interscholastic activities in Pasadena High School. In past years this school has turned out good teams and has had its share of victories and championships. Among the Southern California schools she has been in the front rank on the rostrum as well as in the athletic field, and she is duly proud of her record. But with veteran debaters graduating and new ones being broken in there are bound to be some years in which the team is unable to maintain the high standard set by its predecessors. At Pasadena this has been such a year—one of the off years to make the best of it and hope for better luck next time.

Pasadena began its debating season with very fair prospects of success. Owing to the fact that Coach Carson was engaged as football mentor a new coach had to be procured. Mr. Wright was finally selected to fill this position. A call for candidates was then issued and a fair number responded. The squad system of last year was again put into practice and some of the material began to show up very well. With Hyallie Fiedler and Lawrence Metzger, two of the very best rostrum artists in the South, seconded by such orators as Charles Paddock of last year's Junior team, another championship seemed within the bounds of possibility.

The question for the first league series dealt with government ownership of coal mines. Both Pasadena teams worked hard in preparing their debates. On December 6th the affirmative team—Metzger and Miss Fiedler—journeyed down to Santa Ana, resolved to follow P. H. S. traditions by opening the season with a victory. They lived up to expectations, putting up a whirlwind argument that floored their opponents to the tune of three decisions to none. On the same evening the negative team, composed of Paddock and Thayer, mixed it with the Lincoln High School at home. The debate was very closely contested, but after the smoke cleared away, it was found the Lincoln team had won by a score of 2 to 1. This put Pasadena in second place in the league, with four favorable decisions and two unfavorable and still within striking distance of the top.

The try-outs for the second series were started soon after the Christmas holidays. Unfortunately for Pasadena's championship hopes, none of the team which represented the school in the first series were able to come out again. So while there were more candidates than for the first series, they lacked experience, and Coach Wright was forced to build up an entirely new team out of green material. Many of the candidates were evenly matched and the competition for the four team positions was very keen. It was finally decided that Winifred Wallace and Russell Seymour on the negative and Lowell Troutman and Walden Moore on the affirmative had the edge on the rest of the field, and accordingly they were chosen to represent Pasadena in the second series debates.

Not only was the entire team, with the exception of Miss Wallace, without previous experience, but they were also unfamiliar with the question, which concerned the importation of Chinese laborers under bond for the period of the war. Although thus severely handicapped, they set to work

with a will and in a week had thoroughly prepared and rounded out their arguments. Miss Wallace and Seymour met Pomona High, last year's state champions, on the latter's hunting grounds. Good arguments were advanced by both sides, but although the Pasadena representatives put up a stiff fight, a 3 to 0 decision was turned in against them. This debate was much closer than the score would indicate, and many who heard the debate think that the Sage Hens were lucky to get a unanimous decision. Another close and hard-fought battle was waged at home, where Moore and Troutman succumbed to the Glendale attack after a long struggle. The count was 2 to 1 against them, the experience of their veteran opponents telling heavily. This ended the interscholastic debates for the year.

Whil the year 1917-18 has not been a success in debating so far as judges' decisions are concerned, it has been marked by hard work and earnest, conscientious effort. It has brought out new material, particularly among the underclassmen, which gives promise of developing into a strong debating team. Above all it has kept the interest in debating alive, together with the spirit of fair play and sportsmanship, which is always more important than the most brilliant victory. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this season has paved the way for the accomplishment of that which it was unable in itself to do; namely, the bringing of another debating championship to P. H. S.

TEAM MEMBERS

Hyallie Fiedler: A victor of previous years. Leader in a 3-0 victory against Santa Ana. Consistent in thought, modest in success. The dean of Pasadena debaters. Is always well prepared and willing to help others. Deserves her success.

Lawrence Metzger: A veteran. Member of our only winning team. A forceful speaker. Instinctively a debater.

Charles Paddock: Orator, debater, athlete, good fellow. Member of last year's Junior team and leader of this year's team against Lincoln.

Edwin Thayer: Member of the Junior team last year. Earned the right to meet Lincoln this year. Will defeat some school next year.

Winifred Wallace: Met our "dearest enemy" in debate. Presented convincing, clean-cut arguments to a veteran opponent. A Senior next year. Is good for three judges' votes at any time in the future.

Russell Seymour: An optimist in a forlorn hope against Pomona. Should have become a debater three years ago.

Walden Moore: Did not consider himself as a debater until his Senior year. Thinks well on his feet. Always logical, humorous on occasion. Chivalrous to an opponent.

Lowell Trautman: A coming champion. A Sophomore who had never debated before. Won his way by logic, pep, and perseverance.

THE COACH

Few people on a debating squad work harder than the Coach. He is the man behind the guns. It is he who develops the awkward raw material into a smooth-working team of finished debaters. He thinks and plans ahead and provides for the arguments and tricks of opponents. And he does the even more important work of instructing and assisting those who do not make the team.

Although new at the job, Coach Wright took hold with a will this year and put debating on its feet again after the loss of last year's entire team. He proved an excellent debating instructor and he will develop a corking team next year that will put up a real fight for the title.

THE INTER-CLASS-DEBATES

Toward the end of the year the inter-class debates were held. Their object was to decide which class excelled in forensic ability, since the Seniors and the Juniors were both strongly represented on the team while even the Sophomores had one delegate. Another purpose was to bring out new material for next year.

When the different classes had held their try-outs and their teams had been selected, the first series of debates came off. Th question involved Compulsory Health Insurance, with the Seniors debating against the Sophomores, and the Juniors against the Freshmen. Although the lower classmen put up good debates, the Seniors and Juniors both won unanimously. The Senior team, composed of Davidson and Maxwell, then met the Junior team, Minsky and Ryder. The Seniors took the affirmative and after a hard see-saw battle won by a 2 to 1 decision, thus making themselves undisputed champions of the school.

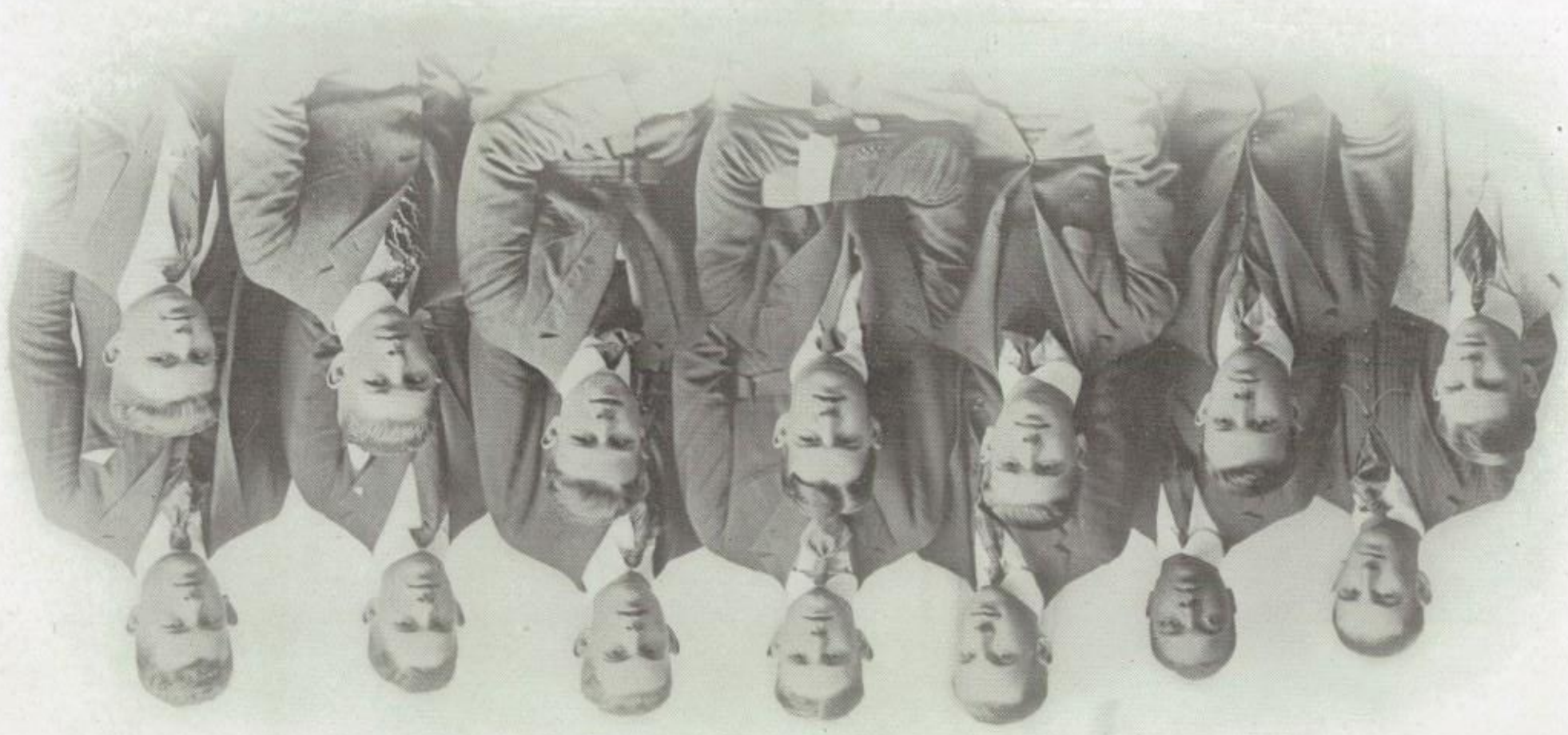
ORATORY

The Davis-Hall Oratorical Contest was held on May 15. Four orations were delivered: by Charles Paddock on "Labor After the War," by Clovis Fouche on "The Status of the American Negro," by Roland Maxwell on "World Citizenship," and by Russell Seymour on "America and Russia's Future." All these orations showed good work and careful preparation. The contest was so close that all the judges did not agree. Finally first prize was awarded to Charles Paddock and second to Clovis Fouche.

Paddock's oration was chiefly notable for the delivery, while Clovis Fouche's declamation was a masterly presentation of the relations that should exist between negro and white man.

ELSTON IRELAND COACH WRIGHT LESTER McNICHOLS

ATHLETICS



Football Season 1918

With only three veterans back on the firing line and with but a few second string men of the team of the previous year ready to take their places in a red and white unie, the chances for the P. H. S. football eleven to repeat the defeats handed all of the best prep school squads of the south by the 1915 State Champs were mighty small from the beginning of the season, and for the first time in three years, the Bulldog gridiron experts failed to win the County Championship. During the year, the locals ran off with three games, tied one, and suffered defeat twice. The loss by graduation of such stars as Horrell, Wilke, DeHuff, and Corey proved fatal to the championship hopes. The team produced several stars during the year, but the handicap was too great to overcome.

Nevertheless, due to the hard work of Captain Wally Chisholm and Coach Carson, a fast scrappy squad that put up a great little fight for every game was developed. Although the team averaged several pounds to the man lighter than most high school squads in the south and the majority of the men were inexperienced, the feature of the season was the clean hard fight the fellows put up throughout every minute of the games. During the last few contests of the year, the Bulldog gridders did not weaken for a minute whether they were facing victory or defeat, and although Coach Carson may not have molded together a world-beating machine, he produced a good bunch of hardworking scrappers.

Coach Carson used the four men back system during the entire season. Captain Wally Chisholm was shifted from fullback to left half, and from there he directed his siege gun attacks at the enemy. Fouche at right half was one of the most consistent performers on the team, and together with Chuck Ashe, Ross Anderson, Shorty Bedall, and Oscar Whetstine, a speedy hard-hitting backfield was always ready to take its place in the lineup. In the line, Jeff Kemp and Friscus Franciscus, two demons capable of attaining a rare speed, held down the end positions and were right where they were needed when it came to smearing passes and nailing their men on end runs. At center, "Battleship Von" Mohr efficiently filled Steve Horrell's mighty shoes. "Fronkus" was the mainstay of the line and took to smashing up line plays as readily and easily as a duck takes to water. The rest of the line with such husky men as Cliff Boorey, Pete Simpson, Harry McCament, Clarence Baldwin, Eb Braley, and Benny Puterbaugh completed Pasadena's speedy combination.

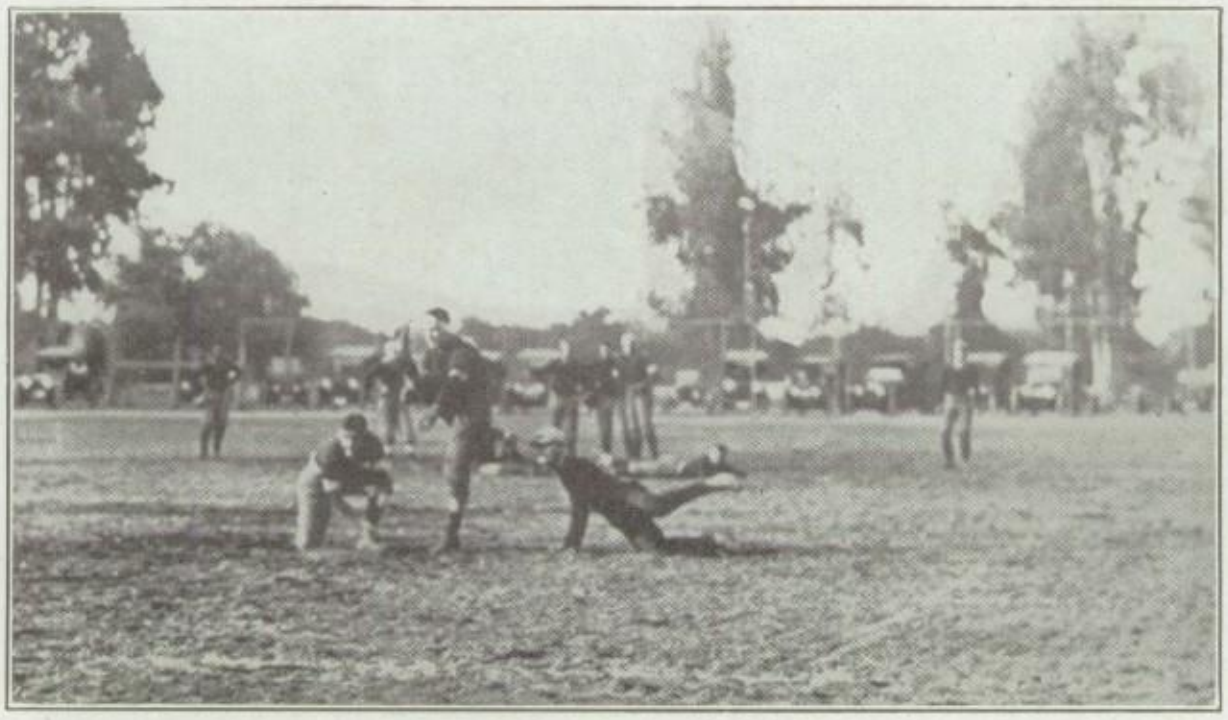
Cliff Boorey was elected captain of the 1918 team. Cliff was a hard, consistent player and is worthy in every respect to succeed such men as "Red" McAlpine, Brant Gard, Steve Horrell, and Wally Chisholm. The team was managed by Doug MacKenzie and Donald Doolittle.

THE L. A. HIGH GAME

The season opened with a tight, exciting 0—0 tie with L. A. High on Pasadena's field. Twice the speedy Bulldog aggregation was within four yards of putting the oval where L. A. did not want it, but was held at critical

movements and lost the pellet on downs. Bob Shlaudeman twinkled forth as the brightest star in the game, smashing up the visitors' passes as often as they tried them, tackling with the deadly accuracy of a Big Ben alarm clock on Monday morning, speeding through the startled Straphangers' line like a reckless runaway horse, and in general making himself unpopular with the opposing gang of pigskinners.

Both teams stuck to straight football throughout the contest, but lacked the necessary punch to force the ball over when near a touchdown. The smashing bucks of Ashe and Fouche were almost enough to make any respectable brick wall resign, and a table of yardage shows that P. H. S. gained many more yards than did the Angelenos.



Chisholm Converting Pasadena's Only Score Against Chaffey

THE CHAFFEY GAME

Avenging the defeat of the previous year, the Pasadena eleven took a trip to Chaffey Union High, and after raising the dust on the back yard of the aforementioned school, emerged victorious by a 7 to 0 count. Like the L. A. High game, the encounter was close, fast, and furious at all times. The heavy Chaffey line for a time held the P. H. S. backs while the Pasadena line also proved to be an immovable obstacle to the Chaffeyites. Up until the last of the third quarter, the battle was anybody's game, but just about this time the machine-like team work of Coach Carson's bunch began to shine forth and a few minutes before the start of the fourth quarter, the Red and White backfield crashed through the line for a touchdown. Captain Wally kicked goal for what proved to be the final scoring of the game.

The most exciting part of the scrap came in the last few minutes of the game when the husky farmers braced up and repeatedly smashed through the

line for gains. A few yards from a touchdown, "Battleship Von" Mohr and his mighty linemates tore at the Chaffey attacks like mad men, and the game ended with Pasadena in possession of the ball on her one yard line.

THE L. A. POLY GAME

The following Saturday, Nov. 3, the Pasadenans and Polytechnans met on the local field and the visitors were treated quite roughly, being sent home with a 24 to 6 score against them. The P. H. S. line featured the game with its steady playing and consistent team work.

At the kickoff the Bulldog squad tore after the Blue and Gold, and eight minutes after the opening whistle, the ball reposed across the Poly goal line

Scene in Chaffey Contest

with Wally Chisholm's arms clasped firmly around it. Pasadena kicked off and the line once more began its steady march down the field. Five minutes later, Wally went over for the second touchdown. The Poly score came after a long run to the Pasadena five yard line by Mixon. After four hard plays, the ball went over the P. H. S. line for the only Poly score of the game.

Pasadena added a few more digits in the third quarter when Bob Shlaudeman booted over a neat drop kick from the twenty yard line. Later Wally intercepted a forward pass and raced thirty yards for another six points. He kicked goal after each touchdown, making the final result 24 to 6.

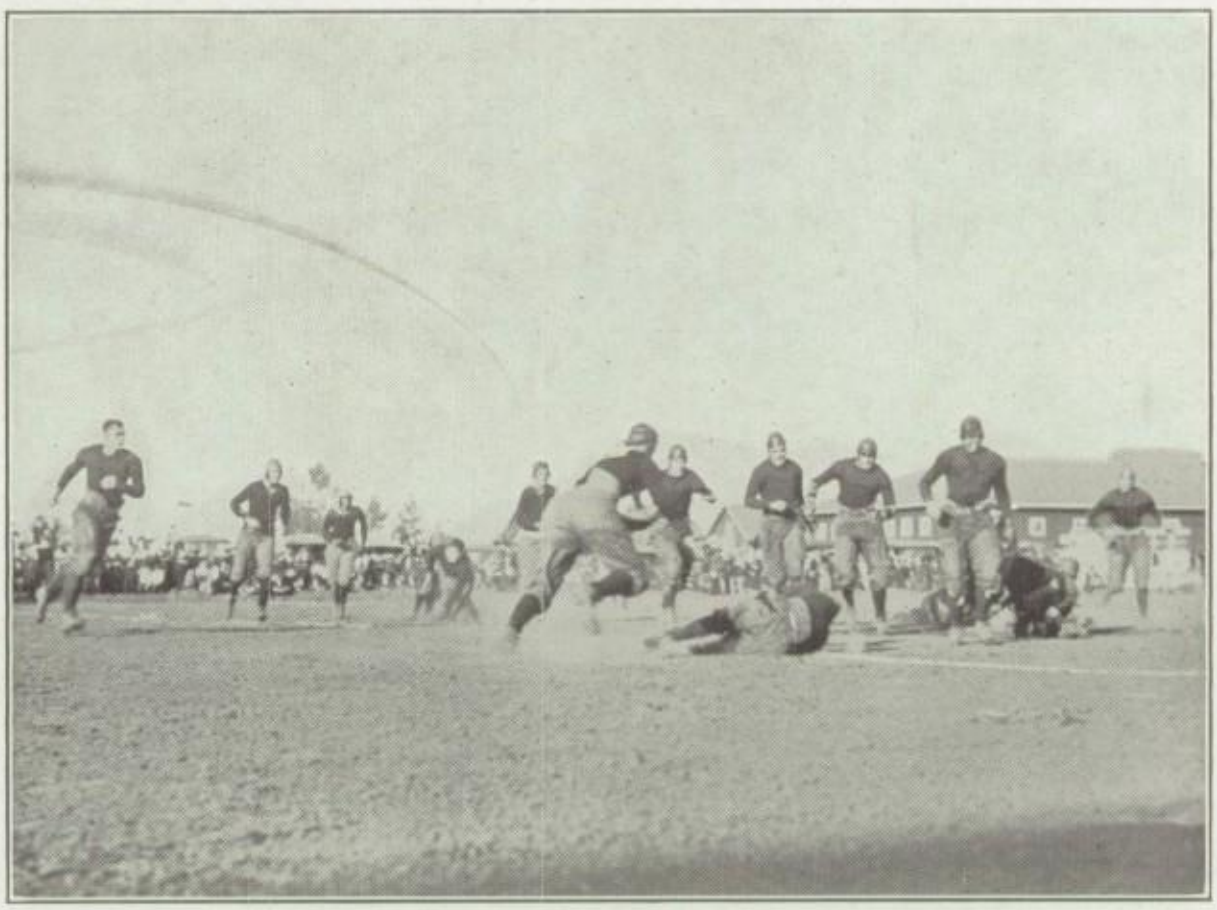
THE WHITTIER GAME

With five members of the team out of the game with injuries, the Pasadenans next took on the Whittier Poets, and in a game that was one grand

P. H. S. LIGHTWEIGHT FOOTBALL TEAM

scrap from start to finish, won their third straight victory by a 9 to 3 score. After being outplayed during most of the first half, the Crown City demons came back with a rush, and finally won. "Friscus" Franciscus put the game on ice for Pasadena when he intercepted an attempted lateral pass of the Whittierites and sped down the field for the only touchdown of the battle.

The scrap was the fastest the Bulldogs had yet played. Whittier completed many speedy forward passes and fought hard during the whole game, but succeeded in scoring in only the last quarter when Stanley, the husky fullback, booted a pretty drop kick from the 28 yard line at a bad angle. The work of Von Mohr, Kemp, Franciscus, Chisholm, Fouche, and Anderson stood out especially well.

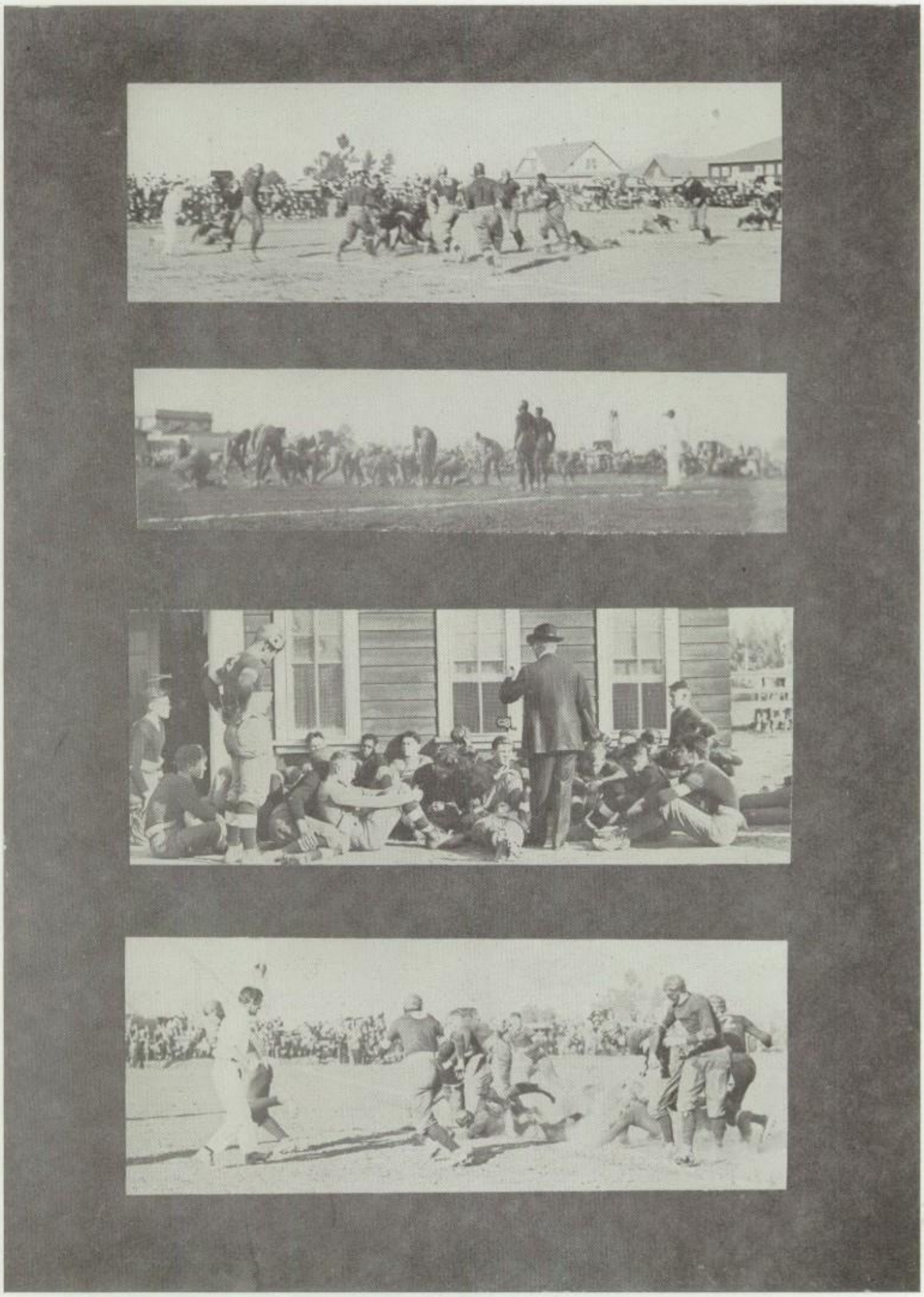


First Down—Long Beach Game

THE SANTA ANA GAME

Probably the hardest fought and tightest game of the year was the battle with Santa Ana held on the P. H. S. field. The final score was 3 to 0 with Pasadena High on the oval end. Had the game lasted about thirty seconds longer, the Bulldogs would have undoubtedly smashed over a touchdown, for during the last two minutes of play Wally Chisholm and Chuck Ashe crashed repeatedly through the line for gains of five and six yards a down, and at the final whistle were within four yards of a much-needed six points.

Although outplayed during most of the game, the team put up a game scrap and kept the speedy Peatlanders from crossing its goal-line. Raney's



Scenes from Big Long Beach Battle

place kick in the second quarter was the only try which he was able to put over, "Battleship Von" Mohr and his mates on the line successfully and thoroughly squelching all other attempts.

THE LONG BEACH GAME

The biggest and final game of the season was held at Long Beach on Thanksgiving Day. The annual battle royal proved a thriller from whistle to whistle, but the aerial bombardment of the Beachmen proved superior to the P. H. S. attack and Long Beach conquered the Red and White for the first time in four years by the score of 28 to 0.

Puzzle: Find the Pigskin. Long Beach Game.

Throughout the afternoon's dust-raising conflict, the forward passes of the Green and Yellow made repeated gains. The speed of the Long Beach backs and the wonderful work of the Lawson-Lawson anl Lawson-Tiernan passes proved too much for the Pasadenans. The Long Beach fans bragged before the game that they would win with fifty points, but when the Crown City boys began to solve the forward passing of the Beachcombers, the Beachmen struck a stone wall. Not once in the last quarter of the game did the Salteaters get within striking distance of Pasadena's goal line, although they completed several long passes. Harry McCament at tackle played a wonderful defensive game, breaking up long runs again and again, while Von Mohr put up the scrap of his life, making the Beachites work for every inch they gained through the line.

"Wally."

Captain Wally Chisholm was a line-plunger and tackler that was hard to beat. Wally's terrific smashes were enough to make any poor opponent wish that he had gone to Verdun to escape torture while his tackling and punting were on par with his line-smashing.

"Doug."

Douglas McKenzie was in charge of the Bulldog gamboling ground. At hiring steam rollers and hauling sawdust Doug was an adept.

"Chuck."

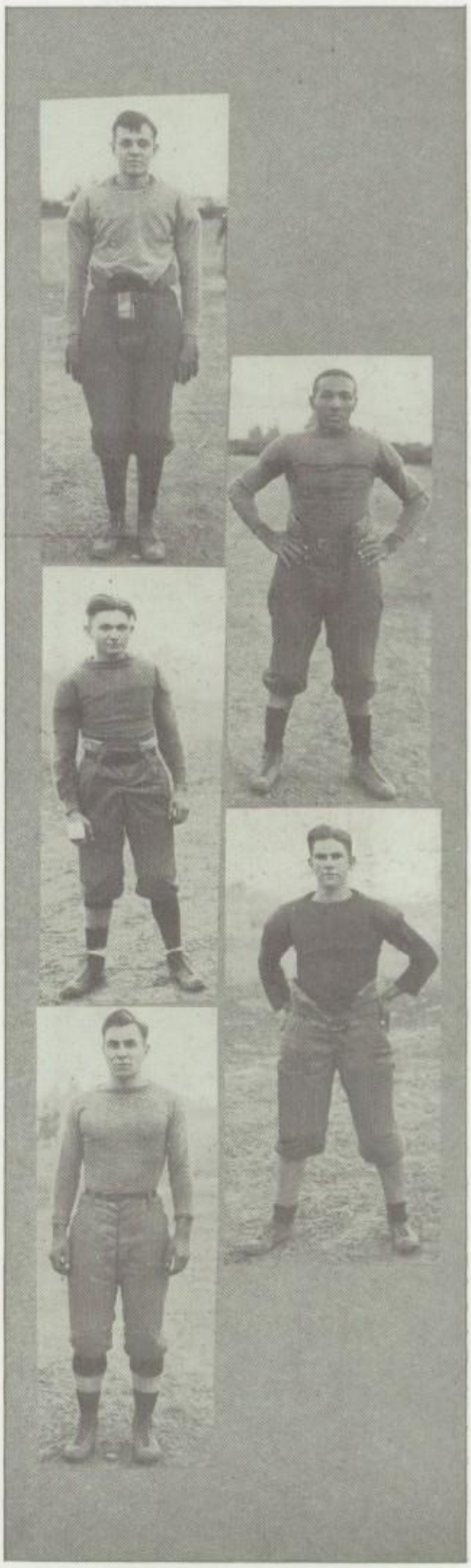
Chuck Ashe, the fighting fullback, was another important cog in the husky backfield. Chuck was handicapped all season by a badly burned side, but at that he put up a brand of ball that proved him to be one of the best backs that ever represented Pasadena High.

"Don."

Don Doolittle handled the finances, arranged the schedules, and press agented the "fighting bulldogs."

"Battleship Von."

Von Mohr, a veteran of Seay's championship eleven, was the big obstacle in the line for opposing squads. "Fronkus" smashed up everything that came his way, and starred at running down punts.



"Jeff."

Goeffery Kemp was one of the big finds of the season. His speed and shiftiness, along with his ability to muss up passes made him a wonderful end. He will not be back next year.

"Foosh."

Clovis Fouché (accent on the "e") was the most consistent battering ram of the backfield. His powerful smashes were always good for yards while his defense playing was enough to make any aspiring opponent give up.

"Osc."

The speediest halfback on the team was Oscar Whetstine. Oscar was the lightest of all the candidates, but was also the shiftiest and quickest to get away with the ball. The 135-pound wonder gained many yards for the cardinal by his speedy end runs.

"Ross."

Ross Anderson was the third member of the team to win his letter in his first year. Ross was a fighter through an dthrough, and although injured many times during the season, he was always ready to take his place in the lineup at the start of a game.

"Bill."

Assistant Coach Hainsworth — a regular fellow and some coach.

"Cliff."

Cliff Boorey, captain-elect for next year, was a hardworking consistent lineman during the entire season. Cliff knows how to play the game hard.

"Friscus."

Friscus Granciscus was a gentleman possessed of great speed and alertness. He had a hobby of smearing passes and making flying tackle. Friscus will have another year at P. H. S. to make life miserable for opposing speedsters.

"Mac."

Harry McCament, one of the scrappiest tackles that ever put on a Rer and White unie, was a man who had worked as sub for two years and finally landed a place on the team. His work in the Long Beach game was exceptionally brilliant. He played any position on the line with the exception of center equally well.

"Eb."

Everett Braley, a product of the wilds of John Muir, made the team in his first year out and developed into a husky lineman. Eb's red head could always be seen colliding with some struggling player and smashing up enemy attacks.

"Baldwin."

Clarence Baldwin, another former sub with plenty of spirit, twinkled forth as one of the stars of the line. Baldwin was a hard tackler and good on opening holes for the backfield. He was made famous by his "broken" back sustained in the Santa Ana game.

"Benny."

Benny Puterbaugh, another fast end, made the team due to his hard training. Benny believed in the theory that a footballer should be a "fighting fool," and attempted to carry that part out. Benny's work was not spectacular, but it was the kind that could always be depended upon.

"Chet."

Chester Long, sub-lineman, had little chance during the 1918 season. Chet should be a fixture next year.

"Pete."

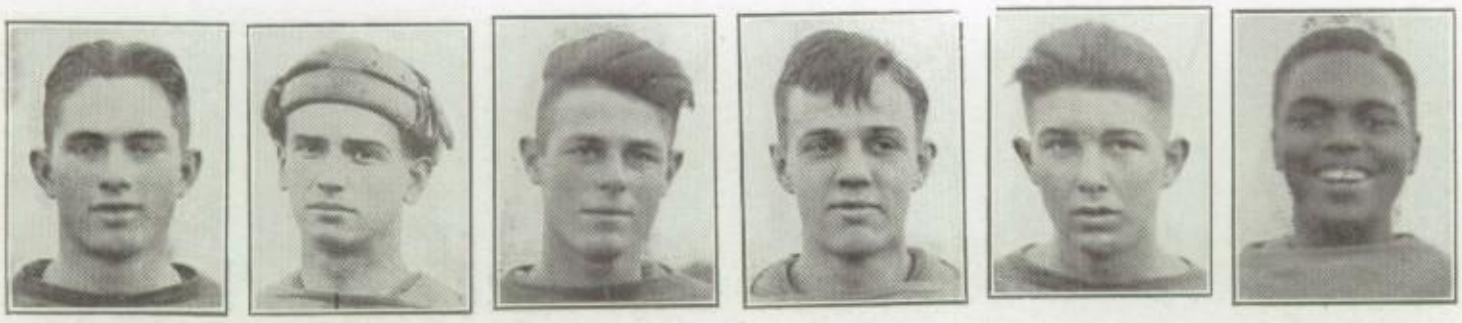
Pete Simpson broke into fame by making the team in his first year at school. Pete took great delight in smashing up line plays at his position of guard, and promises to be back on the job ready to even things up with Long Beach next year.

"Caleb."

Caleb Elliott, a fast sub who just failed to make the first team backfield.

"Shorty."

Shorty Bedal was hampered by a bad ankle throughout the season, but was "there," nevertheless.



1914-17 Football Record of Pasadena High

	1914	1915	1916	1917
P. H. S.	9	6	42	0
Long Beach	9	0	13	28
P. H. S.	76	50	14	9*
Whittier	6	0	13	3
P. H. S.	0	19	26	0
Santa Ana	0	0	3	3
P. H. S.	20	..	0*	7*
Chaffey Union	13	..	13	0
P. H. S.	54	..	0*	..
San Diego	0	..	26	..
P. H. S.	..	24*	..	24*
L. A. Poly	..	20	..	6
P. H. S.	..	14	7*	..
Manual Arts	..	3	42	..
P. H. S.	..	15	..	0*
L. A. High	..	0	..	0
P. H. S.	..	7	..	..
Pomona	..	0	..	..
P. H. S.	..	..	53*	..
Santa Monica	..	..	0	..
County Champ.	Santa Ana	P. H. S.	P. H. S.	Long Beach
State Champ.	..	P. H. S.	..	Manual Arts

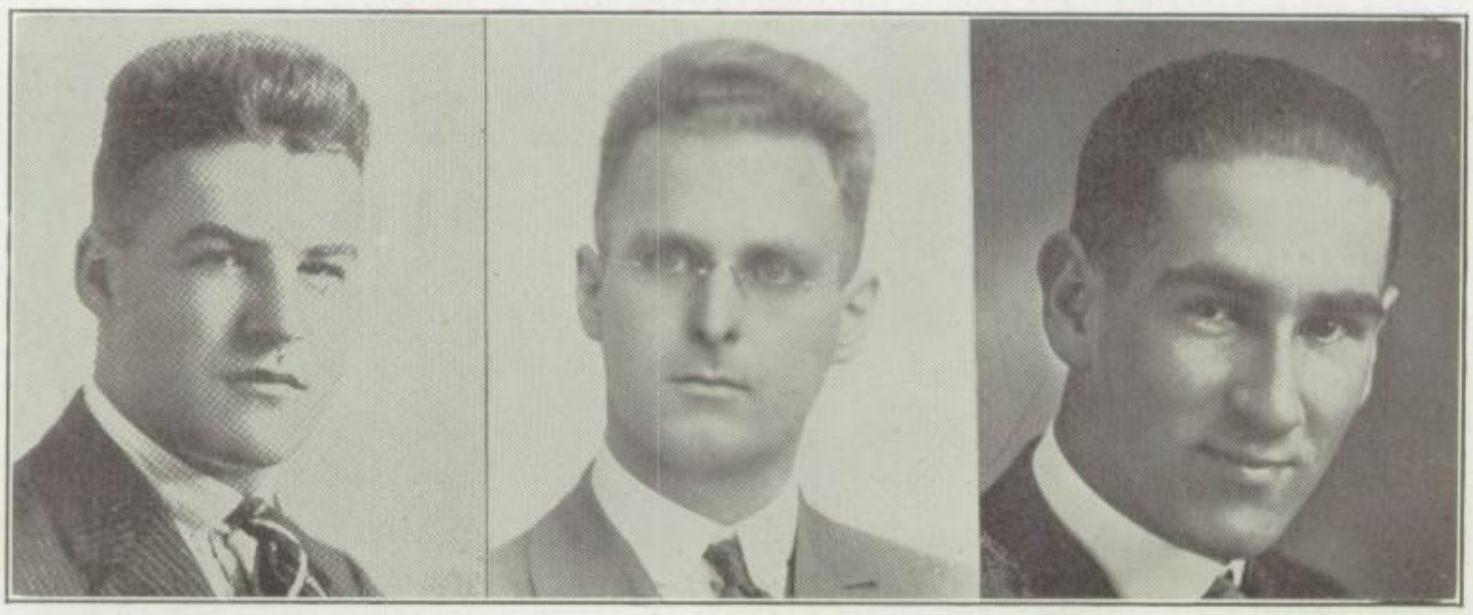
*Practice Game.

"Bob"

Due to an accident in the Poly game which broke four toes, Bob Shlaudeman was unable to play in enough games to win a letter. However, Bob was without doubt one of the best players on the team and proved to be the shining light in the games in which he took part.

"Coach"

Coach Carl H. Carson was a man who understood football. His mystifying plays were certainly hard to solve, and despite the many injuries to the team during the season, he produced a bunch of clean fighters of which the school was proud.



CAPT. CHISHOLM COACH CARSON MGR. DOOLITTLE

Basketball Season 1918

With the admitting of the Pasadena High School squad of court artists in the City League, basketball received more recognition at P. H. S. than ever before, and for once the students realized that they possessed a good team to support. Although the Crown City quintette finished only sixth in the league, the players always put up an interesting brand of ball and many lively contests wese fought out. Hollywood won the title with eight victories and no defeats, while Pasadena finished the season with three games won and four lost.

Of the five practice games, P. H. S. lost but one. Although there was some excellent material out for a good light-weight eam, only one game was played by the bantams. The local featherweight five, consisting of Biddle, Black, Strickland, Graham, Thomas, and Wesson, walloped the L. A. High playing two practice contests with the fast Y. M. C. A. squad, winning both scraps after a hard tossle. Whittier High, former state champs on the court, met the Bulldogs in the first league game. Although the Poets won, and Whetstine at guard. Pasadena next defeated Lincoln and L. A. High. The Pasadena forwards, Biddle, Strickland, and Black dazzled both Angeleno aggregations with their speed, while Hackney and Whetstine, the two demon guards of the local quintette, put up such a scrap that their opponents had little chance to shoot baskets. Captain George Keyes at center was undoubtedly the best player on the team, his fast consistent work featuring every game.

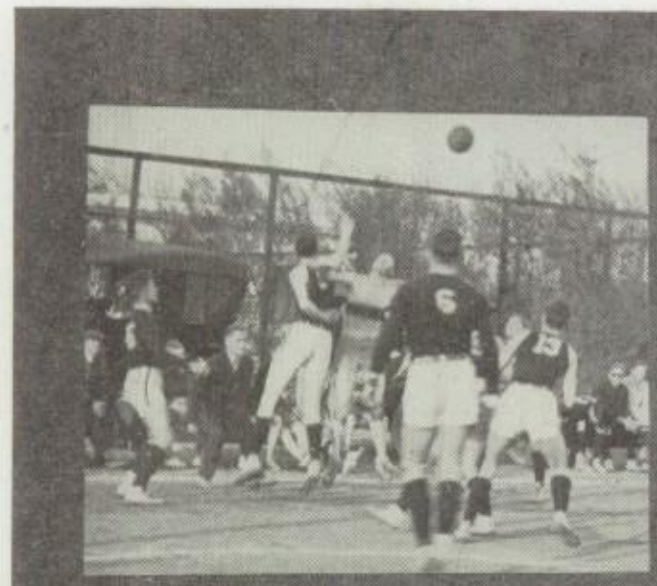
After beating Jefferson by a 36 to 13 score, the remaining games proved fatal to the Pasadena hopes, and the P. H. S. team lost to Manual Arts, L. A. Poly, and Hollywood. Owing to a misunderstanding regarding the place of meeting, Long Beach and Pasadena did not stage their annual court scrap. Captain Keyes, Strickland, Manager Black, Biddle, Pitzer, Hackney, Whetstine, and Mitchell won letters. Mr. Main, the P. H. S. physical director was the coach and Johnny Black held down the job of manager.

THE SCORES OF THE GAMES

The scores of the games:

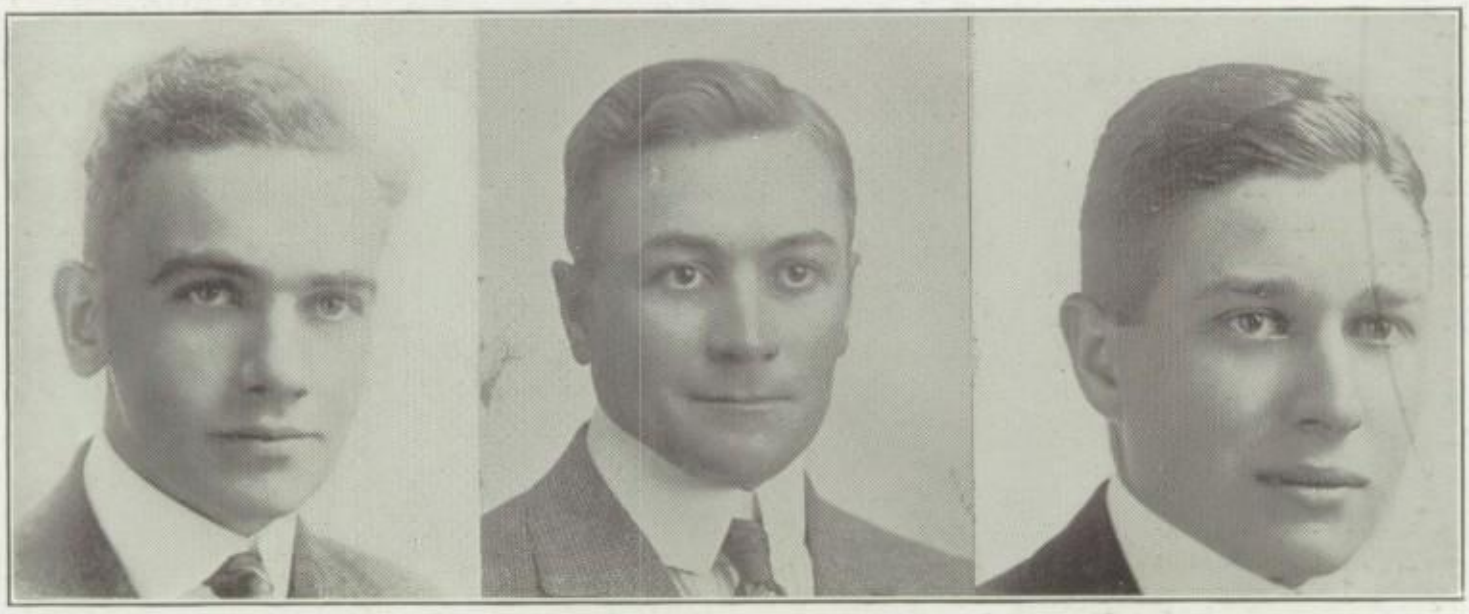
*P. H. S.	47	Y. M. C. A.	36
*P. H. S.	48	Monrovia	26
*P. H. S.	32	Y. M. C. A.	31
*P. H. S.	38	Alhambra	22
*P. H. S.	25	Huntington Park	33
P. H. S.	25	Lincoln	22
P. H. S.	33	L. A. High	21
P. H. S.	36	Jefferson	13
P. H. S.	15	L. A. Polytechnic	56
P. H. S.	12	Whittier	29
P. H. S.	18	Manual Arts	28
P. H. S.	2	Hollywood	28
	331		345

*Practice Game.



CITY LEAGUE STANDING

Team—	Won	Lost	Pct.
Hollywood	8	0	1000
Polytechnic	6	2	.750
Long Beach	5	2	.714
Whittier	5	3	.625
Manual Arts	4	4	.500
Pasadena	3	4	.429
L. A. High	2	6	.250
Lincoln	2	6	.250
Jefferson	0	8	.000



JOHN BLACK
Manager

GILBERT MAIN
Coach

GEORGE KEYES
Captain

SO. CAL.
INTERSCHOLASTIC
TRACK CHAMPION
WON BY PASADENA

Track Season 1918

California State Championship

With the winning of the state championship of California at Sacramento on April 27th, the Pasadena track team concluded the most successful season ever experienced at P. H. S. Starting by losing a dual meet, the Crown City gang of spikesters won each contest following, finishing the season by winning the City, Southern Cal. and State Championship cups.

Possessing a squad made up of men who could be conceded points in any meet, the Pasadenans found no difficulty in taking all the jewelry and gold and silver cups in sight. Paddock, Saunders, Shlaudeman, Lee, and Fouché were among the best in their events in the state, and it came as no surprise to many fans when the P. H. S. team finally won the state championship with room to spare.

Coach Main and Captain Bob Shlaudeman are the ones to whom most of the credit for the season's success is due. Coach Main supplied the brains and is responsible for the ability of nearly every man on the team. By following out the coach's instructions and working and training hard, the Pasadenans were able to mold together a winning squad. Captain Bob proved to be one of the most popular leaders the track squad ever possessed. Bob also was one of the most consistent performers of the team. He started the season in the pole vault, high jump, and broad jump, but after a short time specialized in only the pole vault and broad jump. Bob could never make very good marks in practice, but when it came to a pinch in a meet, he could always be depended upon to come through with a couple of places.

The sprints were taken care of by friend Chas. Paddock and Jeff Kemp. Paddock did not lose a race all season, while in the dual meets, Kemp always finished close behind him. Kenny Saunders, who has been working hard since his freshman year, shone out as the best half miler in the state. Kenny and McIlvaine ran the middle distances while Mac also starred in the mile. Minskey and Curtis ran the hurdles and pulled down many points for H. P. S. in those events. Fouche took it upon himself to win more digits for the Red and White in the weights and was the second best discus heaver in the state. Allan Lee in his first year on the team showed himself to be one of the best high jumpers in the state. He also copped many digits in the dual meets in the javelin throw. The Pasadena relay team with such speedsters as Kemp, Minskey, DeSilva, Herrick, Puterbaugh, Curtis, Hart, and Paddock was another winner.

Pasadena lost the first dual meet of the year to Manual Arts by the score of 69 to 53. Owing to a mistake in transportation, Clovie Fouche was unable to get to Manual, and the loss of his ten points swung the meet in Manual's favor. The next contest was the A. A. U. Relay Championships, and here the Bulldog turf-diggers made an excellent showing. Charley Paddock took both the open and high school hundreds with ease in the remarkable time of 10 flat. Charles also tied the world's interscholastic 220 record of 21:4 for a curved track when he ran the first lap of the eight-man mile relay, giving

the second man on the P. H. S. squad a fifty-foot lead over the rest of the field.

Dual meets with Long Beach and L. A. Poly were next and Pasadena took first in both. Pasadena celebrated her entrance into the City League by winning the City League Championship with 33 points. Poly High was a close second with 32 points. Manual Arts finished third with 25½ markers. The Southern Cal. was next and Pasadena proceeded to cop all honors with 25 points. Manual again was forced to give way to the Crown City speedsters and took second place with 21. In the open A. A. U. Championships, Coach Main's track artists once more beat out all prep school comers with ten points. Paddock beat out the best sprinters the south had to offer in the hundred, while Kenny Saunders took third in the half mile against a strong field of fast collegians. Lee completed the list of Pasadena points by taking second in the high jump. The state meet was a fitting climax for the numerous P. H. S. track victories. Pasadena was first with 25 points, San Bernardino second with 18, and Fresno third with 15.

THE NOVICE MEET

Pasadena opened her track season with a novice meet. Only those who had never won a point in an interscholastic meet were eligible. The star of the meet was Louie Minskey, who won first place in the 100, high hurdles, broad jump, and 50. Sloan took the mile, Hart was first in the 220, Riddle copped the 880, Lee aviated into first place in the high jump, and Wesson took the blue ribbon in the 440.

THE INTERCLASS MEET

The annual interclass meet was won by the seniors with a total of 92 points. The juniors were a poor second, with 25 digits, while the sophs succeeded in taking 14. The frosh were presented with a goose egg. The seniors took first place in all but three events, with the Juniors with Charles Paddock taking the remaining firsts.

THE MANUAL ARTS MEET

In the first dual track meet of the year held at Manual Arts, the Toilers slipped over a 69 to 53 victory on the Bulldogs. The meet was much closer than the score would indicate. For a time, the Pasadenans were far ahead, but the winning of all three places by the Artisans in three events spoiled the P. H. S. chances for a victory.

Although the first meet of the year, some fast time was made in many events. Paddock walked away from Woods in the century in 10 flat. Chas. repeated the dose in the 220, winning in 22:4, a new record for the Manual track. Kenny Saunders took both the 440 and 880, while Pasadena with McIlvaine, Hutchinson, and Sloan cleaned up all three places in the mile.

THE SUMMARY

880-yard run—Won by Saunders (P); McIlvain (P), second; Richardson (M A), third. Time, 2 min. 12⅕ sec.

Pole Vault—Won by Emmons (M A); Shlaudeman (P), second; McMillan (M A), third. Height, 10 ft. 9¼ in.

100-yard dash—Won by Paddock (P); Woods (M A), second; Krohn (M A), third. Time, 10 sec.

ROBERT SHLAUDEMAN
Captain

GILBERT MAIN
Coach

WILFRED GRUWELL
Manager

Javelin throw—Won by Stewart (M A); Long (P), second; Lee (P), third. Distance, 129 ft., 6 in.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Berkey (M A); Minsky (P), second; Parkenson (M A), third. Time, 17⅕ sec.

440-yard dash—Won by Saunders (P); Lilley (M A), second; Griffin (M A), third. Time, 55⅕ sec.

220-yard dash—Won by Paddock (P); Woods (M A), second; Krohn (M A), third. Time, 22⅘ sec. (New Manual Arts track record.)

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Newman (M A); Kiggens (M A), second; Stuart (M A), third. Time, 27⅖ sec.

Broad jump—Won by Cooley (M A); Shlaudeman (P), second; Zuchelli (M A), third. Distance, 20 ft. 3 in.

High jump—Won by Shlaudeman and Lee (P), tied for first; Emmons (M A), third. Height, 5 ft. 5¼ in.

Shot put—Won by Stuart (M A); Berkey (M A), second; McRae (M A), third. Distance, 40 ft. 9¼ in.

Discus throw—Won by McRae (M A); Berkey (M A), second; Zuchelli (M A), third. Distance, 100 ft. 4 in.

Mile run—Won by McIlvaine (P); Hutchinson (P), second; Sloan (P), third. Time, 5 min. 9⅗ sec.

Relay (eight men)—Won by Manual Arts (Lilly, Redman, McMillan, Newman, Griffin, Herman, Krohn, Woods). Time, 2 min. 59⅘ sec.

THE A. A. U. RELAY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Although they did not win the cup for the Relay Championships, Pasadena's strong teams came a very close second and lost the big silver trophy by but an inch in one of the relays. Paddock won both the open and high school hundreds with yards to spare in 10 flat. P. H. S. took second in the eight-man mile relay, losing to Manual by about two feet. The Pasadena squad consisting of Hutchinson, McIlvaine, Sears, and Saunders placed third while the team of Hutchinson, Sears, Hoff, and Saunders won third in the four-man mile event.

THE L. A. POLYTECHNIC MEET

The closest dual contest of the season was held with L. A. Poly High on Pasadena's field. The result of the meet was in doubt until the last lap

of the four-man relay, but when Chas. Paddock romped home the last 220 with a 10 yard lead over Schiller, the Poly marvel, the scrap went to Pasadena by a 64 to 58 score.

As usual Kenny Saunders copped the 880 and Paddock performed his weekly stunt in the century. Fouche heaved himself into first place in both the shot put and discus throw. McIlvaine being on the sick list, George of Poly won the mile with Hutchinson a close second. Shlaudeman and Lee tied for first in the high jump, while Lee also took the javelin throw.

THE SUMMARY

880-yard run—Won by Saunders (P); Robinson (Poly), second; Riddle (P), third. Time, 2 min. 13 sec.

100-yard dash—Won by Paddock (P) (forfeited); Schiller (Poly), second; Kemp (P), third. Time for Schiller, 10⅖ sec.

Pole vault—Won by Shlaudeman (P); Chapman (Poly), second; Colf (Poly), third. Height, 10 ft. 6 in.

Shot put—Won by Fouche (P); Hartman (Poly), second; Cuddebach (Poly), third. Distance, 42 ft. 6¼ in.

110-yard high hurdles—Won by Minskey (P); Jones (Poly), second; Curtis (P), third. Time, 15⅘ sec.

440-yard dash—Won by Robinson (Poly); Schiller (Poly), second; Herrick (P), third. Time, 55 sec.

High jump—Shlaudeman (P) and Lee (P), tied for first; Franklin (Poly), third. Height, 5 ft. 2 in.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Jones (Poly); Curtis (P) and Green (Poly), tied for second. Time, 28⅕ sec.

Discus throw—Won by Fouche (P); Hartman (Poly), second; Schofield (Poly), third. Distance, 106 ft. 3 in.

220-yard dash—Won by Schiller (Poly); Kemp (P), second; Puterbaugh (P), third. Time, 23⅗ sec.

Broad jump—Won by Jones (Poly); Schiller (Poly), second; Shlaudeman (P), third. Distance, 19 ft. 7½ in.

Javelin throw—Won by Lee (P); Colf (Poly), second; Ducey (P), third. Distance, 136 ft. 7 in.

Half-mile relay—Won by Pasadena (Kemp, Puterbaugh, Saunders, Paddock). Time, 1 min. 36 sec.

Final score—Pasadena, 64; Polytechnic, 58.

THE LONG BEACH MEET

Saturday, March 16th, 1918, the Bulldogs tore after the Long Beach Polywogs on the local field. The poor old Long Beach tracksters were crushed, mangled, and sat on to the harmonious little ditty of 83 to 39. Pasadena won every event but three and walloped the Beachcombers for the third consecutive time on the track.

Long Beach was outclassed from the start, Pasadena taking every first until the discus throw when Schall beat out Fouche by a bare inch. A big surprise came when Minskey, Curtis, and Dillman took all three places in the high hurdles. Fred DeSilva walked away with the 440 and Kemp took the 220. The relay went to the green-trousered crew when a Pasadena man with a four yard lead fell down and lost fifty feet.

THE SUMMARY

880-yard run—Won by Saunders (P); Meiklejohn (L), second; Sears (P), third. Time, 2 min. 11⅗ sec.

100-yard dash—Won by Paddock (P); Kemp (P), second; Hitch (L), third. Time, 10 flat.

Shot put—Won by Fouche (P); Schall (L), second; Renius (L), third. Distance, 43 ft, 8½ in.

High jump—Won by Lee (P); Shlaudeman (P) and Dennebrink (L), tied for second. Height, 5 ft. 6½ in.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Minskey (P); Curtis (P), second; Dillman (P), third. Time, 17⅗ sec.

440-yard dash—Won by DeSilva (P); Meiggs (L), second; Herrick (P), third. Time, 57⅕ sec.

220-yard Low Hurdles—Won by Curtis (P); Buckley (L), second; Hoff (P), third. Time, 28⅖ sec.

220-yard dash—Won by Kemp (P); Robinson (L), second; Hitch (L), third. Time, 23⅘ sec.

Discus throw—Won by Schall (L); Fouche (P), second; Shlaudeman (P), third. Distance, 103 ft, 8¼ in.

Pole vault—Shlaudeman (P) and Curtis (P), tied for first; Renius (L), Fulton (L) and Richards (L), tied for third. Height, 9 ft. 9 in.

Mile run—Won by Hutchinson (P); McIlvaine (P), second; Sloan (P), third. Time, 5 min. 3⅗ sec.

Broad jump—Won by Andrews (L); Shlaudeman (P), second; Minskey (P), third. Distance, 19 ft. 7 in.

Javelin—Won by Lee (P); Price (L), second; Ducey (P), third. Distance, 126 ft. 7½ in.

Relay (eight-man)—Won by Long Beach (Rogers, Andrews, Meiklejohn, Tiernan, Tabata, Buckley, Robinson, Hitch).

Final score—Pasadena, 83; Long Beach, 39.

THE CITY LEAGUE MEET

Winning the first athletic championship of the year, Pasadena celebrated its entrance into the City League by taking the city championship with 33 points. Poly High was a close second with 32, while Manual finished third with 25½. Schiller and Jones of Poly put their school on the map by winning 28 of the Mechanics' points between them. P. H. S. took the cup when the relay team rambled home with second place giving them a one point margin over Messrs. Schiller and Jones.

Captain Bob Shlaudeman took second in both the pole vault and broad jump. In the pole vault, Bob beat all previous records and aviated to a height of 11 feet, 3 inches. Leadingham of Manual squeezed over the cross bar at 11 feet, 5 inches on his third turn and won. The 880 went to the old reliable K. Saunders. The half mile was the prettiest race of the day, Kenny winning after a long sprint and nailing Brower of L. A. High about five yards from the tape. Kenny now holds the City record in this event with 2 minutes, 4 1-5 seconds.

Paddock loped into first place in the 100, while McIlvaine ran his fastest race of the year in the mile and finished third against a fast field. Lee was another good point winner, taking first place in the high jump.

THE SOUTHERN CAL. MEET

A week after winning the Ctiy League championship, the P. H. S. Bulldogs visited the township of San Bernardino and took part in the annual Southern California prep school championships. The locals took the lead at the start and got farther ahead at nearly every event, finally winning with 25 points. Manual Arts was again forced to lower her colors to Pasadena and finished second with 21. San Bernardino High was third with 17. Immediately after the finish of the relay, Pasadena was presented with her second title cup of the year, the great silver Tribune trophy.

Three Southern Cal. records were smashed during the day's work. Paddock established a new mark of 10 flat in the 100, Schiller made a record of 51 2-5 seconds in the 440, and Johnny Boyle of L. A. High put his name on the list of record-smashers by making a new mark in the discus. Bobby Shlaudeman cinched the meet for P. H. S. when he placed second in the broad jump. Bob also took second in the pole vault. Paddock took the 220, Fouche won second in the discus and fourth in the shot put, Saunders copped second place in the half, and Lee and the relay team each took one point.

THE A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIPS

Several Pasadenans entered the annual open A. A. U. Championships held at Bovard Field as a means of getting a little more practice for the state meet. Pasadena finished sixth in the meet against the best colleges the south had to offer and made ten points, more than any other prep school. Pasadena's ten points came when Paddock won the open 100, Saunders took third place in the 880, and Lee was second in the high jump. In every case, the P. H. S. entries beat out good college men.

THE STATE MEET

Running off with the state prep school track and field championship held at Sacramento, Pasadena fittingly climaxed the most successful season in history. The state meet came as one of the easiest victories of the year for the P. H. S. squad, Coach Main's gang of spikesters winning with a seven point margin. San Berdoo took second, with Fresno third and Manual Arts High fourth. Pasadena won with 25 points, proving that the Crown City squad was not a one man team, but an all-round champ.

Saunders proved that he was the best 880 man in the state by taking first place in the excellent time of 2:2:4. Charley Paddock, although he had been out of school for two weeks on account of illness, showed his heels to all comers in the 100 and 220, winning both events with room to spare. Clovie Fouche again placed second to Johnny Boyle in the discus, while Allan Lee pressed Muller of San Diego hard for first place in the high jump, finally winning second. Captain Bob placed in both the broad jump and pole vault, taking third place in the former and winning fourth in the aerial event. Paddock did not feel well enough to run in the relay, but the team consisting of Kemp, Hart, Puterbaugh, and Saunders ran a fast race and copped another point.

Eight men represented Pasadena at the meet and each one won a medal. The team returned the day following the meet and brought home a big silver trophy, emblematic of the state championship of California. The Pasadena team in its drive for the championship did not start out the season any too strong, but due to the hard training and the excellent coaching of Gilbert Main, the fellows made up a team that proved itself without doubt to be the best in the state.

TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS OF 1918 AT PASADENA HIGH

Event—	Record	Holder
100-yard Dash	10 sec.	Charles Paddock, '19
220-yard Dash	21⅘ sec.	Charles Paddock, '19
440-yard Dash	55⅕ sec.	Kenneth Saunders, '18
880-yard Run	2 min. 2⅘ sec.	Kenneth Saunders, '18

Mile Run	4 min. 50 sec.	Noble McIlvaine, '18
120-yard High Hurdles	17 sec.	Louis Minskey, '19
220-yard Low Hurdles	28⅘ sec.	Harold Curtis, '18
Pole Vault	11 ft. 3 in.	Robert Shlaudeman, '18
Broad Jump	20 ft. 9 in.	Robert Shlaudeman, '18
High Jump	5 ft. 10⅜ in.	Allan Lee, '18
Javelin Throw	136 ft. 7 in.	Allan Lee, '18
Discus Throw	111 ft. 6 in.	Clovis Fouche, '18
Shot Put	43 ft. 8½ in.	Clovis Fouche, '18

TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS OF PASADENA HIGH

Event—	Record	Holder
50-yard Dash	5⅕ sec.	George Conn, '16
100-yard Dash	9⅘ sec.	Charles Paddock, '19
220-yard Dash	21⅘ sec.	Charles Paddock, '19
440-yard Dash	50 sec.	George Conn, '16
880-yard Run	1 min. 58 sec.	George Conn, '16
Mile Run	4 min. 37⅘ sec.	Whitney Reeves, '17
120-yard High Hurdles	15⅘ sec.	Charles Fuller, '16
220-yard Low Hurdles	26⅘ sec.	Royal Wilke, '17
High Jump	5 ft. 11½ in.	Titus Moore, '18
Pole Vault	11 ft. 8¼ in.	Ronald Gibbs, '12
Broad Jump	22 ft. 8 in.	Elliott Gibbs, '12
Discus Throw	137 ft. 7 in.	Roy Bagnard, '15
Shot Put	51 ft. 6½ in.	Roy Bagnard, '15
Javelin Throw	136 ft. 7 in.	Allan Lee, '18

1915-18 TRACK RECORD OF PASADENA HIGH

	1915	1916	1917	1918
P. H. S.	..	81	63	83
Long Beach	..	36	59	49
P. H. S.	58	..	60	64
L. A. Poly	55	..	62	58
P. H. S.	..	41	65	53
Manual Arts	..	76	57	69
P. H. S.	59	57½	..	..
Hollywood	54	55½	..	..
P. H. S.	..	79⅔	..	..
L. A. High	..	38⅓	..	..
P. H. S.	..	75⅔	..	..
San Diego	..	37⅓	..	..
County Champs	Long Beach	P. H. S.	P. H. S.	P. H. S.
State Champs	Manual Arts	Manual Arts	Coalinga	P. H. S.

PERSONAL

"Coach"

P. H. S. has been fortunate for the last few years in having a track coach who could get the maximum amount of efficiency out of an athlete with a minimum amount of work. Mr. Main has done all of the coaching alone and has done it very quietly. With one exception, every man on the state championship team has been developed by him into the star that he now is.

"Chas."

So much has been written about young "Chuck" Paddock that all that remains of interest to be said is that he will return to Pasadena High next year, and if nothing happens to his precious legs, he will run the 100 and 220

a few more times. For further information regarding Mr. Paddock inquire at Hall of Fame.

"Bob"

Captain Bob Shlaudeman has developed from a fairly good performer in the broad jump and pole vault at the beginning of the year to one of the best men in those events in the state. Bob is not naturally an aviator, but it was his grit and fight that made him sail through space in a pinch in a big meet when a few points were needed.

"Kenny"

Fuzzy-haired K. Saunders, for four years a member of the P. H. S. track squad, this year blossomed forth as the best half-miler in the state. Kenny started in as a 220 man in his freshman year, but changed to the 880 when Coach Main decided to make him another wonder of the world.

"Clovie"

Another consistent point winner for the Red and White was Clovis Fouche. Clovie was a small but mighty weight thrower and was second only to the reknowned J. Boyle in discus heaving proclivities.

"Lee"

Discovered: another claimant for the dark horse championship of the Solar System. Name: Allan Lee. Mr. Lee won third place in the javelin throw in the novice meet, and thus encouraged he practiced mightily until at present he is the best high jumper and one of the best javelin heavers in thse parts.

"Jeff"

Geoffrey Kemp, after winning fame on the gridiron, next betook it unto himself to scintilate on the track. Jeff was a wonderful sprinter and was the backbone of the relay team. In the first 220 of the relay in the state meet, Jeff beat such stars as Woods of Manual and Cook of San Bernardino.

"Mac"

Each year Pasadena High turns out a star miler and this season it was "Nobe" McIlvaine's turn to make a reputation for himself. "Mac" was the captain of Pasadena's leather-lunged cross country team and won many points on that squad and on Coach Main's gang of track experts.

"Hutch"

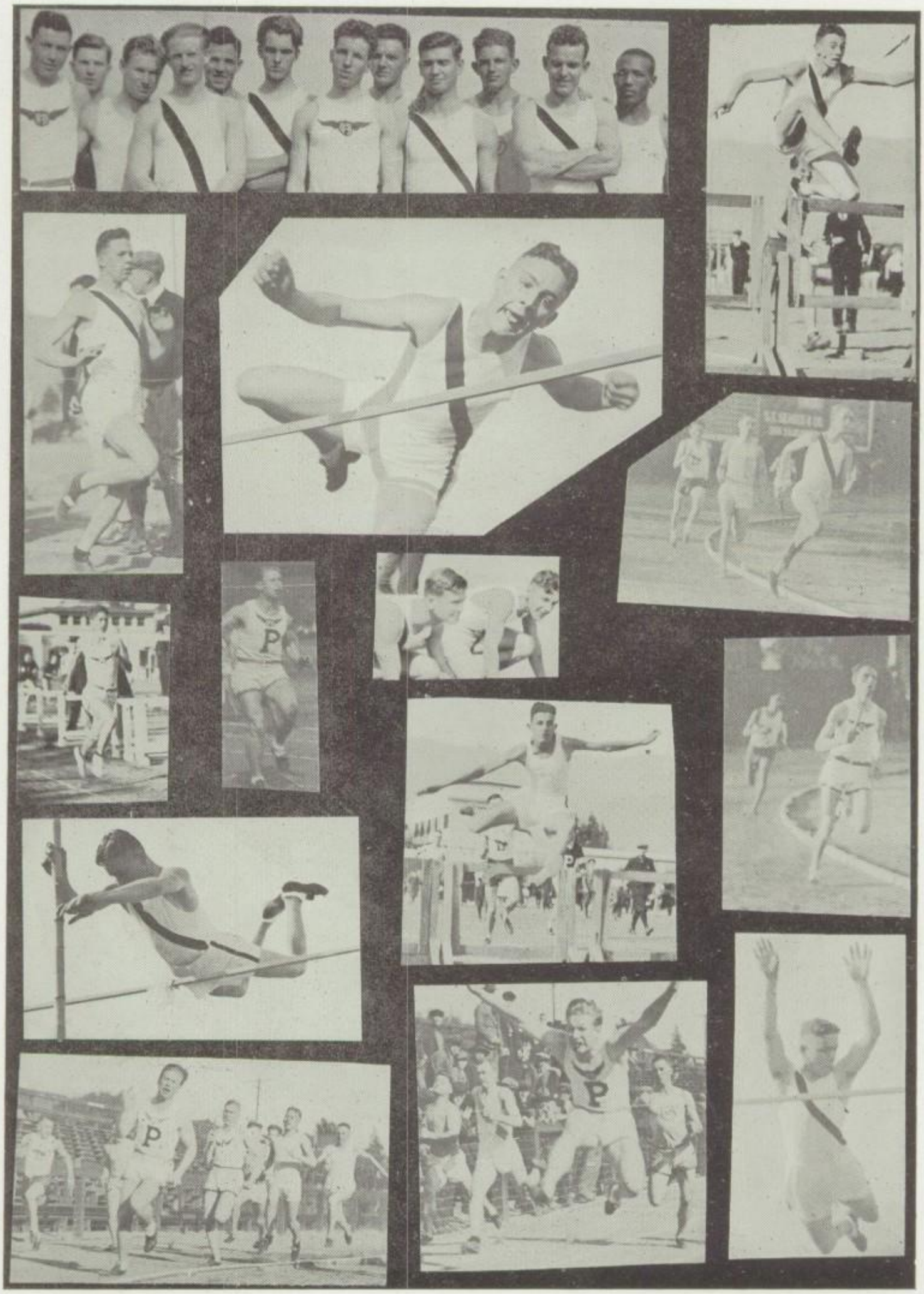
Earl Hutchinson was another member of Pasadena High's fast squad of milers. "Hutch" took two seconds and a first in the three dual meets and was a member of the cross country aggregation.

"Louie"

The high hurdles were ably taken care of by Louie Minskey. Minskey owing to ill health did not show up so well toward the end of the season. He will have another year back at P. H. S.

"Hal"

On the day of the Long Beach meet, a hitherto almost unheard-of trackster suddenly leaped into stardom. Harold Curtis took first in the low hurdles, second in the high sticks, and tied for first in the pole vault. From then on, Curtis became another valuable member of the P. H. S. team.



Baseball Season 1918

The 1918 baseball season at Pasadena High School, while a great improvement over the three preceding years, was still not a success. The 1918 team was composed largely of new men and the nine was exceedingly slow in rounding into form. It was not until the league season was half over that the Cardinals began to play real baseball in a consistent manner and then it was too late to do more than pull out of the second division of the league into a tie for third place. The ability was there but the team suffered from nervousness at critical moments, in fact played early season ball in mid-season. Inclement weather and a combination of unfortunate circumstances prevented all but three or four real practice games and the nine thus was forced to pay dear for gaining the necessary experience in the league season that should have been acquired naturally in the training season.

The admission of Pasadena, Long Beach, and Whittier into the City League did much to boost prep baseball throughout the entire circuit. The Long Beach team went through the entire season without a defeat and thus gained the honor of being the first county team to take a City Championship, while both Whittier and Pasadena made fairly good showings. The final standing of the Los Angeles City League was as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pct.		Won	Lost	Pct.
Long Beach	8	0	1000	Whittier	4	4	.500
Manual Arts	6	2	.750	Jefferson	4	4	.500
Polytechnic	5	3	.625	L. A. High	3	5	.375
Pasadena	4	4	.500	Hollywood	2	6	.250

The Lincoln team was also a member of the league but was forced to disband early in the season and forfeit the remainder of its games.

Pasadena's practice season was short and triumphant. Of seven preseason games the Cardinals had little trouble in winning six but the six encounters were practically all five or seven inning games with weak teams. The season was opened with a three game series with South Pasadena for the so-called Pasadena City Championship. The series was to be a three out of five game affair but the Cardinal nine took the first three games with little trouble and won the title.

First game—at South Pasadena, January 30:

						R.	H.	E.
Pasadena	5	1	3	0	0*—9	9	3
South Pasadena	0	0	0	4	0*—4	6	5

*Called end of fifth—darkness.

Batteries—McNabb, Webster and Simpson; Shields, Perrine and Norton.

Second game—at Pasadena, February 6:

							R.	H.	E.
South Pasadena	0	0	0	0	0	0*—0	1	2
Pasadena	2	1	0	0	0	x*—3	4	2

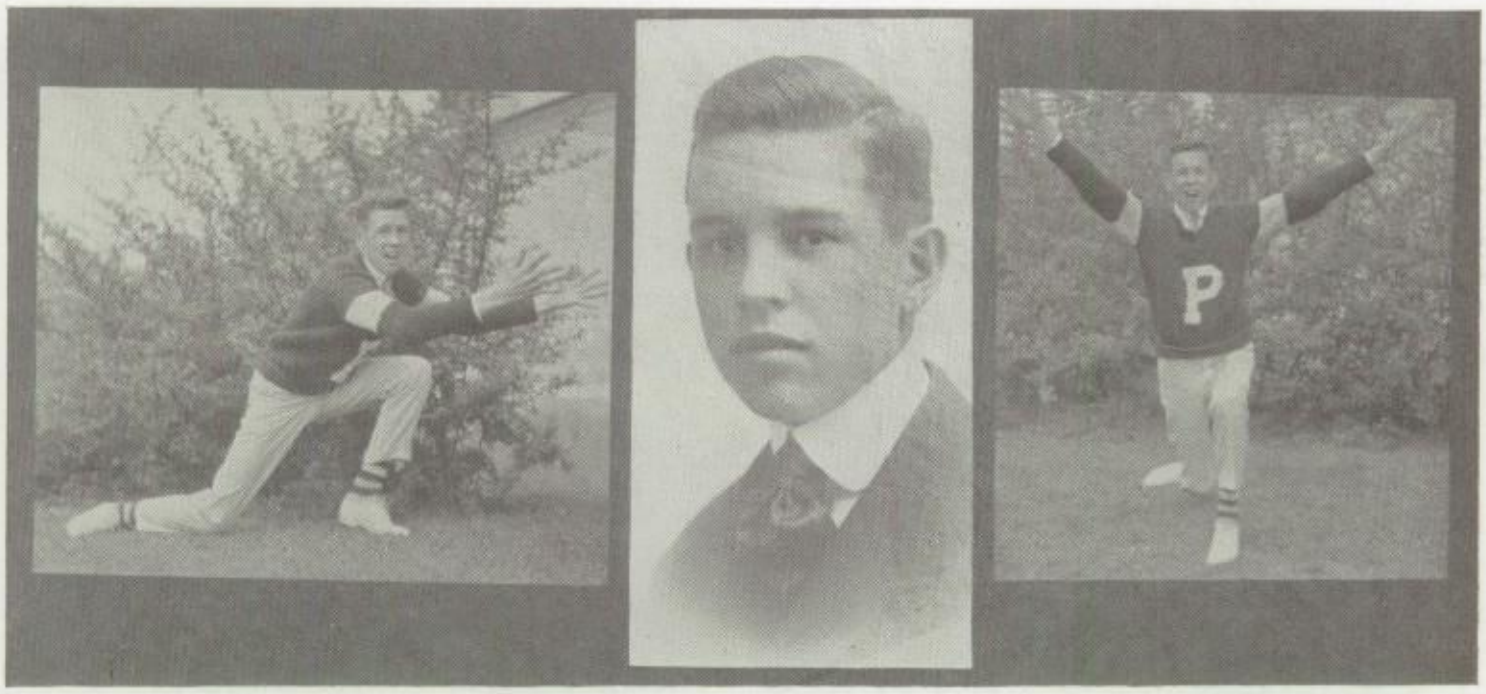
*Called end of sixth—darkness.

Batteries—Webster and Boorey; Snow and Norton.

Third game—at South Pasadena, February 13:

						R.	H.	E.
Pasadena	0	4	0	7	3—14	11	8
South Pasadena	2	0	1	0	0— 3	1	6

Batteries—McNabb and Riddle; Snow and Norton.



KELLOGG KREBS
Yell Leader

On February 23 the Cardinals played their only real practice game of the season against Co. I from Camp Kearny. The soldiers took the lead in the first on errors by the nervous Cardinal infield and were never headed, the final score being 6 to 2.

										R.	H.	E.
Co. I	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	1—	6	10	3
Pasadena	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—	2	6	7

Batteries—Webster and Simpson; V. Biscaliuz and Creiger.

February 28 Throop College came to Pasadena and was shut out in a fast five-inning encounter by a 1 to 0 score. Two singles off Lukens in the first were responsible for the only score.

						R.	H.	E.
Throop	0	0	0	0	0—	0	3	1
Pasadena	1	0	0	0	0—	1	3	1

Batteries—Webster and Simpson; Lukens and Silverthorn.

Three other practice games were played during the league season, the scores being as follows:

At Pasadena, March 15—Pasadena, 11; Alhambra, 3 (five innings).
At Throop, April 17—Throop, 15; Pasadena, 13.
At Pasadena, April 23—Pasadena, 15; Monrovia, 1.

The City League opener took place at Jefferson, March 22, the result being a victory for the Cardinals 3 to 2. The game was loosely played but exceedingly close, a near ninth inning rally by the Democrats featuring the contest. Webster pitched airtight ball, allowing but three hits, Jefferson scoring their two runs in the sixth without the aid of a hit. The box score:

PASADENA	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sharples, cf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Kemp, 2b	5	0	0	3	1	0
Strickland, ss	4	0	1	1	0	0
McNabb, lf	4	1	2	4	0	0
Simpson, c	2	1	0	5	2	1
Byers, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Riddle, 3b	4	1	2	2	1	1
Pitt, 1b	3	0	0	11	0	1
Webster, p	4	0	1	1	10	0
	33	3	6	27	14	3

JEFFERSON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Glenn, cf	2	0	0	3	0	0
Swearingen, x	0	0	0	0	0	0
Settles, c	3	0	0	8	2	0
Goodman, rf	2	0	2	0	0	0
Howe, p	3	1	0	0	1	0
Packman, ss	3	0	0	2	2	0
Foss, 3b	3	1	0	2	3	1
Taylor, 1b	2	0	1	8	0	1
Carlton, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
McCabe, 2b	3	0	0	1	3	1
	24	2	3	26*	11	3

xSwearingen batted for Glenn in the ninth.
*Pitt out, hit by batted ball.

SCORE BY INNINGS

Pasadena	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—3
Jefferson	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2

SUMMARY

Two-base hit—McNabb. Stolen bases—Swearingen, Goodman (2), Howe, Foss, Taylor (3), McCabe, Byers, Riddle (2). Sacrifice hits—Byers, Glenn, Goodman, Howe, Packham, Foss, Taylor, Carlton. Left on bases—Pasadena, 8; Jefferson, 9. Struck out—by Webster, 5; by Howe, 5. Base on balls—off Howe, 3; off Webster, 4. Hit by pitcher—by Howe: Simpson; by Webster: Swearingen, Settles, Taylor. Wild pitch—Webster. Passed ball—Simpson. Umpire—Sheppard.

The second league game was played with Polytechnic on the home diamond and resulted in a 10 to 9 victory for the Mechanics. The Cardinal sixth inning allowing seven Polyites to cross the platter. The Pasadena nine outhit Poly almost 2 to 1 but after the second inning were helpless with men on bases. Hillman, the Poly relief pitcher, was wild but effective in the pinches. The score:

POLYTECHNIC	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Newberry, 3b	4	1	1	1	1	0
Stupin, lf	3	0	0	3	1	1
Cornell, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0
Bricker, 2b	5	1	1	6	4	0
Buck, rf	4	2	0	0	0	0
Cuddeback, cf	4	2	1	0	0	0
Tally, ss	3	1	1	2	2	0
Johnston, c	4	2	2	7	0	1
White, p	1	0	1	0	1	0
F. Hillman, p	3	1	0	0	0	0
	35	10	7	27	9	2

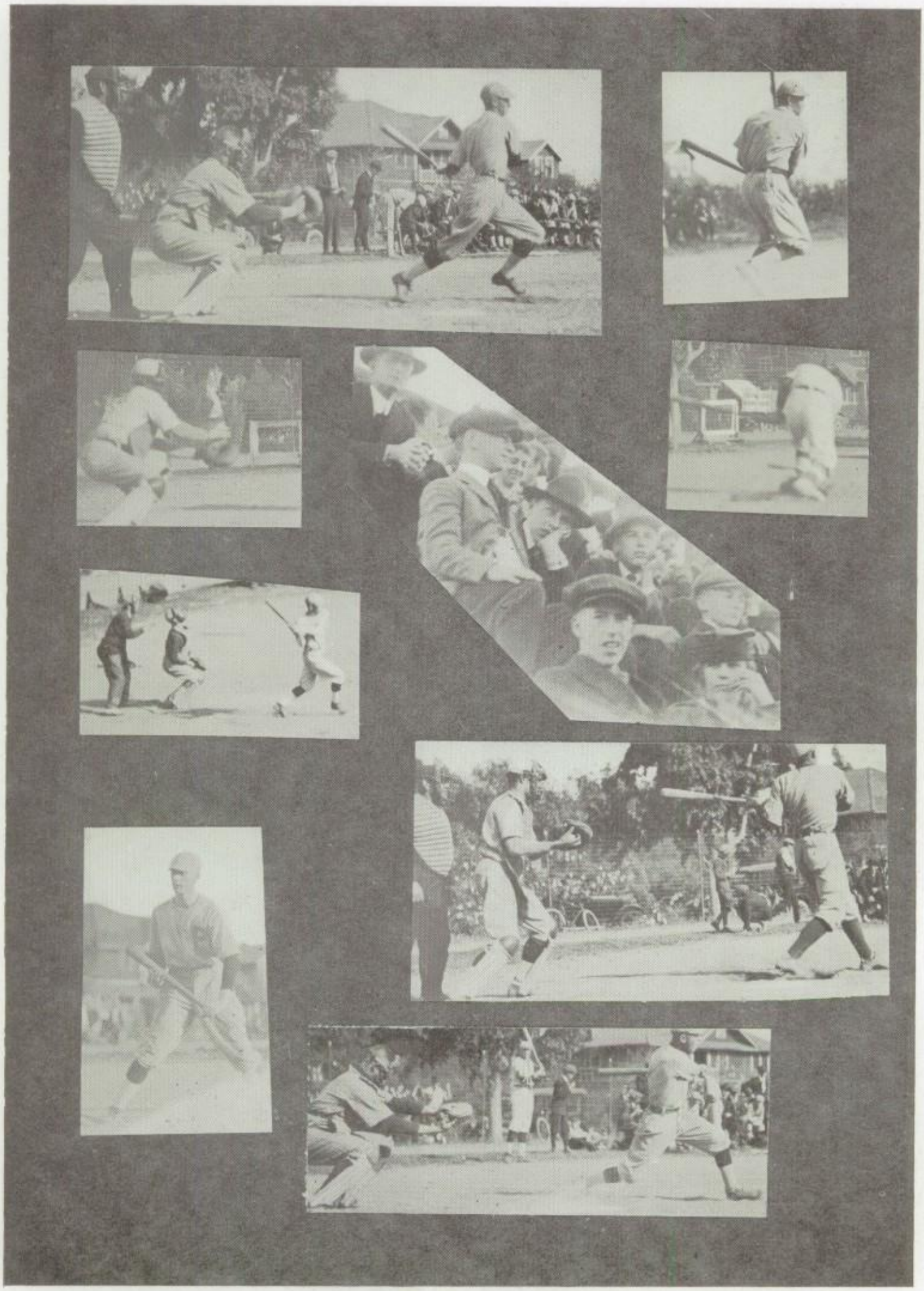
PASADENA	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sharples, cf-lf	4	2	2	4	0	1
Kemp, 2b	3	1	0	1	1	0
McNabb, lf-p	5	2	2	3	0	0
Getschine, 3b	5	1	2	3	1	0
Strickland, ss	5	0	1	0	1	2
Keyes, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Riddle, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
L. Webster, p-cf	3	2	1	0	3	1
Boorey, c	4	1	2	11	0	1
Pitt, 1b	4	0	2	5	0	0
	38	9	12	27	6	5

SCORE BY INNINGS

Polytechnic	0	0	1	0	0	7	1	0	1—10— 7—2
Pasadena	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	1	*— 9—12—5

SUMMARY

Two-base hit—Strickland. Three-base hits—McNabb, Newberry. Stolen bases—Cuddeback (2), Tally (3), Johnston, Kemp, McNabb, Strickland, Webster (2), Boorey, Pitt. Sacrifice hits—Kemp, Stupin, Tally. Double plays—Newberry to Buck, Stupin to Tally. Pitchers' record—5 runs, 6 hits off Webster in 6⅓; no runs; 1 hit off McNabb in 2⅔; 8 runs, 8 hits off White in 2; 1 run, 4 hits off Hillman in 7. Struck out—by Webster, 5; by McNabb, 3; by Hillman, 5. Base on balls—off Webster, 4; off White, 1; off Hillman, 2. Hit by pitcher—by Webster—Buck, Tally. Passed ball—Boorey. Left on bases—Pasadena, 6; Poly, 7. Umpire—Trotter.



April 12, Pasadena journeyed to Manual Arts and lost a hard luck battle to the Artisans by a count of 7 to 6. With the score 6 to 3 in favor of the Cardinals at the beginning of the eighth the Pasadenans staged their weekly balloon ascension allowing the Manual cohorts to accumulate four tallies and the game. The feature of the contest was the hitting of Jeff Kemp, the Bulldog second-sacker. His triple and home run came at crucial moments in the game. G. Loynd, who relieved Dudley in the third, was effective in all but the sixth inning. The score:

PASADENA

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kemp, 2b	5	2	2	0	1	0
Sharples, lf-cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
McNabb, p-lf	5	1	2	0	3	0
Getschine, 3b	4	0	0	2	3	0
Strickland, ss	3	0	0	2	1	1
Keyes, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Riddle, cf	2	0	1	1	0	0
Webster, p-cf	2	0	0	0	2	1
Simpson, c	4	0	0	11	1	1
Pitts, 1b	4	2	1	6	1	0
	36	6	7	24	12	3

MANUAL ARTS

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Souden, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Rankin, rf	1	1	0	1	0	0
Klinker, rf	1	1	1	0	0	0
Erb, ss	3	1	1	0	4	1
M. Loynd, .c	2	1	1	5	2	0
Everett, 2b	3	1	1	4	2	3
Bliss, cf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Peoples, 3b-1b	4	1	0	1	1	1
Kramer, 1b	1	0	1	5	0	1
McConnell, 3b	2	0	0	1	0	0
Dudley, p	0	0	0	0	2	0
G. Loynd, p	2	0	0	1	1	0
	26	7	5	27	12	6

SCORE BY INNINGS

Pasadena	0	0	4	0	0	2	0	0	0—6
Manual Arts	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	4	*—7

SUMMARY

Three-base hit—Kemp. Home run—Kemp. Stolen bases—Sharples, McNabb, Strickland, Rankin, Klinker, Everett, Peoples, Kramer, G. Loynd. Sacrifice hits—M. Loynd, Getschine. Double plays—Getschine to Pitts to Simpson; Strickland to Pitts; Dudley to Peoples to Everett. Left on bases—Pasadena, 7; Manual, 3. Pitchers' record—1 run, 2 hits, off Dudley in 2; 2 runs, 5 hits, off G. Loynd in 7; 3 runs, 4 hits, off McNabb in 4⅔; 1 run, 1 hit, off Webster in 3⅓. Struck out—by Dudley, 1; by G. Loynd, 4; by McNabb, 4; by Webster, 5. Base on balls—off Dudley, 2; off G. Loynd, 1; off McNabb, 3; off Webster, 1. Hit by pitcher—by McNabb, Everett; by Webster, M. Loynd. Wild pitch—McNabb. Passed ball—Simpson, M. Loynd. Umpire—Harrison.

The game with L. A. High played April 16 on Poly field was an exact replica of the Poly game. With a seven run lead the Cardinals had another bad sixth inning and finally lost the contest by a score of 11 to 9. Grant Kuhns led the attack for the Romans with a triple and a home run which were responsible in a large measure for the Commuter triumph. Webster, who was on the mound for Pasadena, was unsteady in the later innings and received wretched support. Widomen of L. A. was also generally ineffective. The game was the third straight defeat for the Cardinals in which they had outhit their opponents. The score:

L. A. HIGH

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Hellman, 3b	5	0	1	1	6	3
Riggins, 2b	5	1	1	3	0	0
H. Woodward, rf	5	2	2	0	0	0
Kuhns, cf	5	2	2	0	0	0
T. Woodward, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	1
Stewart, ss	5	2	0	1	3	5
Sherman, lf-c	4	1	0	6	0	0
Keller, c	1	0	0	4	0	0
Leahy, lf	4	2	1	4	0	0
Widomen, p	1	1	0	0	1	0
	38	11	7	27	10	9

PASADENA

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kemp, 2b	4	1	2	0	2	0
Getschine, 3b	4	2	0	3	6	3
Sharples, cf	5	1	1	1	1	0
McNabb, lf-p	5	1	2	1	1	1
Pitts, 1b	5	1	0	13	0	1
Keyes, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Byers, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Riddle, c	3	0	1	1	2	0
Simpson, c	2	0	0	4	1	1
Webster, p-cf	4	2	1	3	1	1
Strickland, ss	3	1	1	1	3	2
	40	9	8	27	17	9

SCORE BY INNINGS

L. A. High	1	0	0	0	0	7	3	0	0—11
Pasadena	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0— 9

SUMMARY

Two-base hit—McNabb. Three-base hit—Kuhns. Home run—Kuhns. Stolen bases—Leahy, Kemp (3), Getschine, Webster, Strickland (2). Left on bases—Pasadena, 7; L. A. High, 6. Double play—Getschine to Riddle to Getschine to Strickland. Pitchers' record—2 runs, 4 hits off Webster in 5⅓; 2 runs, 3 hits off McNabb in 3⅔; 3 runs, 8 hits off Widomen in 9. Base on balls—off Webster, 3; off McNabb, 1; off Widomen, 2. Struck out—by Webster, 3; by McNabb, 2; by Widomen, 7. Hit by pitcher—by Webster, T. Woodward; by McNabb, T. Woodward; by Widomen, Kemp. Wild pitch—Widomen. Umpire—Rhinelande.

The annual Long Beach contest took place at Pasadena on April 19. It was a pitcher's battle between Buckley and Webster which brought out the best baseball displayed during the year. Buckley's triple was largely instrumental in giving him the victory by a score of 2 to 0.

The game was chiefly notable for the comeback displayed by the Pasadena nine. For the first time in the season the Cardinals played real baseball and thereafter they performed in mid-season style:

LONG BEACH

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Doyle, 2b	1	0	0	2	2	0
Lefevre, rf-cf	3	0	0	0	2	0
Buckley, p	3	2	1	0	5	0
Schall, 3b	4	0	2	3	3	0
Andrews, ss	3	0	0	0	2	2
Fulton, cf-1b	4	0	2	6	0	0
Raymond, 1b	2	0	0	7	0	0
Britsch, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Lawson, c	4	0	0	7	0	0
Wiggins, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
	30	2	5	27	14	2

PASADENA

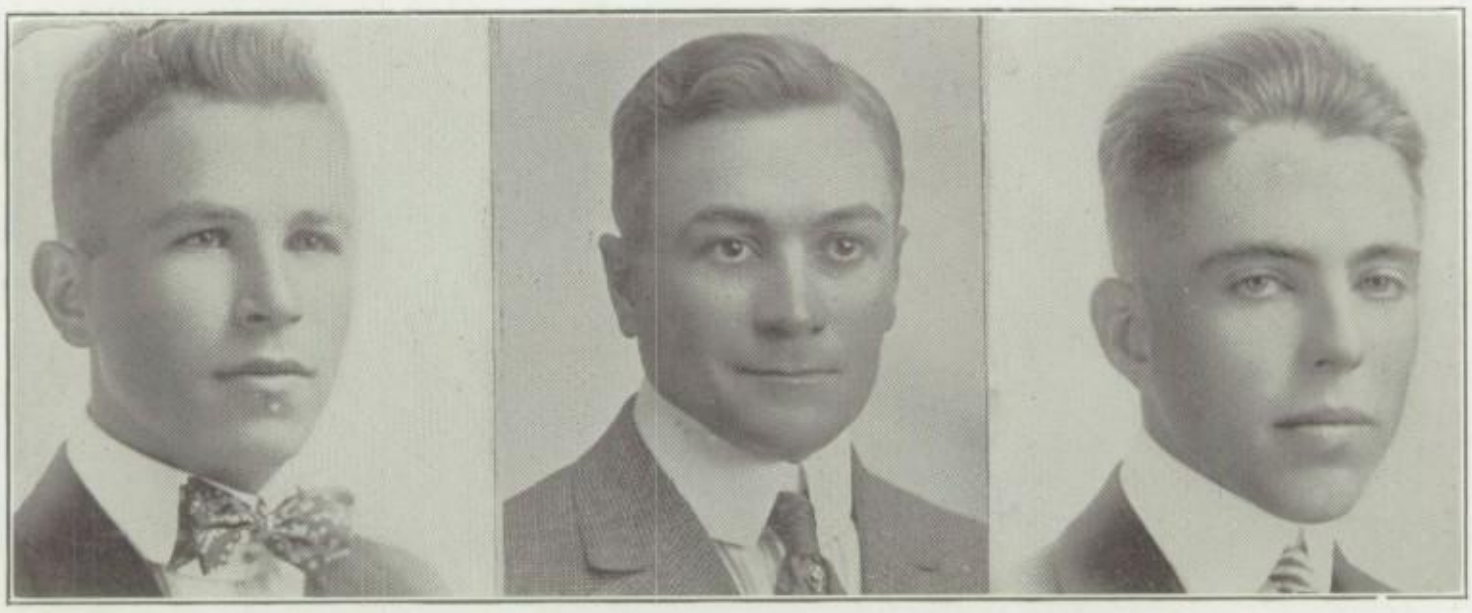
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kemp, 2b	4	0	1	2	2	0
Getschine, 3b	4	0	0	2	1	1
Sharples, cf	3	0	0	3	0	0
McNabb, lf	4	0	0	1	1	1
Riddle, c	3	0	1	9	1	1
Pitts, 1b	3	0	1	8	0	2
Webster, p	3	0	1	1	5	0
Keyes, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Strickland, ss	3	0	0	1	1	0
	29	0	4	27	11	5

SCORE BY INNINGS

Long Beach	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0—2
Pasadena	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

SUMMARY

Three-base hit—Buckley. Sacrifice hits—Keyes, Andrews. Stolen Base—Doyle. Double plays—Webster to Pitts; Getschine to Pitts. Left on bases—Long Beach, 7; Pasadena, 5. Struck out—by Webster, 8; by Buckley, 6. Base on balls—off Buckley, 2; off Webster, 6. Umpire—Kane.



CONSTANT GETSCHINE
Captain

GILBERT MAIN
Coach

CLINTON WEBSTER
Manager

In a game played at Hollywood April 26th the Cardinals finally broke their losing streak by defeating the Foothillers 8 to 6 in a slow and uninteresting game. Pasadena ran up a big lead in the early innings and Webster was able to take it easy for the remainder of the game. Packman of Hollywood was the star at bat with a double and a triple to his credit. The score:

PASADENA

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sharples, cf	5	0	3	0	1	0
Getschine, 3b	4	2	1	2	2	2
Strickland, ss	5	2	0	2	4	0
McNabb, lf	5	1	2	1	0	0
Riddle, c	5	0	0	9	1	1
Pitts, 1b	4	1	2	10	0	0
Keyes, rf	4	1	0	2	0	0
Simpson, 2b	4	0	0	0	2	0
Webster, p	4	1	1	0	2	0
	40	8	9	26*	12	3

HOLLYWOOD

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Head, ss	4	1	2	1	3	1
Monroe, lf	5	0	0	1	0	1
Sentous, rf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Packman, cf	4	2	2	1	1	1
Troyer, 1b	3	0	0	10	1	0
Moir, 2b	2	1	0	3	2	0
Slocum, 3b	3	0	1	3	2	2
Tomlinson, c	4	0	1	6	1	3
Becker, p	3	1	0	1	3	0
	32	6	0	27	13	8

SCORE BY INNINGS

Pasadena	3	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—8
Hollywood	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	1—6

SUMMARY

Two-base hits—McNabb, Packman. Three-base hits—Packman, Pitts. Home run—Head. Sacrifice hits—Troyer, Moir. Stolen bases—Sharples (2), Getschine (3), Strickland, McNabb, Keyes, Head, Moir (2), Becker (2). Left on bases—Pasadena, 4; Hollywood, 5. Struck out—by Webster, 8; by Becker, 5. Base on balls—off Webster, 4; off Becker, 1. Hit by pitcher—by Webster, Slocum. Wild pitch—Becker. Umpires—Webster and Berry.

In the last game of the season played at Brookside Park aaginst their old rivals, the Whittier Poets, the Pasadena nine redeemed themselves by hitting three pitchers to all corners of the lot for a total of 20 hits and 14 runs, at the same time holding the Poets to 2 markers. Both teams played good baseball but Whittier failed to produce a twirler who could stand up against the slugging of the Bulldogs and the result was a runaway contest. Webster hurled good ball for Pasadena, striking out 9 men and allowing but five hits. The score:

WHITTIER

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Myer, 2b	5	0	0	1	1	0
Chandler, lf-ss	4	0	1	3	0	0
Shade, cf-p	4	1	2	2	4	0
Sigrist, 1b	2	0	0	5	0	1
Harris, rf-p-cf	2	1	0	1	2	0
Standlee, p-rf	1	0	0	0	2	0
Simpson, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Sucksdorf, c	2	0	1	6	0	0
Lindberg, ss-lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Hunter, 3b	4	0	0	4	0	0
	30	2	5	24	9	1

PASADENA

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kemp, 2b	4	0	2	1	1	0
Getschine, 3b	4	2	2	3	2	0
Sharples, cf	5	1	3	2	0	0
McNabb, lf	5	3	2	1	1	0
Riddle, c	5	2	3	8	2	0
Webster, p	5	1	3	1	2	0
Keyes, 1b	5	2	2	7	0	1
Strickland, ss	3	1	1	3	2	1
Steele, rf	4	2	2	1	0	0
	40	14	20	27	10	2

SCORE BY INNINGS

Whittier	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2
Pasadena	3	4	0	0	5	0	1	1	*—14

SUMMARY

Two-base hits—Shade, Sucksdorf, Sharples, Webster. Three-base hit—McNabb. Sacrifice hits—Strickland, Sucksdorf. Sacrifice flies—Getschine, Sigrist. Stolen bases—Kemp (2), McNabb, Riddle, Keyes (2), Strickland, Steele (2). Left on bases—Pasadena, 5; Whittier, 9. Struck out—by Webster, 9; by Shade, 3. Base on balls—off Webster, 5; off Shade, 1. Hit by pitched ball—by Webster, Sigrist. Innings pitched—by Standlee, 1⅔; by Harris, 2⅔; by Shade, 3⅔. Passed ball—Riddle, Sucksdorf. Umpire—Kane.

The 1918 season produced a new batting star in Jeff Kemp, who, with an average of .412, led the team in hitting. McNabb again took second but with a higher average than in 1917—.340 as aainst .284. Pitts, the first sacker, came third with an average of .297, just three points removed from the .300 class. The team average rose from .219 in 1917 to .272 in 1918, and the offensive of the team ceased to be its weak spot as a result.

The 1918 varsity was composed almost entirely of new men, McNabb, Getschine and Riddle being the only veterans of the year. The infield as a whole was weaker than in 1917 or even 1916, while the outfield composed of McNabb, Sharples, and Keyes was about the average. In the box and behind the plate the team was much weaker than in either 1917 or 1916.

After the wonderful work of Hunnicut and Clint Webster in 1917 the work of the 1918 pitching staff was a little disappointing. But when the par-excellence of the 1917 mound artists is realized together with the fact that both the 1918 twirlers were green men the comparison becomes more favorable. Les Webster as first string pitcher hurled three or four excellent games and showed himself above the average of the City League. With another year's development he should be a real star. McNabb as relief pitcher had little to do and was handicapped by poor support whenever he was called in. His work was, however, creditable.

Swimming Season 1918

Championship Los Angeles City League

Winning all but one dual meet, this year the P. H. S. swimming team continued to be one of the best in the state. To date the Southern California swimming championships have not been pulled off, but with the excellent record that Pasadena has made, she stands a splendid chance of making it three straight wins in the southland classic. For two years P. H. S. has been the state champion in swimming.

Although ineligible for the team, Hap Day offered his services as coach and manager, and helped very much in making the season a success. Ralph Ong, another former member of Pasadena's state championship teams, also assisted by coaching. The sprints were ably taken care of by Chase and Cisholm in the 50-yard dash, Von Mohr, Chase, and Thomas in the 100, and Captain "Von" and Thomas in the 220. "Red" Unruh proved to be the star of the team by copping many points in every meet in the 440, back stroke, and breast stroke. Unruh was an unknown quantity at the beginning of the season, but through hard practice he developed a powerful stroke in the water that was hard to beat. The wives were handled by Biddle and George Chisholm with Biddle pulling down the maority of the first pljaces in dual meets. Thomas and Von Mohr, both fast, powerful waterdogs, swam the 220, while Ferguson, Gifford, and Turner took turns in winning the plunge. Theh relay team, consisting of Captain Von Mohr, Chisholm, Thomas, and Chase, was one of the best which ever represented P. H. S. and came out victorious in nearly every dual meet. Altogether the P. H. S. squad of waterbulldogs was a well-balanced aggregation and was up to the high standard set by the championship teams of former years.

THE INTERCLASS MEET

The first contest of the season was the annual interclass affair staged for the purpose of arousing interest in swimming and perhaps uncovering some new star. The seniors lived true to form by taking the meet with 40 points. The juniors finished second with 23, sophs third with 17, and frosh last with zero. Chase and Thomas starred for the fourth year men and Unruh and Von Mohr were the big point winners for the juniors.

THE L. A. HIGH MEET

Pasadena took on L. A. High in her first dual meet and won her third annual victory over the Straphangers. P. H. S. took the lead in the first race and increased it during the rest of the watersplashing carnival, the final being being 54 to 26. "Battleship" Von Mohr won the 100 and 220, while Chase and Thomas tied for first in the 50. Unruh took first in the back stroke and breast stroke and second in the 440. Biddle showed rare form in the dives and won with ease. The relay squad took the four man event in fast time.

THE VENICE MEET

The Waterbulldogs journeyed down to Venice for the next scrap and avenged last year's defeat with an easy 59 to 23 victory. Pasadena won eight

out of nine possible firsts and placed two men in every meet. Unruh, Thomas and Von Mohr starred, with Unruh winning the most points. The red-ahired marvel captured 15 points with first place in the 440, breast stroke, and back stroke credited to him. Ferguson took the plunge for distance, while Biddle again captured first in the dive for form.

THE LONG BEACH MEET

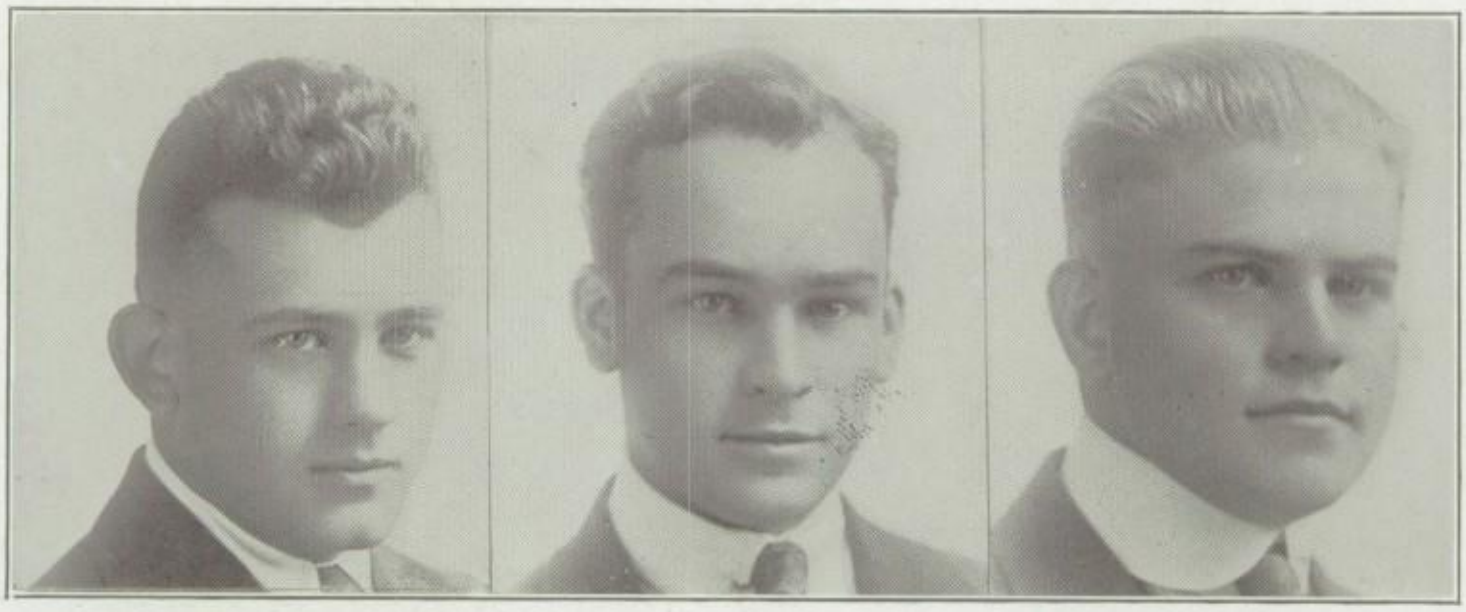
The Long Beach Polywogs suffered their annual defeat in the water classic in a meet held at Brookside Park. The affair was another cinch for the waterbulldogs, the final score being 49 to 31. Miller won 15 digits for the beachmen, and Unruh as usual was the individual point winner for P. H. S. with 13 markers. Long Beach jumped into the lead when Schiller won the 50 and Miller took five points in the 100. However, "Red" Unruh came next with first in the breast stroke, and the Pasadena crew took heart and walloped the beachcombers in the remaining events.

THE REDONDO MEET

The waterdogs met their Waterloo when they next endeavored to pick on Redondo. After a hotly contested speedy meet, the beachmen were found to be on the top side of a 46 to 33 score, and P. H. S. was handed her second defeat in a dual meet for three years. Ray Kegeris, the demon shark of the Redondo squad, was the principle means of beating Pasadena as that gent took 20 points away from the evening's entertainment. Unruh, swimming the 220 in place of the back stroke, took second in that event after being nosed out in a fast race with Salmon. "Red" came back in the breast stroke and 440, taking first in both races. Ferguson coasted into five digits in the plunge with Biddle and Shlaudeman second and third in the dives. The relay team met its first defeat of the year, when Kegeris lead his squad to victory by swimming a speedy last lap and passing the Pasadena man.

THE HOLLYWOOD MEET

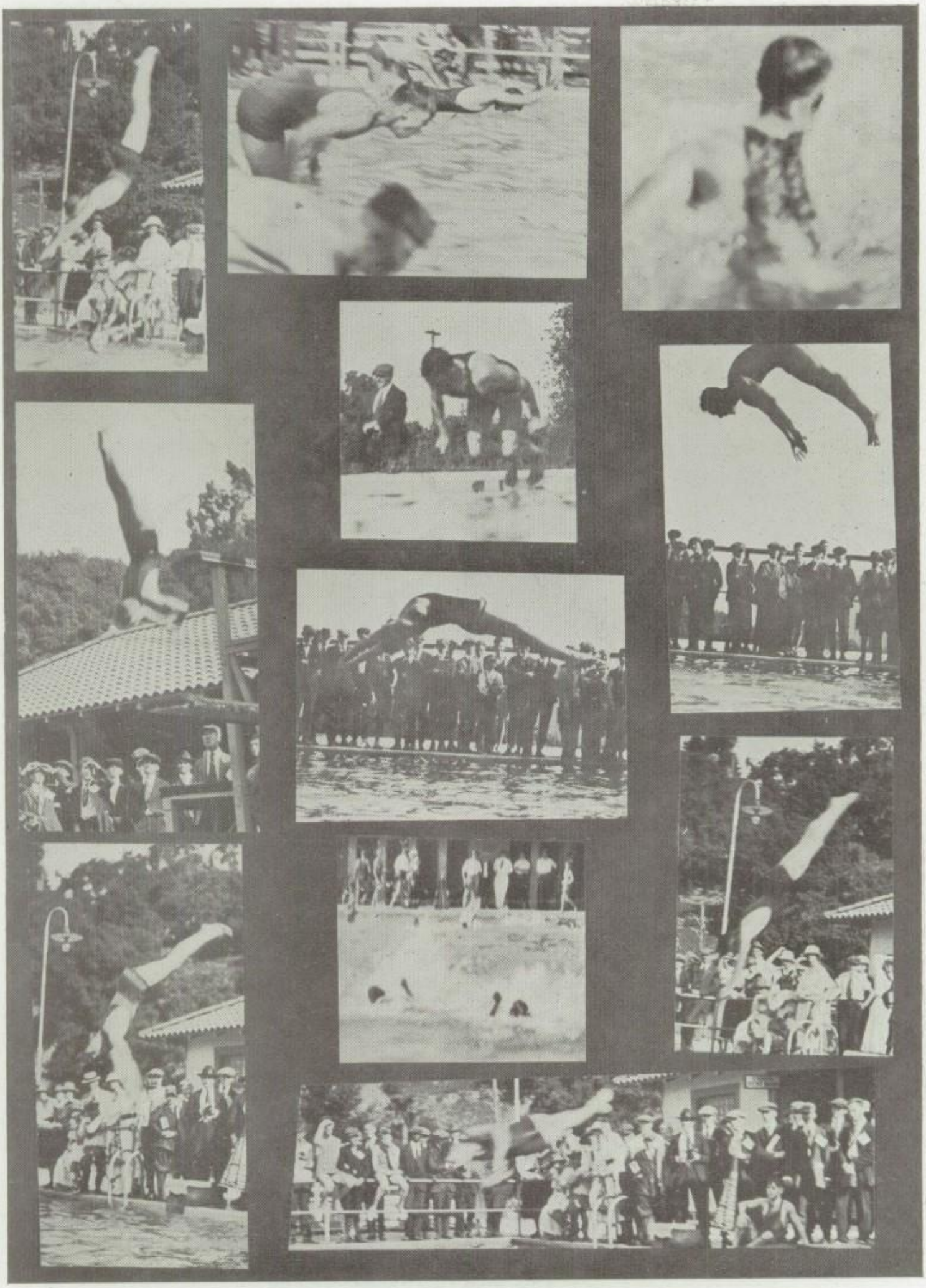
The last dual meet of the season was staged at the P. H. S. plunge with Hollywood High. The meet was close all the way through, but in the end



FRANK VON MOHR
Captain

HARRY DAY
Coach

RALPH ONG
Manager



the Bulldog splashers won by the score of 46 to 31. Carrier of Hollywood was the individual star, making a total of 16 points. The feature race of the day was the Carrier-Unruh battle in the 100-yard back stroke.

1916-18 SWIMMING RECORD OF PASADENA HIGH

	1916	1917	1918
P. H. S.	41	..	..
Poly	36	..	..
P. H. S.	44	52	54
L. A. High	33	25	26
P. H. S.	48	40	49
Long Beach	29	37	31
P. H. S.	..	31	59
Venice	..	37	23
P. H. S.	..	..	33
Redondo	..	..	46
P. H. S.	..	..	46
Hollywood	..	..	31
Southern California	P. H. S.	P. H. S.	..
State	P. H. S.	P. H. S.	..

SWIMMING RECORDS AT PASADENA HIGH

Event—	Record	Holder
50-yard Dash	26⅘ sec.	Harry Day, '17
100-yard Dash	1 min. 3 sec.	Harry Day, '17
220-yard Dash	2 min. 54 sec.	Harry Day, '17
440-yard Swim	6 min. 10⅘ sec.	Parker Lyons, '17
100-yard Breast Stroke	1 min. 25⅘ sec.	Carl Shlaudeman, '16
100-yard Back Stroke	1 min. 26 sec.	"Red" Unruh, '20
Plunge for Distance	72 ft. 6 in.	Ralph Ong, '17
Dive for Form	97½ out of 100	Howell Smith, '16

Tennis Season 1918

Championship of Southern California

Keeping up to the high standard set by the Red and White tennis teams of former years, the P. H. S. court wizards this year cleaned up the City League tennis title and Lyle Hackney of Pasadena won the singles cup in the Southern California Championships tourney. The tennisers did their work quietly and efficiently and hardly before the students realized that P. H. S. had a tennis team, the locals brought home the City League Championship cup.

With Hawks, Hackney, Dunn, and Ashcroft on the team, the Pasadena net experts found no difficulty in cleaning up every squad in sight. Hawks won the school tournament and the right to be first man, while he and Hackney made up a formidable doubles team. Dunn and Ashcroft were hard, speedy players and won their places on the team by consistent work. At the present writing, Hackney has not yet competed in the state championship tourney to be held at Berkeley, and stands an excellent chance to bring home another title cup.

THE LINCOLN HIGH TOURNEY

The City League was split into two sections, the winner of one to play the winner of the other for the championship, and Pasadena drew Lincoln as her first victim. Pasadena took the match with neatness and dispatch, winning 5 to 0. Hawks, Hackney, and Dunn each cleaned up their men in easy style, while the doubles teams of Hawks and Hackney and Dunn and Ashcroft handily smashed their way to victory.

THE LONG BEACH VICTORY

One of the most exciting and closest tourneys of the year was staged at Long Beach with the Bulldogs finally cleaning the Polywogs by the score of 3 to 2. Bill Hawks found his opponent almost too easy to be true and won 6—0, 6—1. Hackney started by losing the first set to his man, 3—6, but came back strong and took the next two, 8—6 and 6—2. Dunn put up a hard scrap but lost 4—6, 7—5, 5—7. Hawks and Hackney defeated the Beachites best doubles squad, but Dunn and Ashcroft lost their match.

THE WHITTIER TOURNEY

The next league victim was Whittier High and the Poets failed to even unbeatable tennis. Hackney allowed his opponent but three games, while Hawks' man took only four. Dunn took life easy and won his match 6—1, 6—2, while both doubles teams were invincible, giving P. H. S. her third league victory, 5 to 0, and giving the locals the right to meet L. A. High, the winner of the other section of the league, for the championship.

THE L. A. HIGH TOURNEY

Defeating L. A. High by the score of 3 to 2, P. H. S. copped the City League tennis championship. The Pasadenans walked off with all the singles contests, and only defeats came in the doubles scraps. Simmins and Bricker

defeated Hawkes and Hackney in a doubles match, but the P. H. S. men came back when Hawkes walloped Simmins, 6—2, 6—4, and Hackney took Bricker into camp with a 7—5, 6—3 victory. Dunn cinched the meet by beating Wells, 6—4, 6—2. Wells and Morton won over Dunn and Ashcroft, but the three singles victories took the tourney.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TOURNEY

On Saturday, the 27th of May, the day Pasadena won the state track championship, Lyle Hackney won another title for P. H. S. by taking the Southern California prep school singles championship. Hackney smashed his way to victory from the first match of the first day's play and conclusively proved that he was the best the South had to offer in high school tennis. Hawks also fought his way through the collection of struggling court artists, and was defeated in the semi-finals by Hackney, his own team-mate. The P. H. S. doubles team of Hawks and Hackney lost to Curtis and Defffffenback of Manual.

JOKES

Hall of Fame

School Year 1917-18

SEPTEMBER

Monday, 25. The sage seniors, jovial juniors, savage "sophs," and fearsome freshies once more appear in the halls of P. H. S. (Apologies to Pipp.)

Tuesday, 26. Howard Vesper, Ruth McIntosh, and John Thum had their lessons prepared today. Leather medals have been ordered.

Wednesday, 27. Turf plowing now well under way. Shift of one hundred football men on the job.

Thursday, 28. Wallace Chisholm gets a front study hall seat as per usual. No luck!

OCTOBER

Monday, 1. P. H. S. students pause to salute at flag raising for first time.

Tuesday, 2. Sophs and order fail to connect. Result—meeting dispersed by faculty edict. Sergeant-at-arms Braley lays up seven and a half in the hospital.

Wednesday 3. Frederick Whittier De Silva becomes president of Seniors. Marjorie Test, Lulu Brown, and Howard Wilson also electioneer successfully.

Thursday, 4. Osc Whetstine kicks over a beautiful place kick from the 13 yard line in practice.

Friday, 5. Pasadena rooters raise roof at Billy Sunday roarfest.

Monday, 8. Forest fire fought by P. H. S. fuel conservers.

Tuesday, 9. Jersey numbers given out. Pete Simpson draws number 13 but finally trades it to a sub.

Wednesday, 10. First Chronicle appears—and disappears.

Thursday, 11. Frosh and Sophs have voice culture in bleachers.

Friday, 12. Time and a half for overtime is demanded by P. H. S. detentionites.

Tuesday, 16. Sophs succeed in holding meeting. Four mangled by Braley. Average lowering.

Wednesday, 17. Charles A. B. C. Ash tries a trick play out on Miss Skinner and is forced to revise it in 109C after school.

Thursday, 18. Girls' League pass Rivers and Harbor Bill at business assembly.

Friday, 19. Bulldogs baffle Communters from L. A. Score, 0 to 0.

Monday, 22. Pressing club organized. P. H. S. Beau Brummels discover pressing engagements elsewhere.

Tuesday, 23. Leroy Watson forgets to study history lesson.

Wednesday, 24. Item announcement made.
Leroy Watson fails to study history lesson.

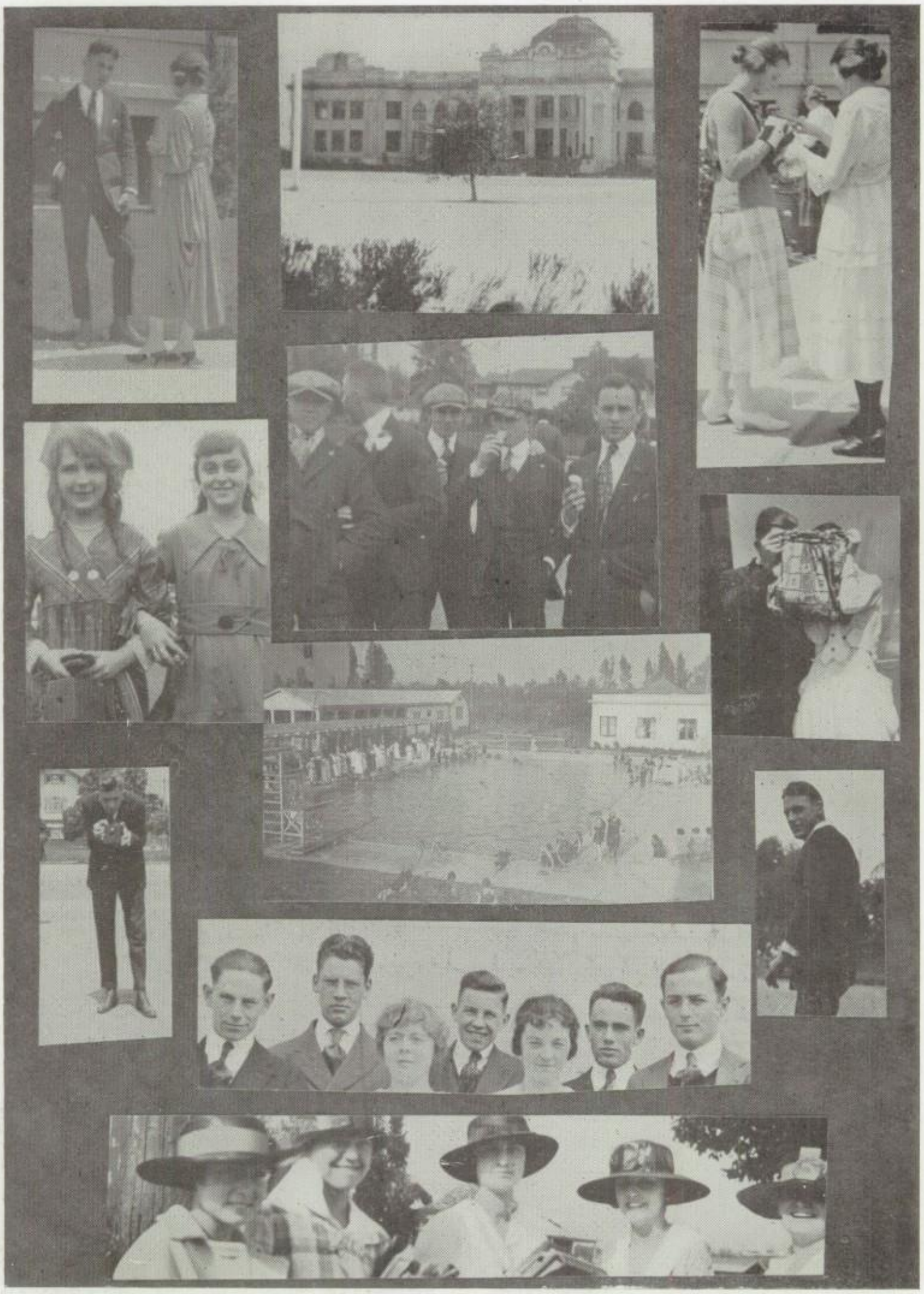
Thursday, 25. Juniors close contract for 50 Spooks for class party.

Friday, 26. Leroy Watson holds conference with Mr. O'Mara.
Black Cat Carnival featured by (deleted by censor).

Saturday, 27. Pasadena skins Chaffey. R-r-r-r-revenge.

Monday, 29. Watson gets 1 in history.

Tuesday, 30. Jack Brown contemplates suicide but doesn't. There's a reason.



What Have We Here?

Wednesday, 31. Chizzy appears on grid minus socks. Weather—Fair and warmer.

NOVEMBER

Thursday, 1. Commercial Club meets—adjourns.

Friday, 2. Mr. Parker and band promise new march for football assembly. Knitted earmuffs in demand.

Saturday, 3. Poly cames, sees, and departs. Who won? Poly didn't.

Monday, 5. Second Lieutenant Wesson becomes Corporal Wesson when he gives the command "Spittoons Right."

Tuesday, 6. Bugologists see movies—and do other things—.

Wednesday, 7. Student Press Association congregates at P. H. S. Friend Ewing from South Pasadena finds the Poly delegation much to his liking. Don Williams of Long Beach delivers famous oration on the "Paper That Dares."

Thursday, 8. High School Calaboose becomes overcrowded. Depitty Becker decides he'll mover doawn to 109C.

Friday, 9. No English lessons assigned because of Ben Greet Players. Charlie Chaplin draws big audience of English students at Warners.

Saturday, 10. P. H. S. conquers Whittier team 9 to 3. Freddy Loomis brings "her."

Monday, 12. Coach Carson starts gridiron toilers on week of hard practice. Whitewashed football is visible 2¼ seconds after the kickoff.

Tuesday, 13. Bullpups tangle with Monrovians. "Terrific" struggle ends in 56 to 0 victory for puplets.

Wednesday, 14. W. Moore reveals secrets of M-r-i-e. Merely a slip.

Thursday, 15. Big bottle drive. All bottles must be empty.

Friday, 16. "A No. 1" Getschine features "Ol' Close Day." Freshmen turn coats inside out as usual and get away with it.

Saturday, 17. Raney's educated toe responsible for P. H. S. defeat. Foghorn Ong forgot to blow the ball away from the goalposts.

Monday, 19. Blue Monday. Pasadena loses game and Vesper can't find his Waterman.

Tuesday, 20. Junior boys give up sweaters because girls refuse to knit them. "No Made-in-Factory sweaters for us."—Puterbaugh.

Wednesday, 21. Police Judge Wilson caught speeding in the halls by Motor-cop Becker.

Thursday, 22. Jury disagree on "the state vs. W. C. Wilson" case. The jury decided that the real case was "Detention vs. Dismissal," and acted accordingly. A case of good judgment.

Friday, 23. General J. O. Cross, retired, visited his old hunting ground today. Pasadena sure was glad to see him.

Monday, 26. Nineteen dopesheets appear on Long Beach-Pasadena contest.

Tuesday, 27. Jazz Jinxtette entertains at party and is greeted with hundreds of pounds of vegetable soup material.

Wednesday, 28. Annual "day before the battle" assembly. Wally kicks off to fair freshman in gallery. After a thrilling run Jeff Kemp is finally stopped by the scenery.

Thursday, 29. Long Beach poisons Pasadena turkeys and licks Cardinal football eleven. It was a great game and Pasadena put up a wonderful fight. F. W. Loomis arrested for speeding in Compton. The cop said he was going 52½ per. Freddy said he was going 22. Average—37¼ miles per hour. Result—Calaboose.

DECEMBER

Monday, 3. Football men turn in suits. Never mind fellows, we'll get them next year!

Tuesday, 4. Pressing Club now firmly established. Free gasoline and spot removers!

Wednesday, 5. First Item is announced to appear soon. Be sure and get one.

Thursday, 6. Patriotic lesson tomorrow, in last night's Star-News. Surprise your teachers and read it!

Friday, 7. Two debates tonight. Lincoln and Santa Ana. Are you going?

Monday, 10. This is test week. Get busy and dig!

Tuesday, 11. Mr. Becker caught an unusual number wandering around the halls during the fourth period today. What's up?

Wednesday, 12. Just two more days after this. What a relief!

Thursday, 13. Cross Country coming soon. Come on out. The Girls' League gave their big Christmas program full of the real Christmas spirit.

Friday, 14. Three cheers! We won't hear "the last Bell" again for two weeks.

Monday, 31. This isn't a blue Monday, but who could study after two weeks relaxation and a vacation the next day?

JANUARY

Tuesday, 1. No members of the "awkward squad" present in our battalions in the Rose Tournament Parade. The girls put one over on you though, boys; try again.

Wednesday, 2. Cupid scores again. Shorty Bedall is downed on the Matrimonial goal line after having dodged tackles on the P. H. S. football team three years.

Thursday, 3. Swimming practice starts. We've a good chance to get the championship again, fellows. Come on in, the water's fine.

Friday, 4. Bulldog Basketers hold the wonderful Whittier team to its lowest score in years. That's the old spirit. Keep it up.

Monday, 7. Clint Webster, Hap Day, and George Sherwood chosen for managers of baseball, swimming and tennis respectively. We ought to have some spring sport season with this trio and our slogan of "Boost Spring Sports."

Tuesday, 8.Speedy Pasadena quintet wins from Lincoln High in the second League game by a score of 25—22. The Sophomores elect Frank Dunn their class President to fill the vacancy left by Charles Pierpont. Chuck has gone to the "desert wastes" of Arizona. As usual Harold Hart's jazzy music is enjoyed in the Junior meeting.

Wednesday, 9. The patriotic knitters on Miss Corwin's squad number eighty. The faculty begins to see why the girls don't leave their lessons. The seniors hold an extraordinary and heretofore unheard-of meeting which is free from strife and battle.

Thursday, 10. Gilmor Brown speaks in assembly on the community idea. "Get behind this, students; patronize home amusements." The Quill and Question holds a meeting at the home of Dorothy Stewart. Pretty good program, wasn't it, Sterling?

Friday, 11. The boys have an assembly on the front steps while the girls listen to Dr. Wishard in the auditorium. Track season of 1918 starts. More men needed for weight and hurdle events. Our Cardinal quintet walks over L. A. High to the tune of 32—21. Just can't beat those Bulldogs.

Monday, 14. We thought the football season was over until we saw the physical wrecks from the "scrub" game Saturday between Hance's huskies and a team of Chronicle scribes. Among those with black eyes and varieties of limps are Lawrence Metzger, Art Garfield, and Al Wesson. Mr. Montgomery, the farmer artist, amuses us in assembly with a humorous talk on "Art on the Farm."

Tuesday, 15. Pasadena basketers wallop Jefferson High by a score of 36—13. P. H. S. Mermen start practice in Y. M. C. A. plunge under the leadership of "Battleship" Von Mohr.

Wednesday, 16. Beware! You are in constant danger. Joe Shawhan has a reflex camera and there is no chance for escape if he once gets on your trail.

Thursday, 17. Dr. Wishard gives a most interesting talk in assembly. He has been "over there" and gave a most exciting and realistic account of the trip over. We hope that this will not be the last time he speaks here.

Friday, 18. Cliff Boorey is selected to Captain 1918 Football team to victory. With a new team, new coach and a new captain we expect something to happen around P. H. S. next year.

Monday, 21. "Pasadena Marathoners display wonderful speed and endurance and defeat L. A. High, taking the Championship title of the City League." This gives a chance to claim the Southern California Championship too. "Atty ol' spirit."

Tuesday, 22. Preparations are made for the opening of the big series which will decide the Pasadena baseball championship.

Wednesday, 23. Pasadena leads South Pasadena 9—6 when the game is called in the fourth inning on account of darkness. The Commercial Club is fully organized in a snappy meeting in the Music Hall.

Thursday, 24. The Senior Class Play committee selects Earl Jardine to manage the Senior Play. Tubby Ong announces blithely that he has started to reduce. Glad you told us, Tubby; we never would have known it.

Friday, 25. Chronicle Scribes hold a meeting at the home of Allan Pyle. Art Garfield was accused of stealing a piece of cake and a silver fork; he was tried and the decision of "Guilty of petty larceny" was finally given out by Judge Gilbert. This looks very, very bad, Arthur, my boy.

Monday, 28. Headquarters for the Sale of Thrift Stamps at P. H. S. is the P. H. S. bank room 208C.

Tuesday, 29. The basketball team deserves some real praise. Even though they did not win the Championship the season was not unsuccessful and the fellows showed real P. H. S. fight at every game.

Rogues Gallery?

Wednesday, 30. Pasadena wins her first baseball victory of the year from South Pasadena. Mr. Meub gives a most entertaining and delightful assembly of clever readings. Seems good to have a regular pay assembly again, doesn't it?

Thursday, 31. Philomathian Literary Society holds a meeting in the Music Hall and Model Flat. The Philos are entertained with concentrated Jazz by "that Jazz Jinxtette."

FEBRUARY

Friday, 1. Many new track stars twinkle in the novice meet. Minsky is the individual star with four first places. Girls hold Gym Ginks in the empty swimming pool. "Nuf sed."

Monday, 4. Red Cross asks for old stamps to be used for dye, so take out all those old love letters, Freddie, and separate them from the stamps.

Tuesday, 5. The swimming squad has narrowed down to about twenty or thirty hard working mermen. From all indications the team is going to equal any one of our former teams.

Wednesday, 6. Pasadena baseball team shows real form and wallops South Pasadena in the second game of the series.

Thursday, 7. All of the first round matches have been played off in the tennis tournament. Some new stars uncovered. Frank Dunn, John Hancaker, Chuck Boice and Eddie Ashcroft are doing some pretty good playing.

Friday, 8. The Seniors trample all rivals underfoot in the interclass meet and score 92 points.

Monday, 11. Al Wesson wants to know why we don't label the open dates on the track schedule meetless days.

Tuesday, 12. In the Lincoln assembly, Dorothy Stewart dedicated our service flag, representing 58 of our boys who have left school to give their services to Uncle Sam since war was declared.

Wednesday, 13. Pasadena diamond men hand South Pasadena a defeat of 14-3 and take the City Title. Mr. Jackson is chosen class advisor for the Juniors. Bennie Puterbaugh uses force to extract dues from the reluctant Juniors. The children also hold a snappy meeting in the music hall.

Thursday, 14. The Girls' League gives a program at the Valentine meeting of the P. T. A. held in our Music Hall. The play "Food," by Cecil De Mill, makes a big hit. The Jazz Jinxtette is also present to entertain.

Friday, 15. P. H. S. Silvertongues suffer defeat at Pomona and Glendale winning but one decision.

Monday, 18. Last Saturday Manual slipped a victory of 69-53 over on Pasadena Speed Demons.

Tuesday, 19. Sophomores and Seniors given a real treat when the skit "Nevertheless" is presented by the dramatics classes.

Wednesday, 20. Bob Schlaudeman innocently inquires why dates in the front hall are not called wait events as well as the discus throw and shot-put in track.

Thursday, 21. A gold star in our new service flag keeps the memory and inspiration of the life of Howard Emert constantly before us.

Friday, 22. Vacation! Rah for George and his li'l hatchet.

Monday, 25. Chorus gives Allied concert, which proves to be a wonderful success. As a rare treat Mme. Constance Balfour sings and the Earl of Dunmore gives a stirring talk on war condition.

Tuesday, 26. Forestry and Agriculture Clubs go on excursion to the Orange Show at San Bernardino. Many interesting and educational features enjoyed among the former, a dance hall, which was patronized before time to come home.

Wednesday, 27. In a handicap swimming meet under the auspices of the L. A. A. C., Von Mohr, Greg Chase, and Tubby Ong all won places. Looks pretty good for our swimming team. "What say?"

Thursday, 28. Tennis schedule is decided upon for the year with Pasadena in the City League.

MARCH

Friday, 1. In an assembly for the boys, Principal Wilson clears up some doubts as to whether to go into Uncle Sam's service or become a specialist, which the country needs.

Monday, 4. Pasadena Hi is in the terrible clutches of the measles. Ted De Silva was one of the unfortunates, but is now on the convalescent list.

Tuesday, 5. Remember the French and Italian Relief drive. We have a new member in the faculty in the agriculture department; Mr. Holmes is from Ventura.

Wednesday, 6. Literary stars are chosen for Chronicle Annual Staff. Room 221C is given over to war relief work. Sign up, girls and teachers.

Thursday, 7. Nobody was glad when assembly was called and everyone dismissed because of the rain! Oh no, indeed!

Friday, 8. We're hearing a lot about "Ye Military Camp" affair. What is it? Bruce Evans gives a snappy and amusing talk in assembly.

Monday, 11. Pasadena trackmen won from Polyites last Saturday. Features of the meet were the huge crowd of P. H. S. rooters **not** present and the large amount of coaxing required to get "Camouflage" Paddock to run in the relay.

Tuesday, 12. Boys of P. H. S. show real spirit by organizing four squads to work at the Red Cross two nights a week.

Wednesday, 13. Senior girls decide on simple graduating dresses and boys decide to leave the matter of graduation costumes to individual choice. After a fiery discussion, a pushball contest is decided upon as the method of defeating the Juniors in the annual Senior-Junior blood fest.

Thursday, 14. John Masefield, the famous English poet, speaks in P. H. S. auditorium. This is an unusual opportunity to hear a man of international fame.

Friday, 15. Mr. O'Mara urges the infants to give up all such unnecessary articles as all-day suckers and ice cream. Kids in khaki, maids in middies, Ye Military Affair draws a huge crowd and delights them with a jazzy successful party from start to finish. Many pleasant memories to take from the evening of Friday the fifteenth.

Monday, 18. P. H. S. tracksters spent a most enjoyable afternoon last Saturday, easily defeating Long Beach by the score 83-39.

Tuesday, 19. "Half-Shot Nobull" McIlvaine prepares for mile in City League meet. Score of baseball game with Alhambra finally doped out. P. H. S. wins, 11 to 3.

Wednesday, 20. Long Beach walloped in tennis. Delegation has to pull Lyle Hackney away from beauties of beach city.

Thursday, 21. English Night proves popular on account of absence of customary ticket sale. Tommy Iiams entertains by "splitting" a hair-rr-rr of Little Boy Francis Bartlett's head. "Half-Shot" McIlvaine is on sick list when he hears rumors of a 4:40 miler from Lincoln High.

Friday, 22. "Half-Shot" McIlvaine recovering from first effects of shock. No school for a week. Blessings on thee, little school board.

Saturday, 23. Pasadena wins City League meeting. "Half-Shot" McIlvaine finished third, but "all-shot" in mile.

APRIL

Monday, 1. Daylight saving—a very practical April fool's joke that fooled very few. Almost everyone arrived at school on the dot. Big Thrift Stamp drive launched today. Have you bought yours?

Tuesday, 2. Those snappy class meetings resulted in a decision strongly in favor of marching in the Third Liberty Loan Parade on Saturday. Beware, boys, you know how those girls can march! Senior play cast chosen —it's great!

Wednesday, 3. Leave it to the students if they don't like Dr. J. W. Baer's patriotic talk. We hope he'll come again.

Thursday, 4. From the heaps of empty bottles outside Miss Clarke's office it looks as though she had invited the whole school for one grand toot, but it's only the Red Cross drive of the Salvage Department. The result is, Pasadena's a dry town now—drunk dry.

Friday, 5. The children are leading in the Thrift drive. The dears!

Saturday, 6. Third Liberty Loan Parade. We knew you could do it, girls! Another big championship! So. Cal. in track! 'Atta boy.

Monday, 8. Room 221c is equipped for war sewing. Everybody bring your old clean clothes; you won't be sorry.

Tuesday, 9. The secret's out! Just wait, Seniors, until the evening of the "Servant in the House!"

Wednesday, 10. "Don't breathe, you may get the measles"—from Verse and worse.

Thursday, 11. Over $70 cleared for the Red Cross from the newspaper and magazine drive. That shows what the Girls' League is doing.

Friday, 12. Seniors win the interclass swimming contest. Of course! just what we expected. Manual Arts rolls up score of 7 to Pasadena's 6 in baseball, but the old bulldog spirit can't be downed.

Saturday, 13. A. A. U. championships. The Bulldogs ran off with the honors among the prep schools and Paddock was lost in his dust in the hundred, as per usual.

Monday, 15. The Frosh colors are green and white. They compliment themselves in thinking their greenness would be otherwise unrecognizable.

Tuesday, 16. The twelve acres next to the school are under cultivation by the boys of the Ag. department. Patronize the boy's stand on the corner and help make these gardens a big success.

Wednesday, 17. "Hashing the Sports" says "Benny" Puterbaugh did not learn how to give yells at a school of classic dancing. Neither did Tubby Ong. They surely yelled a few extra runs into the Bulldogs in the last baseball game.

Thursday, 18. Principal Wilson in a snappy speech before the student body showed how he is backing the best interests of the school. Don't be slackers; get your lessons and get to school on time.

Friday, 19. The Senior flower question is decided. No flowers as gifts, but don't worry; there'll be plenty of blossoms. Long Beach overstepped the mark in baseball. Some scrappy, well-fought game. Mr. Thing leaves for U. S. service.

Monday, 22. Sophs are growing up. They hold a meeting without much fuss.

Tuesday, 23. It is reported that Julian Woodward is getting gray-headed over the thoughts of the Chronicle Annual.

Wednesday, 24. 900 subscribers or no Annual.

Thursday, 25. The little bird has been telling things. Senior gala day May 7. Uniform of P. H. S. girls next year decided upon.

Friday, 26. P. H. S. Waterdogs trim the Venice splashers neatly, 59 to 23. Patriotic Assembly—we like 'em. Orpheus Club presented by the Sophs nets a big success and more Liberty Bonds.

Saturday, 27. State title in track for the Bulldogs! So. Cal. in tennis. Girls' Student Club convention. How's that for one small day!

Monday, 29. Turf field to be put in the backyard. Pretty soft, eh what?

Tuesday, 30. Sophs win in April Thrift Drive. Total of all classes $14,-831.34.

MAY

Wednesday, 1. Second Thrift drive under new organization. Southern California Student Press Association held its second meeting at Poly High.

Thursday, 2.—Many promotions in metal drive. Quill and Question hold a peppy meeting.

Friday, 3. Girls' League swimming party a success? Useless question! Slug fest with Whittier ended with Pasadenans on top. Long Beach again takes a back seat. They can't swim against the Bulldogs.

Monday, 6. "Hashing the Sports" is deceased.

Tuesday, 7. The Big Day at last! May Fete, Senior banquet (unHooverized absolutely), and "Servant in the House." Who says the Seniors aren't happy?

Wednesday, 8. Fred Cohn has shaved! We're relieved because the report in the program last night showed that Margaret said that crop of whiskers tickled her to death. What does that mean?

Thursday, 9. The students are recuperating slowly from their dissipation Tuesday night. Senior play given for the soldiers at Ft. McArthur. Redondo wins the splash—too bad, Bulldogs.

Friday, 10. P. H. S. Orchestra concert. Rah! for Mr. Parker!

Watson, My Spyglass!

Monday, 13. Class meetings. The Seniors are beginning to practice for commencement. Mr. Cross chosen for commencement speaker and Dr. Fox to give the baccalaureate sermon. Seniors win interclass debate 2-1.

Tuesday, 14. Not a darn thing happened today, except D. Andrews gave her term report. (D. wanted this in.)

Wednesday, 15. Davis-Hall Oratorical Contest, excellent soap-box speakers is the result. Paddock and Fouché stand first and second.

Thursday, 16. Another victim; Earl Jardine has the measles.

Friday, 17. Interurban Oratorical Contest. Assembly—Lecture on Los Angeles, Municipal Lighting System.

Monday, 20. Nomination petitions should be all filled out.

Tuesday, 21. All material should be in for the Chronicle Annual.

Wednesday, 22. Clubs meet today. It is getting toward the end and everyone should be present.

Thursday, 23. Take care, Seniors, they are checking you closely.

Friday, 24. Primary election! Everybody vote! Oratorio Club to present the opera "Elijah" for benefit of Army and Navy League.

Monday, 27. Mr. Wilson, do you know yet which is the top and bottom of a glass? Ask the Sophs.

Tuesday, 28. German is to be dropped next year from P. H. S. curriculum.

Wednesday, 29. Decoration Day exercises.

Thursday, 30. President Wilson has asked that this Decoration Day be spent in a manner suitable to its purpose.

Friday, 31. Final election, make a carefully considered choice. So. Cal. swimming meet at Redondo. Who won? Guess.

JUNE

Monday, 3. This begins the last week of labor for the graduates. May Thrift Drive a big success.

Tuesday, 4. Girls are to have a band next year. "Atta girl" this time.

Wednesday, 5. It has been impossible to have spring football this year because of the turf field that is being put in the back yard.

Thursday, 6. Boys, back up the Working Reserves! Do your bit for Uncle Sam.

Friday, 7. Julian must have felt real clever when he spoke of Ole O. Margerine as a famous substitute. At least it has a strong influence.

Sunday, 9. Baccalaureate sermon.

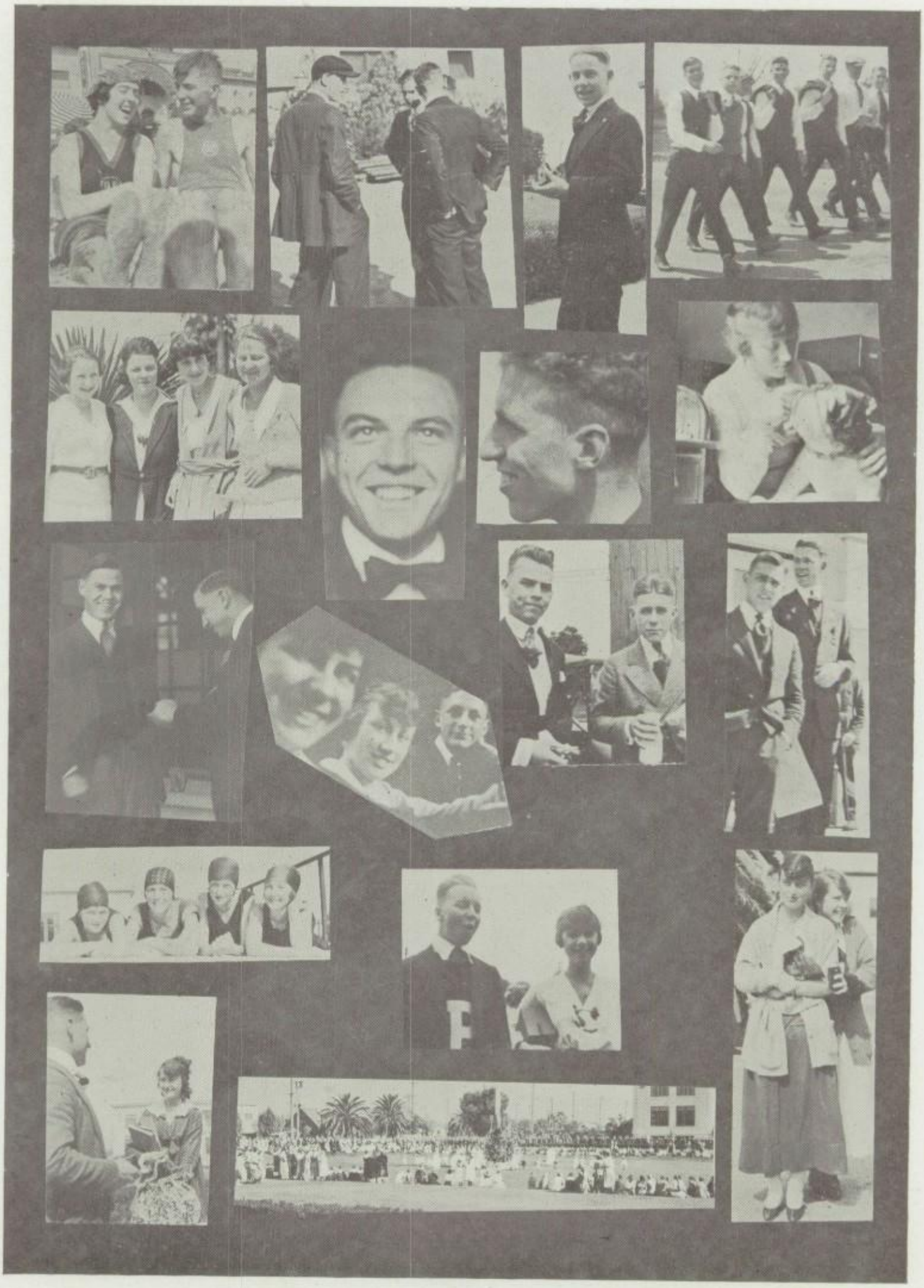
Monday, 10. Senior week begins today.

Tuesday, 11. Seniors! Class Day!

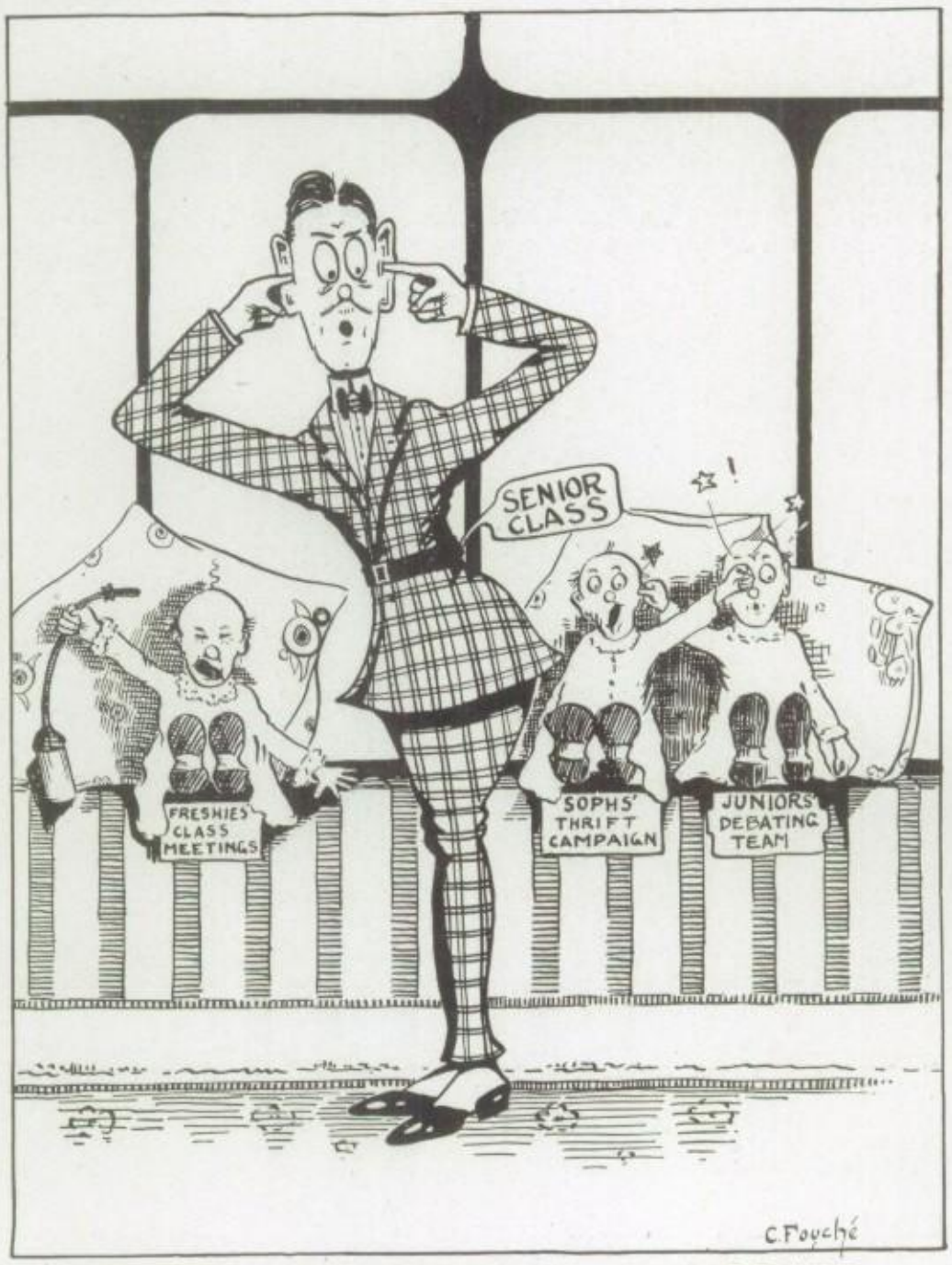
Wednesday, 12. No Senior can heartily and honestly say he is not at all sorry to be leaving P. H. S. and the halls.

Thursday, 13. My! How Elston Ireland likes to conduct an Assembly!

Friday, 14. The Graduating Class of 1918 bids farewell in the very fitting commencement exercises.



We Had Our Picture Took



THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A SENIOR

EXPERIENCED JEWELER

Customer: "I—ah—er—umm."

Jeweler (to assistant): "Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Harry."—Ex.

FAVORITE HAUNTS OF GREAT PEOPLE

Julian Woodward—Red Cross.
Bob Schlaudeman—Orban's.
George Sherwood—Library after school.
Fred DeSilva—?
Halbert Brown—Under the National Bank.

The little dog was running round the engine,
The engine it was running thru the fawg;
  There came an awful yelp
  Which the engine couldn't help,
For the engine wouldn't run around the dog.—Ex.

Mr. Perkins: "You want to marry my daughter?"
George S.: "I am not certain, sir, but I'd like to secure an option on her hand."

Hawks: "Do you know the name of the largest diamond?"
Hackney: "The ace."

F—ierce lessons,
L—ate hours,
U—nexpected company,
N—ot prepared,
K—icked out.—Ex.

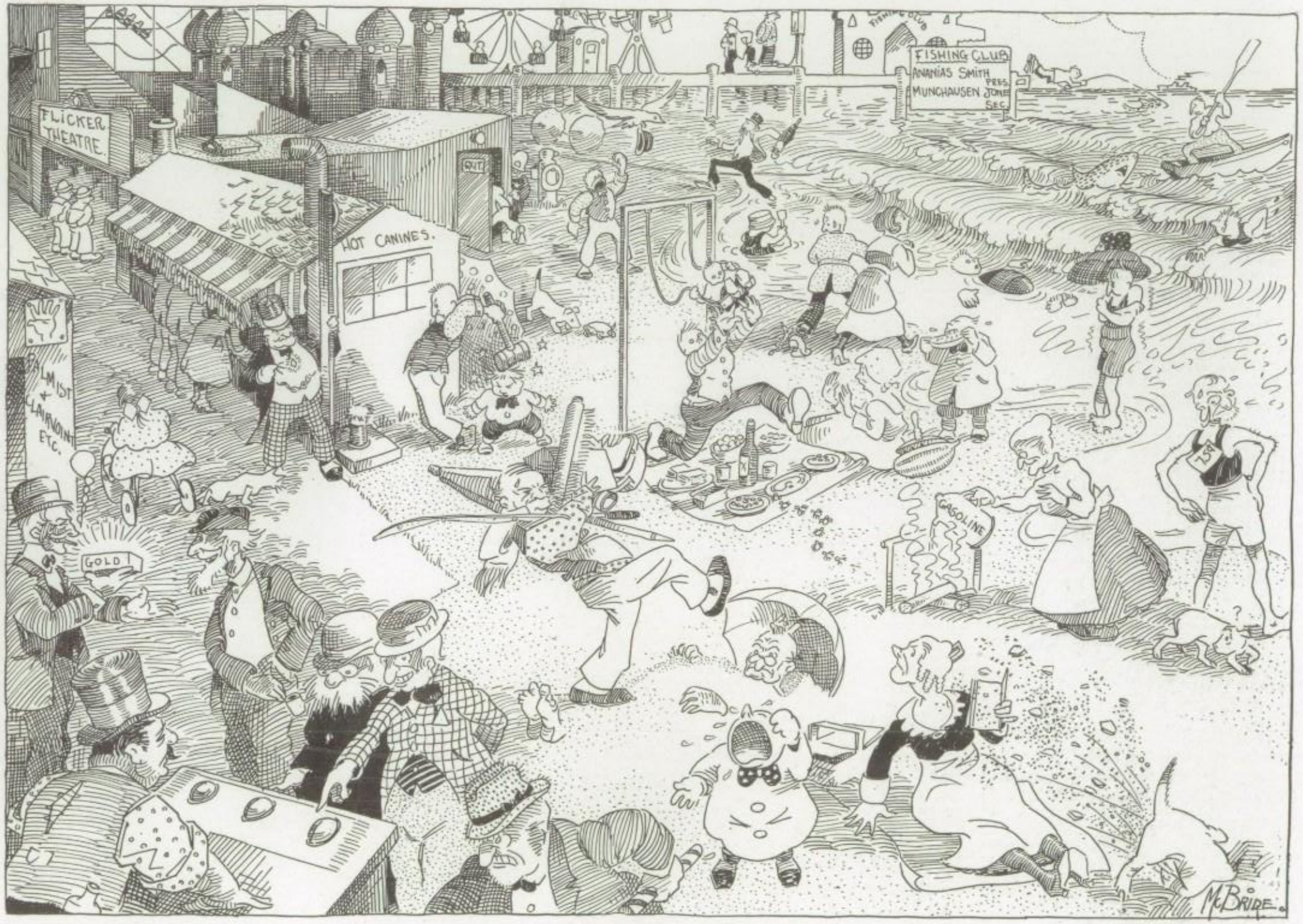
THIS SPACE RESERVED
FOR
RALPH ONG

Mabel had a Thomas cat;
  It warbled like Caruso;
A neighbor swung a baseball bat;
  Now Thomas doesn't do so.—Ex.

"Now boys," said the teacher, "one more question. Can anyone give me a sentence with the term 'weather-beaten?'"
"Sure," said Reddy Backrow, "me old man roots for the Giants whether beaten or not."—Ex.

SATURDAY

How sweet to waken in the morn,
  When sunbeams first begin to creep
Across the lea, and then to turn
  Right back again and go to sleep.—Ex.



And They Call This a Rest

Leroy W.: "Say, Art, what is a Mongolian?' '

Art F.: "A Mongolian is a member of the yellow race which includes Turks, Eskimos, Professors or jiu-jitsu, and laundrymen in exposed shirt-tails. The Mongolians have almond eyes but they are not nuts."

TO SENIOR BOYS

A long life and a happy one.
A true wife and a pretty one.

Earl J.: "We are not going to have enough seats for the senior play."

Ted DeSilva: "We can have Mr. Parker's band play the 'Star Spangled Banner' all through the performance, if it is necessary."

J. Black: "Say, doc, will you give me something for my head?"

Doc: "My dear boy, I wouldn't take it as a gift."

Marion G. (to her Sunday school class): "Who was Eve?"

Pupil: "Eve was the first suffragette, who raised Cain even more effectually than the modern militant."

Mr. Martin (in woodshop): "What is a board foot?"
C. Long: "I know.
Mr. Martin: "Well, Mr. Long, what is it?"
C. Long: "Why, it's the lower end of a wooden leg."

Peg R.: "I went to sleep in church Sunday, but one of the hymns woke me up."

Dee: "You can be trusted to wake up if any of the 'hims' are around."

A QUESTIONABLE ANSWER

Mr. Clifton: "Tell me, Mr. DeSilva, what is the unit of electrical power?"
Ted (just waking up) "The what, sir?"
Mr. Clifton: "That's right."

Joe McD. (the freshman brother): "Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here."
Peggy McD.: "You bad boy, run away this very instant."

Marion: "What makes you think that his attentions are serious?"

Dorothy: "When he first began to call he used to talk about books that I liked to read, but now he talks about things he likes to eat."

IN HOME ECONOMICS

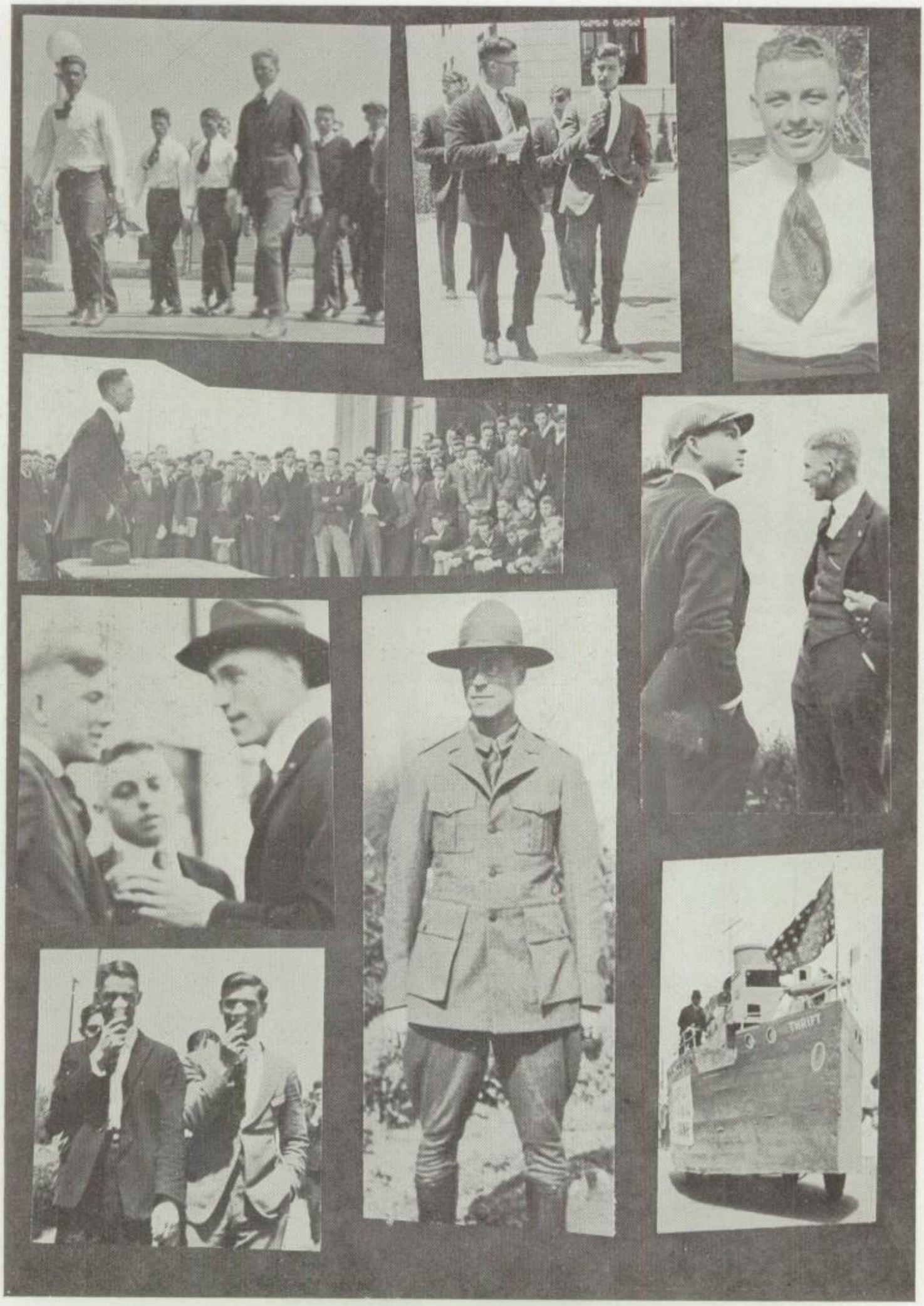
Teacher: "What is beef?"

Mayfair: "Meat that was once cut off of a steer, now being cut out in all good American homes."

We take pleasure in introducing
at this point

Our Advertisers

and in bespeaking for them your
liberal patronage.


THRIFT

LONG'S MUSIC HOUSE

Everything Musical from A to Z

INCLUDING:

Electric Grand and Upright Player Pianos
Electric Phonographs in Latest Period Designs
String Instruments of all Kinds
All Latest Popular Sheet Music, 15c
Free Demonstration

J. H. LONG, Prop.

15 to 25 West Colorado Street — Phones Colo. 7230

Old Lady (to newsboy): "You don't chew do you, little boy?"
Newsboy: "No, mum, but I kin give you a cigarette."—Ex.

The young man played for a heart,
  The maid for a diamond played;
The father came down with a club,
  And the sexton used a spade.—Ex.

Dear readers, if these jokes become dry, read the ads.

SKINNER'S

40 N. MARENGO AVE.

PHONE COLO. 1566

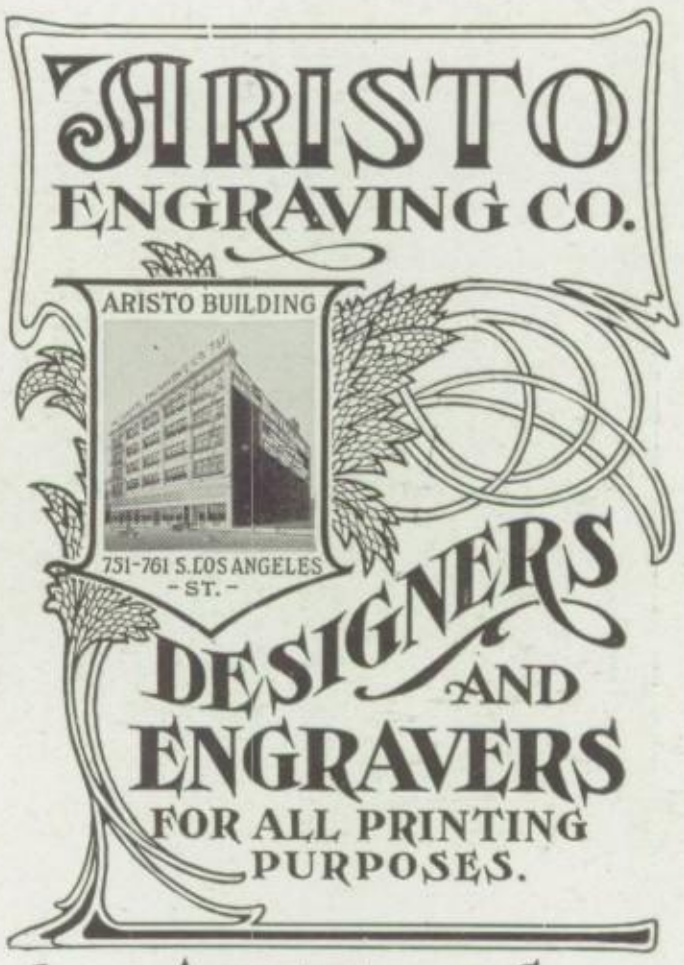
DON'T CAMOUFLAGE
GET A HAIR CUT, SHAVE AND MASSAGE

The Freshies all are swell heads,
  The Sophomores are a fake,
The Juniors are a wonder,
  But the Seniors take the cake.—Ex.

Allen P. (at bookstore): "Do you keep stationery here?"
Russ J.: "No, I keep moving."

All CUTS in this Book

—— Done by ——



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

——Try Us Again——

Just Posing

After Graduation, What?

If it's an engagement or wedding ring, remember we have the best at the *LOWEST PRICE*, and they are of *HALL-MARK* Quality.

J. HERBERT HALL COMPANY

96 East Colorado St. **Pasadena**

Dentist (to patient who is opening his purse): "No, don't bother to pay me in advance."

Patient: "Im not; I was only counting my money before you gave me gas."

Low rates on household goods to and from all points—east and west.

45-55 S. Broadway, Pasadena, Cal. *AL ALDRIGE, Mgr.*

Enjoy a Drink——————

Kodak films at our up-to-date fountain. Best "Choc Malts" in Town. **Developing**

KEMP'S

The High School Caterer

H. B. KEMP, Ph. G. **Opposite High School**

Doc: "I know where I can buy twelve bottles of beer."

Spike: "Better buy eleven, so if you get arrested they can't make a case of it."

PHYSICAL (?) GEOGRAPHY

Cape of Good Hope—Sweet sixteen.
Cape Flattery—Twenty.
Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.
Cape Fear—Thirty.
Cape Farewell—Forty.—Ex.

L. Watson: "What is mistletoe?"

H. Larkins: "The hang over that precedes the hold-up."

Vacation Clothes

For the beach
——the mountains
——the auto trip
——the ranch

——at HOTALING'S

52 and 54 East Colorado Street

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Always Together

—YOUNG MEN'S SUITS, HATS AND FURNISHINGS—
MODERATELY PRICED

Perkins & Leddy

16 EAST COLORADO ST. PASADENA, CAL.

POOR OSCAR

Oscar (gallantly): "Lucille, dear, anything that you say goes."
Lucille (quickly): "Oscar."

The lass we doff our chapeau to
Is little Sarah Dorm,
She doesn't have a duck fit when
She sees a uniform.

Mandy: "Pete, you all knows dat you all remind me ob one ob dose flying machines."
Pete S.: "How's dat?"
Mandy: "Cecays you all is ob no use on dis earth."

When you go Picnicing—

—or for a little trip to the hills, let our Delicatessen Dept. supply the "good eats"—

—*Pickles, salads, cold meats, cheese, etc., all ready to take away.*

PASADENA GROCERY & DEPT. STORE
F. C. NASH, Mgr.
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L. H. BASSETT G. C. EARLEY C. W. BRANDBURY

Hupmobile ***Chalmers***

PIONEER MOTOR CO.

160 East Colorado St. Pasadena

Mr. Newlin: "Who originated the first geometry problem?"
C. Pricket: "Noah."
Mr. Newlin: "Please explain."
Chuck: "Why, didn't he construct the ark B. C.?"

Ease, Grace and Refinement—

You'll find all of these qualities in

Walk-Over Footwear

for young women and young men for every occasion—street wear, business, outing or evening dress.

BASSETTS
Walk-Over
BOOT SHOP

PHONOGRAPH RECORD

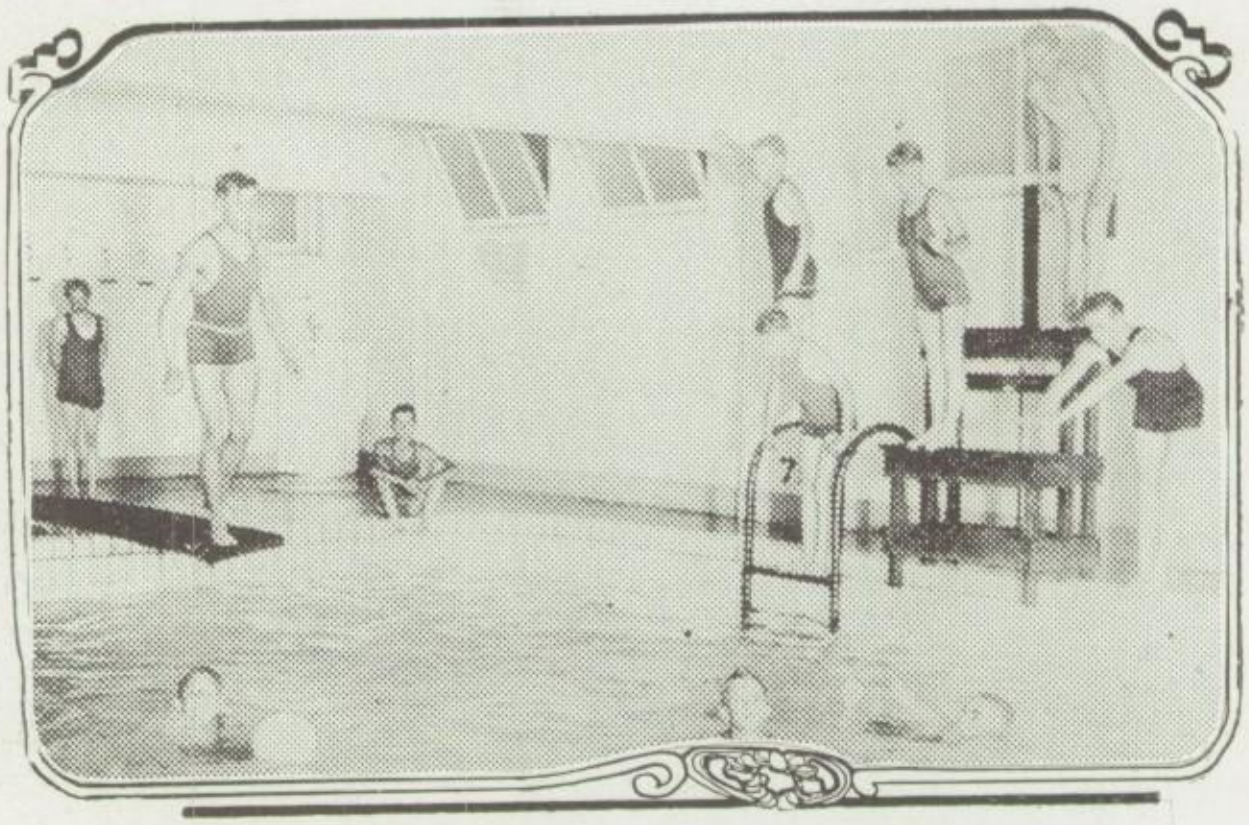
A thin, tireless little body that's always running round, repeating other people's performances, but seems to be all the more popular for being two-faced.

Groceries **Opposite High School** ***Poultry***

Fresh Fruits ***Wm. F. Holtz*** ***Fresh Vegetables***

Phones: Colorado 4700 **1519 East Colorado St.**

You Will Like The YMCA Pool



Wally: "I hear that Mr. Carter is afraid to go into his hen house now."
Harry: "Why's that?"
Wally: "Because his hens are laying for him."

Freshman's Mother: "What's the reason, Willie, that you got one in Latin last quarter and only a four this quarter?"

"Freshman: "It ain't my fault, mother; Miss Kellogg moved the boy in front of me to the other side of the room."

Stern Father (next morning): "Young man, you were out after tweive last night."

Dean I.: "No, father, you are mistaken; I was only out after one last night."

Will See You in Next Year's Chronicle

First Class Job Printing at Reasonable Prices

CHAS. P. MURRAY

Fair Oaks 810 WITH PASADENA PRESS 46 E. Union St.

HOW ABOUT IT?

Teacher (after H. Curtis has asked an unanswerable question): "Fools sometimes ask questions that wise people cannot answer."

Harold C.: "I guess that's why so many of us flunked in your last exams."

Senior: "They're teaching Chinese in school this year."
Freshman: "Oh, are they?"
Senior: "Sure, there's one in my French class."

MORE study has been applied to, and more headache developed in perfecting these Brenwood Suit Models for young fellows than most of you young fellows have afflicted yourselves with in order to successfully finish your school year.

¶ But well paid designers have cheerfully gone through this "grind" that popular styles might be produced--styles that young America would clamor for.

¶ So they're right here, young sir, and here right---vacation clothes---for dress-up--- for outing---for any wear anywhere.

¶ By all means see *Brenwood Clothes first*

BRENNER & WOOD
Responsible for all Brenwoodwear
37 N. Raymond

A girl who makes a hit with me
Is little Sallie Greene.
She never aspired to be
A moving picture queen.—Ex.

Freshman: "I woke up last night with a terrible sensation that my new watch was gone. The impression was so strong that I got up and looked."
Sophomore: "Well, was it gone?"
Freshman: "No, but it was going."

Hartsook Photographs

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HIS OWN THERMOS BOTTLE

Agent: "This thermos bottle will keep anything hot or cold for three days."

Spike: "What do I want with that? When I have anything worth drinking, I don't keep it three days."

Mr. Orban: "See here, how is it I catch you kissing my daughter? Answer me, how is it?"

Bob: "Fine, sir, fine."

Broadway Bros
Pasadena

Extend Greetings
to
Graduating Class 1918

Women's Apparel - Dress Accessories - Dry Goods
Furniture - Art Objects

Fred DeSilva (in Senior meeting): "Is there any more meeting to be brought up before the business?"

Miss Welborn (in class): "Mr. Ireland, will you please explain to the class what Congress is?"

Elston: "Congress is five hundred and thirty-one American patriots gathered together in the National Capital, Washington, to promote the business of being re-elected."

EVERYTHING in—

Typewriters

—and SUPPLIES

ANDERSON & BROMLEY
248 East Colorado St. Phone Fair Oaks 2

WAR EFFECT IN RATIONS

Customer: "Send up 25 cents' worth of boiled ham."
Shopman: "All right, sir, anything else?"
Customer: "Yes, if my wife isn't at home, tell the boy to put it thru the keyhole."—Ex.

Nearly One-third of a Century at Your Service

Your "Dad" Knows Us

Pasadena Hardware Company

Mother Approves, Too

MILITARY EXPERIENCE

Recruiting Officer: "So you wish to join the army? Have you had any military experience?"
J. Hicks: "Why, certainly; I've worn a wrist watch for years."

Crown City Trunk Factory

Traveling accessories for that

Summer Vacation Trip

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Go to War——
and Do Your Bit
Then Come Back
To Us for a
——Balance Fit

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Stylish Styles
for
Stylish Seekers

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"The Boys' Shop"

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